POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 13 · 1964 25c

MY FIRST EIGHTY YEARS

By former President Harry S Truman

HARLEM: THE BLACK JUNGLE

A remarkable journey through a ghetto in revolt

Beginning **A NEW NOVEL**

By Eugene Burdick

In defense of Catholic schools / Searching for pirate gold

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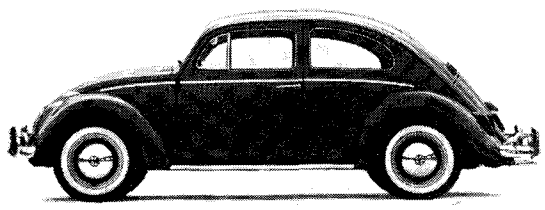

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POST

JUNE 13, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 23

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My first eighty years . . . . . *Harry S Truman* 15

In his first magazine article in five years, the former President looks back over his controversial career and explains the principles that guided him in making the most difficult decisions of his Administration—including the famous "firing" of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. But, not content to reflect on the past, he reaffirms his beliefs in the Democratic Party and predicts a better showing for Lyndon Johnson in this year's general election than Franklin D. Roosevelt made in 1936.

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The authors. Editor-at-large **Robert Sherrod** has known Harry Truman ever since the latter was a freshman senator during the 1930's, and he accompanied the President to Wake Island in 1950 for the famous meeting with General MacArthur, which Mr. Truman describes on page 17 . . . . No one knows the miserable Mets better than New York *Herald Tribune* columnist **Jimmy Breslin**, who last year told of the neophyte team's foibles in a book called *Can't Anybody Here Play This Game?* . . . . Editor-at-large **Roger Kahn** is a native New Yorker (born in Brooklyn), but he never knew what Harlem was really like until he spent three months roaming the black ghetto for his *Post* article. . . . Looking for lost treasure comes as second nature to an old clue hunter like **Jack Iams,** who has written several mystery novels. . . . Author **William Saroyan** writes a new reminiscence of his boyhood in California in the manner that brought him fame in his first novel, *My Name Is Aram;* his 20-year-old son, whose name *is* Aram, has urged his father to write more such stories about the family. . . . Contributing writer **C. Robert Jennings,** who describes the stylish comeback of actress Janice Rule, is a former newsmagazine motion-picture critic. . . . *Post* European correspondent **Edward Behr** spent three weeks in Germany tracing the wartime career of Ewald Peters, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's personal security chief who killed himself in prison after his criminal Nazi past was revealed.

The cover portrait of former President Truman was taken in front of his Independence, Mo., home by *Post* contributing photographer **John Launois**.

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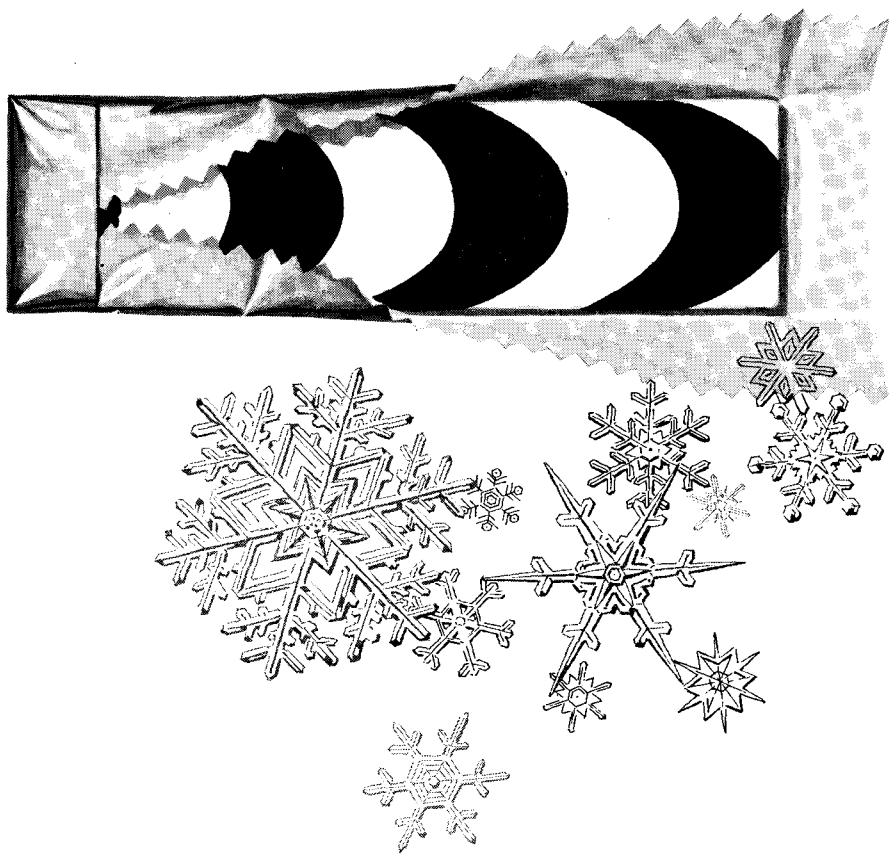

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LETTERS

World's Fair

I have read John Skow's WHO NEEDS THE WORLD'S FAIR? [May 23]. Well, who needs John Skow? I attended the fair the first three days and loved it! You simply have to admire the mind of man when you see the marvels he has accomplished there. We capped one of our days by watching the 9 P.M. presentation of the dancing waters, timed to move with colored lights and music. As it ended, a teen-age boy standing near us turned to his companion and said, "I never saw beauty until now." That remark alone should reward Fair president Robert Moses [THE OLD S.O.B. DOES IT AGAIN, May 23] for his work.

SHEILA N. WALSH
Lowell, Mass.

• I feel sorry for Mr. Skow. When I was six years old, my greatest adventure was a trip to a lake (which was more like a pond) because we lived in dry country. I thank God I still have left in me the ability to enjoy any new adventure and, to me, the World's Fair is the greatest.

E. KUITUNEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• We had spoilsports among the happy crowds at our Seattle fair, too. Your Mr. Skow's problem is that he sees too many things and has been too many places. We average, happy people find our fun just being lucky enough to live close to the fair sites.

MRS. R. SUTTELL
Seattle, Wash.

• I am sorry Mr. Skow did not enjoy the fair. I and another boy enjoyed the General Motors science exhibits alone for at least two hours. I guess he has, indeed, unlike us adolescents, outgrown wonders and fairs.

ROBERT V. HARRIS JR.
Darien, Conn.

• I—along with my sons, aged 16, 10 and 8—am infuriated by Mr. Skow's piece. We spent 11 hours at the fair only yesterday and barely managed to scratch the surface. We are a family, all of whom—unlike John Skow—appreciate the originality and ingenuity of the countless individuals—not to mention the expense of the companies—represented there. I am, I suppose, in his opinion (and I couldn't care less) a corn-ball. I'm happy that I can still muster up enough "star dust" and naïveté to enjoy (beyond description) this colossal, stupendous, overwhelming 1964 World's Fair. We shall go again and again to thrill anew to the wonders of religion, industry and man's achievements. Mr. Skow's snide reference to the mechanical failure of the Lincoln figure was in especially poor taste. Mr. Lincoln was working when we were there, and we sat in somber silence listening to his words and their meaning.

MRS. E. W. LONG
Scotch Plains, N.J.

• Thanks to Mr. Skow for providing chortles to a native New Yorker, although I haven't yet visited our fair. I had a good time in Seattle two years ago, though—found the friendliest natives in the universe, and didn't have to part with too much of my annual income to get accommodations.

MRS. ISOLDE J. KETTERER
New York, N.Y.

• I think the fair contains all the glamour, excitement and enjoyment you could wish for. Of course there is advertising, but who cares? What about the beautiful pavilions of the various countries? Where else could you touch the bathtub Liz Taylor used in *Cleopatra*, or sit in moving contour seats that whisk you into a land of tomorrow that twinkles and almost appears real? I wasn't even born when the 1939 fair enchanted everyone, but find this one charming.

ANNE PHILLIPS
New York, N.Y.

New York, N.Y.

Congratulations on your honest and revealing issue dealing with New York City. It is a fitting essay—in words and pictures both—on a truly remarkable place, one which is hard to describe to people who have not lived here. There is a pulse that makes an impression. Granted, problems of all sorts go unsolved in the rush to be bigger and better and brasher and bolder, finer and flashier and fancier and faster than any other city. But who would want to live anywhere else? Only the sane.

MARK A. BERNHEIM
Jamaica, N.Y.

• Our hats off to the *Post* for the May 23 issue. As a 50-year reader, I have criticized you in the past, but you have proved that you can produce.

C. H. MILLER SR.
Cairo, Ill.

• One thing your writers failed to mention in the May 23 issue is the simple fact that no other place on the North American continent is more conducive to the oblivion of the individual than is Your Fair City. You can have it.

BILLY HILLS
Baker, Mont.

• Everyone knows that to a New Yorker, anyone who resides beyond the limits of his city still lives in a log hut and fights Indians. What we can't understand is why the circulation of this issue was not restricted to the environs of the city-with-an-inflated-ego.

MRS. FRED LINDSAY
Everett, Wash.

• Aside from telling us about the fair and Mr. Moses, all your World's Fair issue does is perpetuate the myth of New York glamour—the only people touched upon are the glittery upper crust from Madison Avenue, the Times Square theater crowd and the Greenwich Village expatriates. As a native New Yorker, I know that New York no more conforms to this solid-gold image than does any other city in the U.S.A.

ELSBETH LIEBOWITZ
Denver, Colo.

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Bohemia, N.Y.

Eli Waldron's THE NEW AMERICAN CAPITAL OF BOHEMIA [May 23] is a sometimes witty, occasionally insightful, often pejorative, even empathetic article, which says much more than perhaps the author even meant to say. For focused in this new Bohemia is one of America's major problems: the right to be an individual even if only for its own sake; creative endeavor struggling to enjoy freedom, not from criticism, but from obstructive authority.

So, America—get hip, baby, and open your behaviouristic, ecstasy-censoring, emotion-constricting eyes and *see-feel*, not by looking out from your stopped-up cranium, but by allowing images to flow into your heads from the outside. Experience, feel, think, don't judge!

It was timely to have this article in your World's Fair issue, because the new Bohemia and the Fair represent two poles in American life: one humanistic, organic, individualistic; the other mechanistic and aluminumistic—confounding the human predicament at a rate its own computers cannot hope to keep pace with.

GEORGE PRESTON
New York, N.Y.

• After reading the May 23 issue of the *Post*, I can't understand why anybody who is anybody would ever consider living in New York City or even going there. Such a conglomeration of idiots—must be the world's largest single collection. Dante's Inferno was an Eden compared to the artist's colony described by Eli Waldron. If, as some believe, Hell is here on earth, that nest must be the head office.

LAURA M. YATES
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Dining out

I enjoyed Edmund G. Love's WAITER! [May 23]. I am not eating my way through all the restaurants in the New York phone book's Yellow Pages as Mr. Love is, but my wife and I have embarked on a unique undertaking. We visit New York for one week each year and have all our meals at restaurants of different nationalities. This has benefits besides the broadening effect of travel, for my wife tries the foreign dishes at home, where they are received with pleasure and compliments by our friends.

DR. MARTIN RYWELL
Harriman, Tenn.

The fictionists

As is true of every Chicagoan, I have a deep interest in the "first city," and happily devoured your issue devoted to New York. I really must write, because I thought the fiction was masterful—especially the John Updike piece [THE LUCID EYE IN SILVER TOWN]. Mr. Updike has a wonderful sense of the subtleness of relationships. Keep it up.

DESMOND CHURCH
Chicago, Ill.

• I cannot refrain from letting you know that in my humble judgment, your magazine is getting better week by week. Especially the short stories! Such sharp lines, as in THE LANDMARKER [by Louis Auchincloss, May 23]. And surely I am a judge of the Post, after reading it for 40 good years. I appreciate the bright young (and otherwise) people who are providing us with such stimulating reading.

MARIE H. PALEN
Roswell, Ga.

COMING SOON... in The Post

CAN WE TRUST MISSILES?

Bikinis in the backyard
The new styles in swimsuits

A NEW ALPHABET CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN LEARN TO READ

How to cheat at golf

A housewife speaks out:
MORE PEOPLE SHOULD BE SERVANTS

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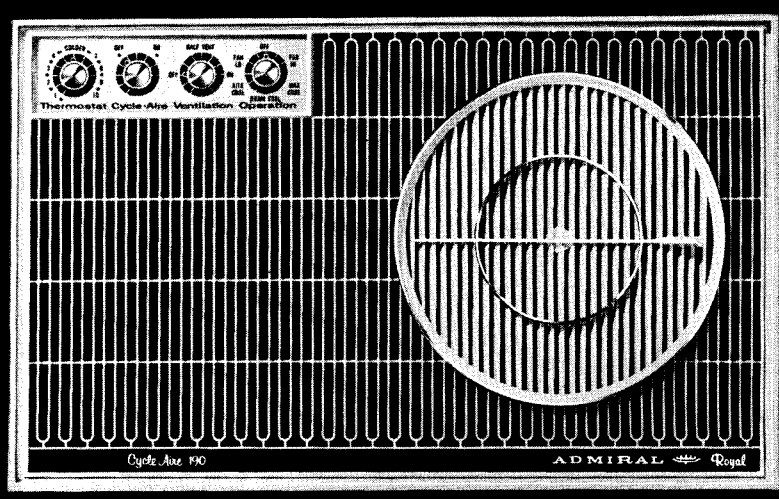

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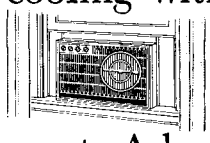

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Born in London in 1930, the son of a noted publisher, Wilfrid Sheed received a degree in history from Oxford University and then studied for a year at Columbia, in New York City. Now an editor of Jubilee *magazine, he published his second novel, "The Hack," in 1963. He lives in Brooklyn Heights with his wife and their two children.*

DON'T JUNK THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

An outspoken young Catholic novelist confronts the fierce and spreading criticism of parochial education and points to unsuspected ways that church schools benefit our entire society.

By Wilfrid Sheed

The Catholic parochial-school system recently has been under considerable fire—light fire from without and heavy fire from within. (Just as it takes a believer to be a thoroughgoing anticlerical, so it takes a Catholic really to blast the parochial schools.) These schools, it is said, did a good job in the 19th century—and are still doing it: a good, 19th-century job. They are still teaching immigrants how to keep out of mischief and how to be good Americans of the simpler variety; they are frozen, like the Statue of Liberty, in an uncomplicated gesture of welcome.

It is an irony of the situation that, now that the parochial system is at last receiving the kind of abrasive criticism that every institution needs but which for obvious reasons few ecclesiastical institutions get, the critics are calling not for reform but for abolition. They feel that the schools are not only past praying for but not worth praying for. Even a *good* parochial system would not satisfy critics of the New Wave.

Now of course nobody is in favor of bad parochial schools; but good ones might be something else. Surely there is not so much good education going around that we can afford to choke off any source of supply. I should like to suggest, first of all, that anyone who is capable of providing good education should be encouraged, be he Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or nothing at all. Further, I see no intrinsic reason for parochial schools not to be good. Some of them are good already, and most faults ascribed to the others belong to a certain time and place and can be scraped off like so much rust.

If we abolish the parochial schools, we will have abolished an educational alternative that some of us value. If a parochial school is inferior, we are free not to use it; but if it doesn't even exist, the choice for most of us is down to one. And there is no reason to assume that the choice that is left, the public schools, would improve automatically with the abolition of parochial schools. Public education would certainly become more expensive, more crowded and understaffed; the taxpayers would presumably have to pay some of the money that is exhorted out of Catholics every Sunday, simply to stay in the same place, simply to keep public schools from deteriorating. Where the improvement would come from is harder to say.

But the question of educational choice goes deeper than that. It is not merely a question of comparison shopping but of doing one small thing to counter the natural drift of mass societies toward an oppressive, cultural monotony. If pluralism really is a value—rather than a necessity that we have made into a value—the assimilations of the melting pot must be resisted at some point. Cultural variety belongs in the home, no doubt, but the home nowadays is only a dumping ground for the three major television networks, and the neighborhood is only the home repeated to infinity.

The parochial school is one of the few surviving objects of cultural diversity. To my mind, it already mimes the public school much too closely; but it is different enough to preserve a certain openness in an increasingly stuffy society. Modern American life maintains a consensus not only of opinion but of intellectual style probably more overpowering than that of any other civilized country. The consensus is so all-encompassing that many of us are not even aware of its existence. As far as we are concerned, it is simply the only way to think.

I am not suggesting that the public schools are entirely responsible for this state of affairs, nor that the parochial schools have done anything much to improve it. I am saying that a person with a nonpublic-school education has at least a choice in intellectual styles: He knows that a choice exists. With everyone going to what amounts virtually to the same school, this choice would be reduced by that much. This is another reason for supporting schools run by every sort of group. Let the children be melted as much as they like at university and in outside life, but give them first something to melt. At present too many of us are simply empty mirrors of one another.

The question may be asked at this point whether religious groups are the ideal units for carrying out this necessarily divisive mission. Even now, in the flood tide of ecumenicism, there remains a nervous feeling in the backs of many minds that religions are divisive enough, without adding to their opportunities.

It is true that Christianity has a formidable record for factiousness, as has every idea of any importance. But closing the schools, on the grounds that organized Christians can never be persuaded to act like Christians, seems to me an act of despair. If Pope John XXIII's ecumenical spirit fails in the parochial schools, it will be because it has failed in the church at large, and I am not yet resigned to expecting that. If it succeeds in the church at large, it seems unduly pessimistic to insist that the schools will be unaffected by it. An ecumenically minded church would surely express itself in schools different from those of an embattled church.

Like generals who are forever fighting the last war, I think the critics may be looking backward and may have underrated the changes that have already taken place—and are in germ of taking place—in the parochial schools. There are, of course, many stubborn pockets of resistance. Yet the St. Louis schools, for instance, under Cardinal Ritter, are reputed to have made tremendous advances which may serve as models to others. The nuns who have been through the Sister Formation movement are light-years away from the old schoolmarm nun teaching arithmetic on the rosary. This progress does not call for yet another celebration, but to deny it altogether would be equally misleading.

There is a physical limit to this improvement. Bulging classrooms and press-ganged teachers are of no use in any kind of school. It may be fair to say that the system had in the past overextended itself, and that it should confine itself henceforth to what it can do best. There are already moves afoot to eliminate some of the lower grades. Another useful step would be, wherever possible, to increase the number of lay teachers, so as to release priests and nuns from the exigencies of algebra and biology. If the system lacks the flexibility and humility to adapt itself, the abolitionists will have their way after all, for the modern Catholic parent feels less and less obliged to send his child to an inferior Catholic school.

But if the system does evolve as it has shown signs of doing, if it ceases once and for all to see itself as a sort of crowded fallout shelter from popular culture, and if it opens itself without reservation to the spirit of the Ecumenical Council, I think we may find there are still certain

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors of The Post often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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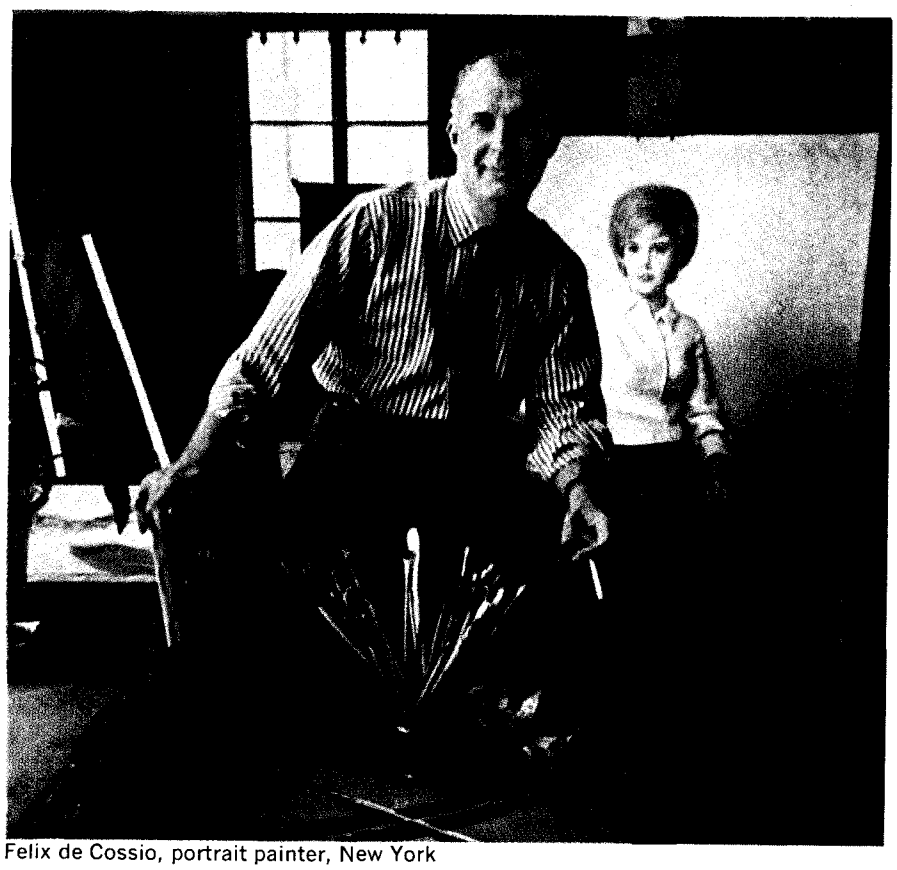

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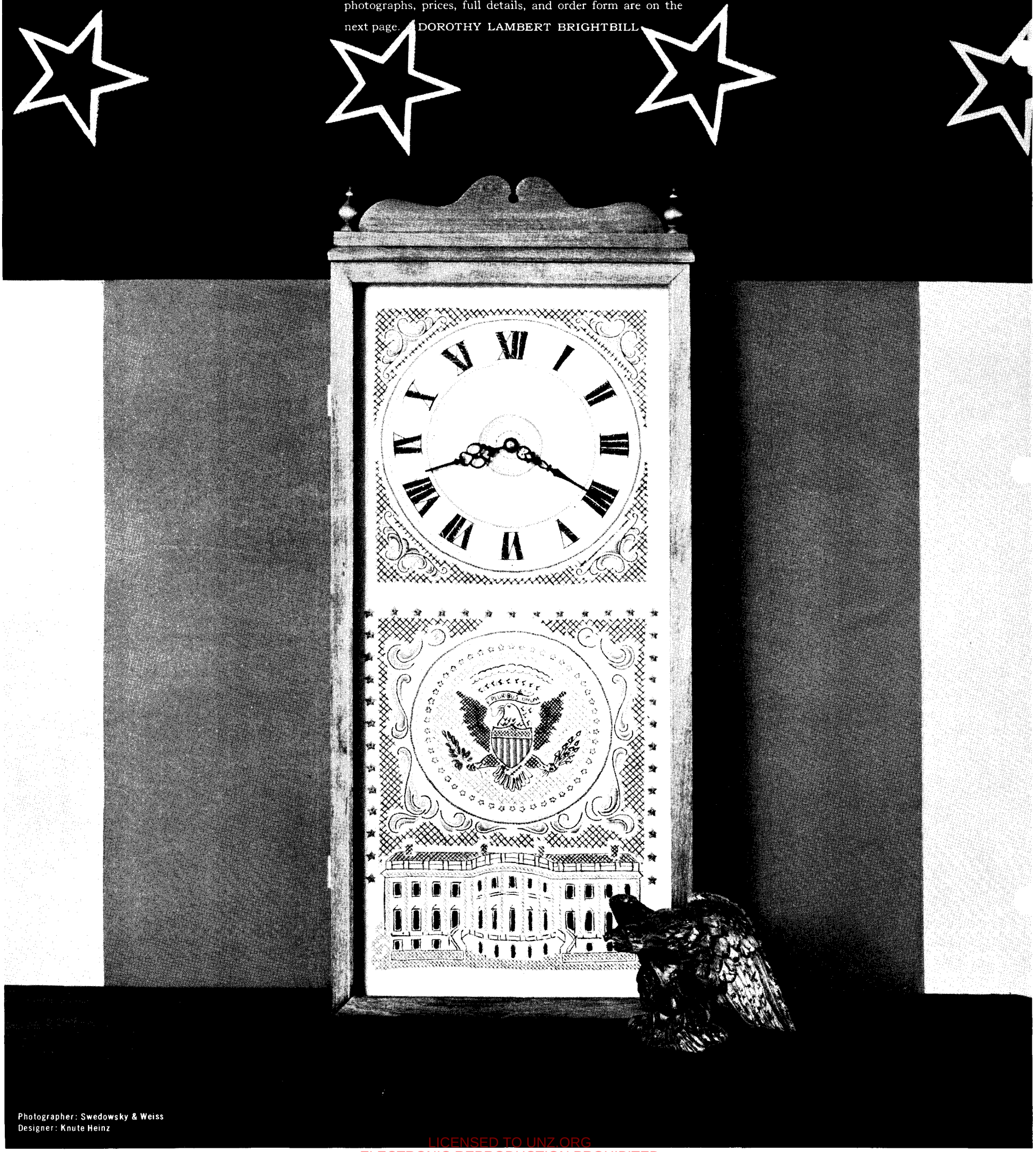

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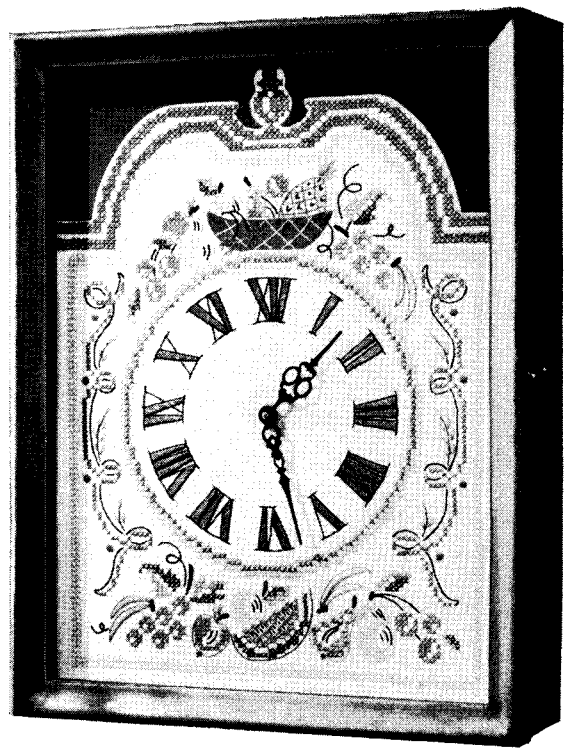

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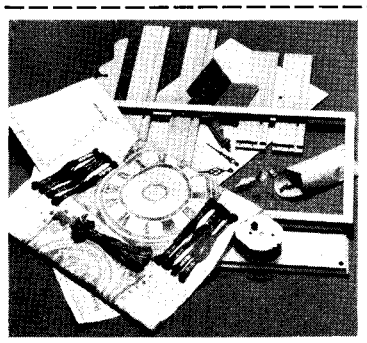

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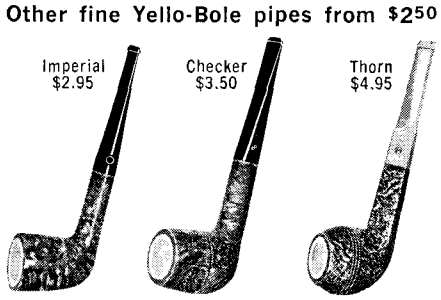

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advantages in having these schools.

For one thing, the public schools are, as Walter Lippmann and others have pointed out, notoriously uneasy in the teaching of moral motives. No doubt ways can be worked out to teach morals without reference to religion (although even this requires a philosophical consensus, and as soon as you have that, somebody is sure to call it a rival religion, and the judges will have to be called in again). But the public schools seem to walk on eggshells in the whole realm of human behavior. A boy who shuttles between his TV set and his public classroom might come to maturity without ever hearing a definite statement about anything important.

To say that moral training belongs primarily in the home is to take a rather special view of education. (It is ironical in this age of the broken home and the non-home to see so much pressure placed full-weight on that institution.) An education innocent not only of value judgments but even largely of value comments leaves a vacuum that nobody has found a way of filling. Even the mildest moral injunction (such as, "Please don't stab me") depends on some values held in common. But it is not my aim to satirize people who are doing a difficult job as well as they can; I wish only to suggest that if teacher and student can agree on religion as a moral base, it seems reasonable to give them a chance to do so.

There is always the danger, after all, that the concept of God may wither away altogether in this country, not under attack but from sheer disuse. Modern American disbelief has crept like a white fog through our suburban churches. In fact, churchgoing is quite irrelevant to it. Such disbelief is not incompatible with a mild assent to religious truths, or even to a mild religious revival.

This thin atmosphere, drained of all suggestion and mystery, blank as a hospital corridor, is the one thing that people who have been exposed to religion, even in a hostile way, probably fear more than anything else in the world. Better to have your children chanted over by a mad old woman in a witch's gown (religious teaching does not boil down to that, however it may appear to its more hysterical critics) than to have them shaped by people untouched by mystery, by the sacred and by the intense imaginative experience of religion.

While I am not accusing the whole public-school system of this kind of vapid secularism, it must surely take some responsibility for the reflexive and panicky avoidance of controversy, and therefore of inquiry into our religious heritage, that is the first step toward it. It has been said that the parochial schools have been doing a 19th-century job—and in this respect it might also be added that, far from being divisive, they have tended to stress a suffocating Americanism—but perhaps there is something 19th century about the public-school mystique too. In a young nation of raging diversity, there was a lot to be said for getting everyone into the same classroom to be taught the same thing, if only to keep wild sectarians from each other's throats; but now that, as I say, we are all too thoroughly melted, we can surely afford to take a chance on variety, and on religious controversy too. The dangers of life have shifted. Compulsory public schooling for all but the richest smacks of martial law, of some kind of artificial emergency.

For nine out of 10 families today the choice is already as small as it can be—the state school or the truant officer. Those who can afford private schools are above the battle, and yet they pay a price. Their children are usually withdrawn altogether from their own communities and placed in rather limited new ones, where their friends will all be special cases, like themselves. They are likely to be slightly out of context for the rest of their lives.

Since I take education seriously, I would send my children, if they were of school age, to a good private school rather than a mediocre parochial school. Yet I can see that a really good parochial school would have many advantages. The parish is a natural grouping, often highly diversified. The child who attends one for a few years need not be estranged from community life.

Unfortunately, there are comparatively few groups that can afford to run their own schools. This has distorted the issue from a public one to a sectarian one. The parochial schools appear to many as a disturbing advertisement of Catholic power. (Parishioners may make a wry face at this, when they recall how this power has to be squeezed and coaxed out of them every Sunday.) Unchristian boasting about our wonderful school system, as if size and expense were the tests of education, has not helped much. The military pugnacity of the old days dies hard. But a system should not be judged by its worst examples, let alone by caricatures of its worst examples. In many places, parochial schools are demonstrably better than public schools. In such cases, it is not unheard of for non-Catholic parents to use them. (In the same spirit, I would not hesitate to send my own children to a clearly superior Jewish or Quaker school. Education matters.) To abolish good schools because you don't like the system seems, in this season of *aggiornamento*, either vindictive or despairing.

Should these schools receive public aid? To this untrained eye, the constitutional language on this point is loose enough for people to make what they want of it. (Of course, many sincere people find it a clear mandate one way or the other.) I tend to agree with those who feel that good education is a public service, and that any school that provides it up to the required standards should receive some public assistance, as it would in England, Holland and elsewhere. In effect, this would mean that Catholics would get some of their own tax money back, instead of paying extra for the privilege of keeping the public schools less crowded and less expensive to run. Public assistance might also have the further advantage of encouraging other groups to start their own schools. And it would reduce the specter of Catholic power, the upkeep of which most Catholics would be only too happy to dispense with.

However, I do not like to ask for something which others do not want to give. Brutal demands for one's rights (real or imaginary) are, strictly speaking, unchristian; displays of political muscle cancel out any benefits that a Christian education might confer. If public aid causes unholy rancor, it is best forgotten about. The schools are worth saving and certainly worth improving—but not at the expense of hatred.

Wilfrid Sheed

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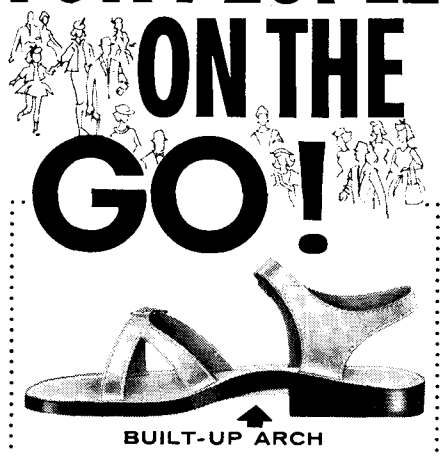

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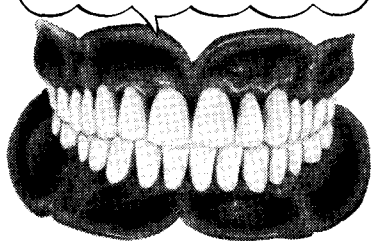

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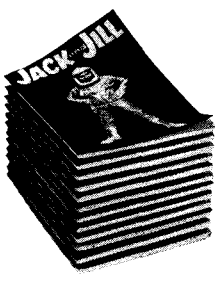

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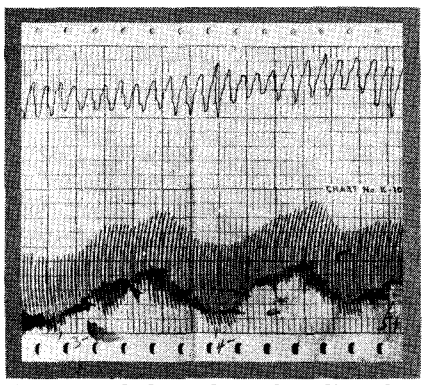

A polygraph chart: the peaks indicate lies.

WASHINGTON: "When I went to West Point I took all that about 'Duty, Honor, Country' seriously—I thought an officer of the United States Army was a man whose word was to be trusted. Now it turns out if I'm assigned to some staff school or something I have to be strapped in a chair and have some damn GS-9 in a white coat take my blood pressure and so on to see if I'm lying."

George Orwell's famous book, *1984*, which described a future world in which all right of privacy had been surrendered to an omnipotent "Big Brother," was written in 1948. The words quoted above, which were spoken recently by a high-ranking Army officer, serve as a bleak reminder that 1984 is now only twenty years in the future. Since Orwell wrote his book, we have made considerable progress toward that kind of world.

The Army officer was talking about the Pentagon's habit of subjecting its denizens, up to and including general officers and the highest-ranking civilians, to the attentions of the polygraph, or lie detector. The purpose of the polygraph is, of course, to detect the hidden emotions of the subject, by measuring such involuntary symptoms of emotion as pulse, blood pressure, rate of breathing and perspiration.

The whole American Government is now in the emotion-measuring business in a big way. Last year 58 government agencies conducted more than 23,000 polygraph tests at a cost of five million dollars. Actually, there were probably upward of 40,000 tests, since the so-called "sneaky agencies," the CIA and the Pentagon intelligence outfits, refused on grounds of security to supply information to Congress on polygraph tests.

The chief justification for this massive exercise in emotion measuring is that the polygraph catches spies. In fact, the polygraph provides no assurance of detecting trained Communist agents. Not long ago, to cite one example, an agent in the employment of the Defense Department (not an American) was discovered to be a Moscow-trained double agent. The proof was positive. But to obtain a confession, the man was given a polygraph test, which can be used as an instrument of intimidation to "break" a suspect.

One of the most experienced of the Pentagon's several hundred polygraph operators was assigned to the task. The operator approached his assignment circuitously, skillfully building a sense of confidence in the agent. Then he fired the question: "Are you a Soviet agent?"

The answer came quietly: "No." Instead of the expected jagged lines on the indicators, there was not a flicker—pulse, breathing rate, blood pressure were absolutely steady. The polygraph operator tried again, and again, with the same result. "This man," the operator concluded, "is innocent."

He was not innocent at all. He was later broken by other means, and it turned out that he had been through a special course thoughtfully provided in the espionage school of the KGB, the Soviet equivalent of the CIA plus the FBI. The KGB course, which is given to all Soviet spies, is designed to precondition them psychologically to resist the polygraph, by a process known as "rationalization." The process is so successful that the KGB very rarely uses the polygraph in counter-espionage work, on the assumption that no trained agent can be caught by it.

Experiments in similar psychological preconditioning in this country have confirmed its effectiveness. Experimenters play "the card game." In the card game, three or more cards are placed face down on a table. The subject chooses one card, looks at it, puts it in his pocket. The operator asks him questions about the card and tries, by catching his lies, to identify it. A well-trained subject can fool the operator again and again. So can a psychotic or neurotic type, who believes his own lies. There is the doubtlessly apocryphal story of the lunatic who was subjected to a polygraph test. "Are you Napoleon?" he was asked. He hotly denied it, but the polygraph showed that he was lying.

A recent expert study concluded, according to Vance Packard, author of *The Naked Society*, "that the lie detectors might at best be 70 percent accurate in drawing out the truth."

Seventy percent accuracy hardly seems to justify the American Government's vast exercise in emotion testing. And the 40,000 or so American citizens lie-tested by the Federal Government are only a fraction of those tested by private industry and by state and municipal authorities.

The polygraph first came into general use in the CIA about 15 years ago. The use of the device in the sneaky agencies no doubt makes a certain sense—the machine does usefully point the finger at amateur traitors, and people who go to work for sneaky agencies must be expected to be treated sneakily. But the use of the polygraph has now spread, like some horrid fungus, from the CIA throughout the Government; and thence into large sectors of the private economy.

The next technological "advance" may bring us closer to 1984, by a giant leap. Experimental work has been going forward on a new kind of polygraph—an especially designed but ordinary-seeming chair, which would measure its occupant's breathing, pulse rate, etc., without his knowing it. Thus the victim's hidden emotional reactions to a seemingly routine interview could be recorded.

The polygraph is only one of the weapons of the growing army of professional snoopers. In last week's *Post*, Ben H. Bagdikian described the bugs, taps and other devices which the American Government uses to spy on itself. Governments also use the same devices to spy on other governments, of course, and it came as no great surprise that the Soviets had concealed no less than 40 bugs in the walls of the American Embassy in Moscow.

What *is* surprising is that so many ordinary American citizens tolerate without protest the most shameless invasion of their privacy. Many people are almost as accustomed to having their emotions, private attitudes and personal histories explored by psychologists and amateur snoopers as they are to having their teeth examined by the dentist.

The invasion of privacy will only be halted when a lot of people get angry about it. A man's sex life, political views and childhood relationship with his mother are his own business, and nobody else's. The proper response to questions about such matters is a loud, positive: "IT'S NONE OF YOUR LOUSY BUSINESS." Unless a lot of people get angry enough to use that phrase, or something like it, the day is surely coming when not even Walter Mitty can have a secret life, and Big Brother will rule supreme.

Stewart Alsop

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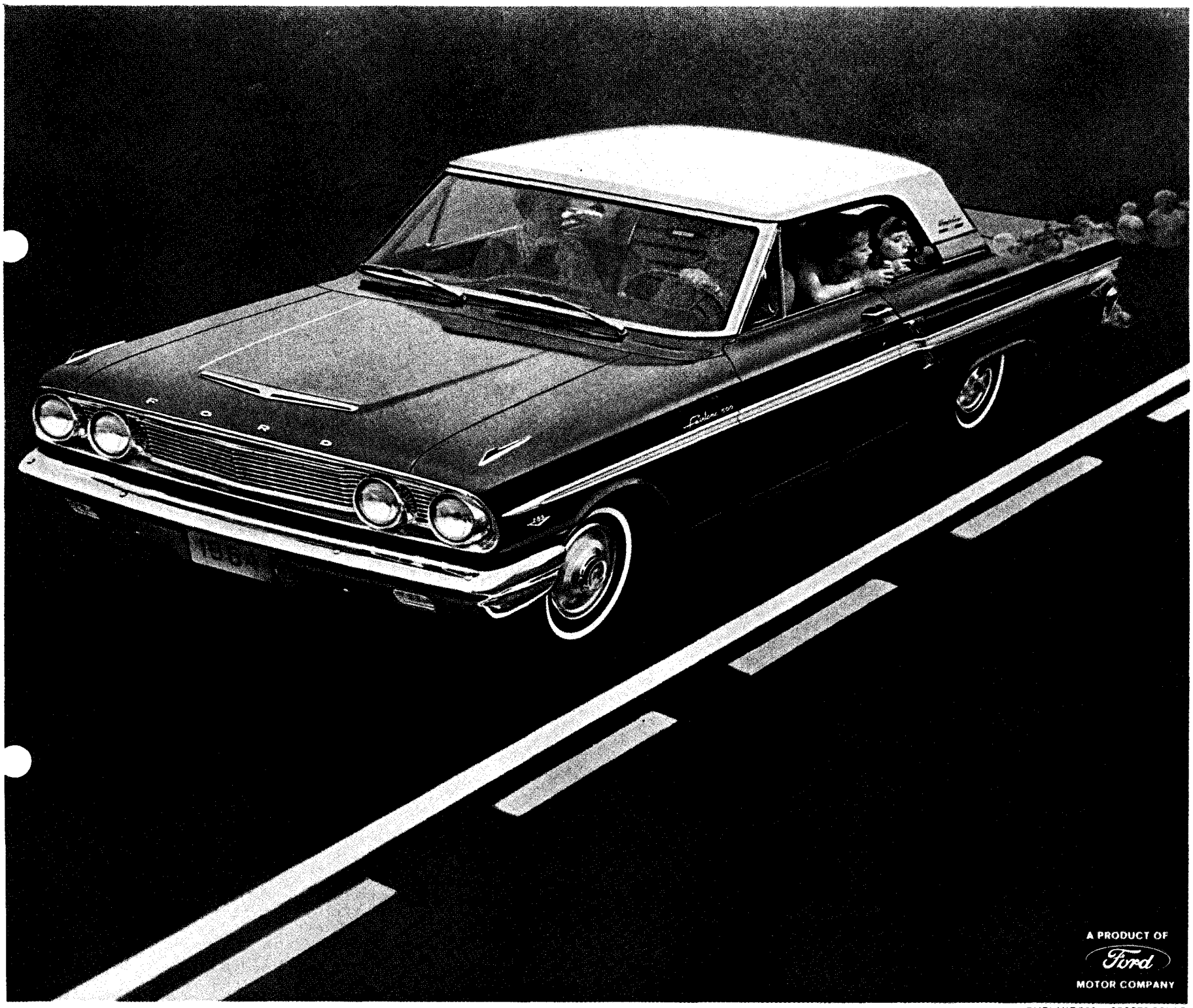

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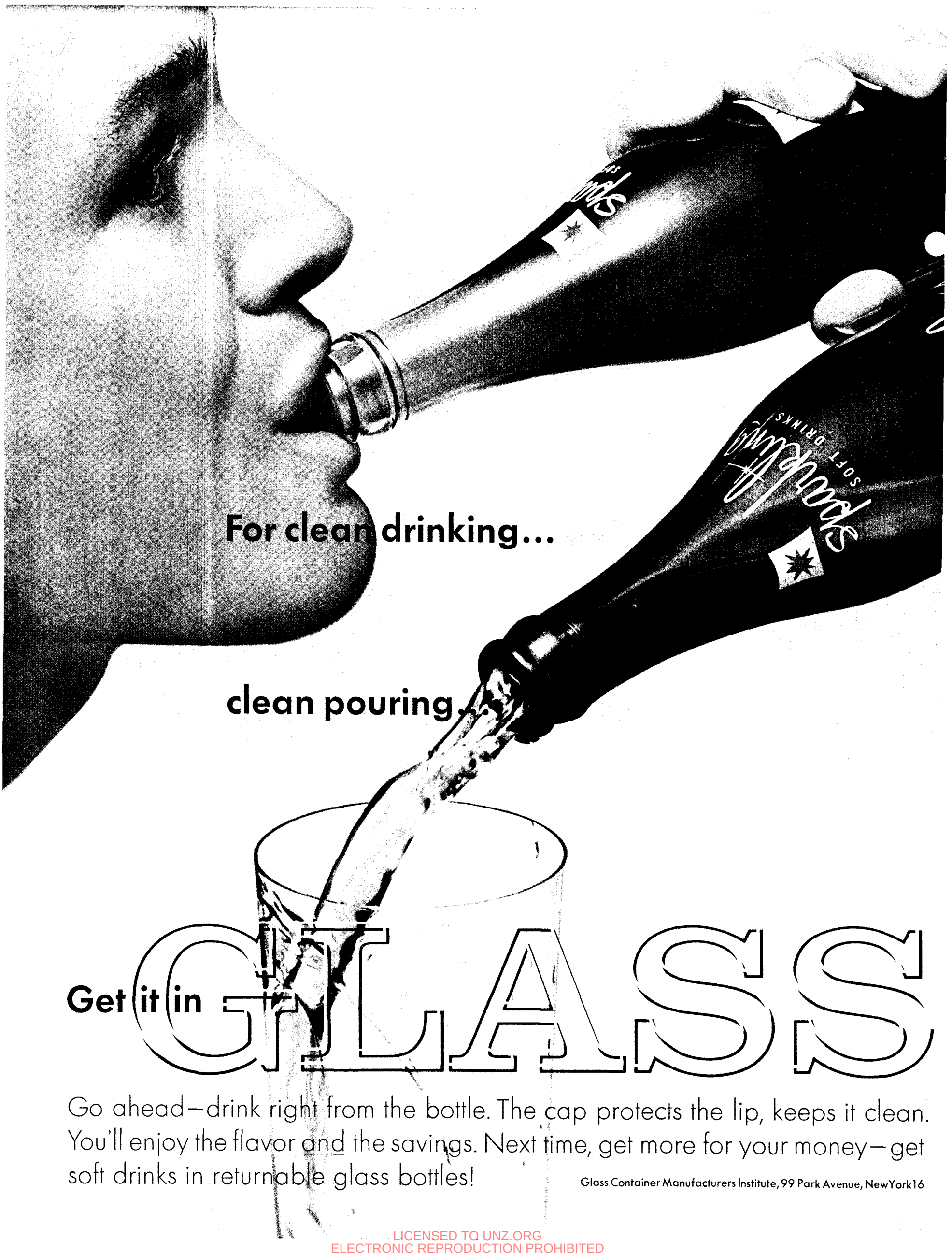

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

MY FIRST EIGHTY YEARS

By HARRY S TRUMAN

Often the center of heated controversy, Harry ("Give 'em hell") Truman pulls no punches as he looks back over his extraordinary career.

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A day in a former President's busy life

By Robert Sherrod

On a hillside overlooking U.S. Highway 24 in Independence, Mo., stands a 600-foot-long, boomerang-shaped limestone structure called the Harry S Truman Library. Inside, just beyond a reproduction of the President's White House office, is a small auditorium where, not long ago, a group of Kansas City schoolboys gathered to ask questions of the brisk, white-haired man on the stage.

"Mr. President, sir," inquired one of the boys, "what was your most memorable moment in public life?"

"When I had to save the Republic of Korea," replied Harry Truman.

"Sir, how can I become a Senate page boy?" another asked.

"You've got to get hold of your senator," said Mr. Truman, "and get him to appoint you. I can't do anything about it."

One boy with a broken arm asked the President to sign his cast. This stopped Mr. Truman for a moment. Then he replied, "You'll have to come back to my office. If I start signing autographs here, I'll never get through. Every kid will want one."

Harry Truman obviously relishes his schoolmaster role, which he plays several times a week. He also enjoys escorting visitors around the library's museum, which draws about 150,000 visitors a year. Among his proudest mementos is a framed map of his whistle-stop campaign of 1948: 31,739 miles, 355 speeches. One of the museum's largest photographs shows a grinning Truman, after his victory, holding up the Chicago Tribune's *early report on the result of that campaign:* DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN.

But the old Give-'Em-Hell-Harry side of Truman is rarely seen in Independence. Nowadays most of Truman's acidulous observations are reserved for his early-morning walks in Manhattan, when he goes to visit his daughter, Margaret Truman Daniel, her husband, Clifton, and their three sons.

There is even evidence that he is mellowing toward some old Republican antagonists. At a recent Washington dinner, for instance, Truman greeted Richard M. Nixon amicably, although he once refused to dine in the same room with him because "I just cannot sit with that fellow."

On the other hand, the Eisenhower-Truman feud, now in its 12th year, has shown few signs of thawing. At President Kennedy's funeral Mr. Truman shared General Eisenhower's car, at Ike's invitation, but the two really didn't manage to find anything to talk about. About all they appear to have in common are their presidential libraries.

The principal function of Truman's library is, of course, to safeguard the presidential papers of Harry S Truman, of which there are about 5.5 million, plus approximately two million other related documents. About 85 percent of these papers are already available to scholars; the rest will remain locked behind steel-mesh doors until the death of those who might be embarrassed by their disclosure.

In addition to fulfilling its main purpose, and housing a museum, the library provides the former President with a six-room suite of offices. This area is marked by fascinating confusion. A conference table is presently piled high with birthday presents which will be weeks in sorting. A storeroom is stacked with 25 portraits of American Presidents, painted from photographs by a Japanese artist.

Bookcases along the corridor walls contain thousands of volumes which, unlike the 30,000 books in the library proper, have never been catalogued. If you sent a book to Mr. Truman while he was in the White House, it is probably here; apparently he never threw anything away. And on a sofa in a little-used room rests a framed letter dated December 19, 1962, from one President (Herbert Hoover) to another (Harry Truman) bitterly recalling his treatment by a third (Franklin Roosevelt). Published here for the first time, it reads in part:

"Yours has been a friendship which has reached deeper into my life than you know.

"I gave up a successful profession in 1914 to enter public service. I served through the First World War and after for a total of about 18 years.

"When the attack on Pearl Harbor came, I at once supported the President and offered to serve in any useful capacity. Because of my varied experience during the First World War, I thought my services might again be useful, however there was no response. . . . When you came to the White House within a month you opened the door to me to the only profession I knew, public service, and you undid some disgraceful action that had been taken in the prior years. . . . I am deeply grateful."

Surrounded by souvenirs like these, Harry Truman is a contented man, although the week-long celebration of his birthday—May 8—obviously exhausted him. He and Mrs. Truman live in the same 14-room house they have occupied since their marriage in 1919. About 7:30 each morning Mr. Truman may be seen climbing into his green Chrysler for the five-minute drive to the office.

As he enters his ninth decade, one has a feeling that the thing which keeps him in good spirits is the work that continually needs to be done at his beloved library. When asked what he does for relaxation, he replies, "I've never had a hobby in my life." THE END

I must have been asked a hundred times, "How does it feel to be eighty?" It's a foolish question in the first place because aging is a gradual process. I'm thankful that the pace has been gratifyingly slow in my case, so I can honestly say that I feel no different from the way I did at 60. I have been blessed with good health and a sound constitution, and I'm on record as saying I think I'll make 90 all right. My mother lived until she was 94, by which time I had been President for more than two years. My Grandmother Young lived to be 91, and I had an aunt who was 97. On the other hand, my father died comparatively young, at 64, and my two grandfathers only reached their late 70's.

So, I have become the sixth oldest former President of the United States—both the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison and Hoover have lived longer than the age I have thus far attained (though I will pass John Quincy Adams in six months).

In achieving this distinction of a sort I have been honored beyond what any man could reasonably expect. It all started on May 1, a full week before my birthday, when farm leaders from throughout the country gave me a luncheon at the Mormon Temple here in my home town of Independence; they said they wanted to thank me for starting the Point Four program and for what my Administration did for the farmers, but all we did was to arrange things so that farm prices didn't go down after the war, as they usually do when the fighting stops. That same week my friends in Kansas City, which is only about 10 miles from Independence, gave their big annual birthday party for me at the Muehlebach Hotel. They even had a menu in 11 languages and they sang four songs about me, one of which was written by a 10-year-old girl.

Then I took off for Washington. The things that went on there made the week more strenuous than the 1948 Presidential campaign. I was on the go from morning to night for more than two full days. The National Press Club invited me to make a speech, and I gave them a short one, off the cuff. The Supreme Court, to which I appointed four justices (of whom only Tom Clark remains), gave a luncheon for me in their dining room. There was a dinner of my old Senate colleagues on the Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program, which was an activity of which I have always been proud; during the war we saved the Government about $15 billion that would have been wasted. President Johnson attended this dinner, and so did about 300 other good friends.

The greatest event was my return to the Senate to listen to the nice things 27 different senators—Republicans as well as Democrats—had to say about me. When they finished, I found that a response simply wasn't in me—and it's a rare day when I can't talk. As it appears in the Congressional Record for May 8, here is what I said, "Thank you. If I have many more happy birthdays I shall never have another one like this."

My Senate visit had a historical aspect. It was the first time a former President had appeared on the floor as a participating member of the Senate, as provided under a resolution passed last year. I had spoken to the Senate once before, on April 29, 1960, but that time they had to go through the formality of taking a recess. This time I wish I could have said something that would ring down through the ages. But it was beyond my power, as senator or President. I was too full of emotion.

When I was about 70, a reporter asked me about running again, and I told him I would when I became 90. I was kidding him, of course. Some fool looked it up and found that it will be an off-year when I reach 90.

Even before 1952 I decided that eight years—minus my three months as Vice President—would be enough, and there was never any question about my changing my mind. I could have run again in spite of the 22nd Amendment—one of the two bad amendments to the Constitution (the 18th was the other)—which limits a President to two terms. The 22nd was originated by the infamous 80th Congress, and was passed over my veto, but did not take effect until after I had left office. Ironically, the Republican-controlled 80th made a lame duck out of its own President, Eisenhower. He probably could have won a third term. It's mighty hard to beat a national hero. Look at Grant. He retired in 1876, after two terms in the White House, then allowed himself to be put up again in 1880. He didn't get the nomination, but he got more votes on the first ballot than anyone else. And he was the worst President in our history.

The polls can be wrong

Recently I was asked about my own place in history. A reporter dug up a poll of 75 leading historians which was published in The NEW YORK TIMES Sunday Magazine a couple of years ago. This poll showed the greatest Presidents to be, in this order, Lincoln, Washington, Franklin Roosevelt, Wilson, Jefferson, Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, Polk and, in ninth place, Harry Truman. I told the reporter I didn't think the poll meant a thing insofar as recent history is concerned; the historians didn't know any more than the pollsters did when they said I wouldn't win in 1948. Nobody will be able to assess my Administration until about 30 years after I'm dead, and I'm going to live another 10, so they've got to wait a long time. It certainly is something I'm not going to worry about.

Incidentally, Washington should rank first, in my opinion. He had set up a new Government, and had all sorts of trouble doing it. Lincoln stepped in and saved the Government, but I would put him second to Washington.

All my life I've been relatively free from worry, and maybe that's the best formula for long life. Long ago I learned to gather all the facts and the best opinions, then to make my decision. Once I had made the decision, I didn't worry over it. If I made a wrong decision, I made another one to correct it. But a man can nag himself to death with regrets and self-doubts. I've been one of the worst customers the sleeping-pill manufacturers ever had, and I've always insisted upon adequate sleep and complete relaxation before making an important decision.

During my years as President I had to make many hard decisions, some of which I knew would offend a lot of people. But I never believed in hesitating, once I had all the facts in hand. And I never sought

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popularity with the press or with the polls. I have felt that a President who made decisions on what was popular, rather than what was right, was heading for disaster. If the President is right, he can get through to the people and persuade them, even if he has to risk terrible unpopularity at the beginning.

The hardest decision I had to make was the one to enter the Korean War. There has never been any doubt in my mind that I did the right thing, and in this case it seemed to be generally accepted as something we had to do. The Marshall Plan, the Berlin Airlift, the Point Four program, NATO and the atom bomb stirred up varying degrees of opposition, either before or after the event, but they all drew public approval, as I thought they would.

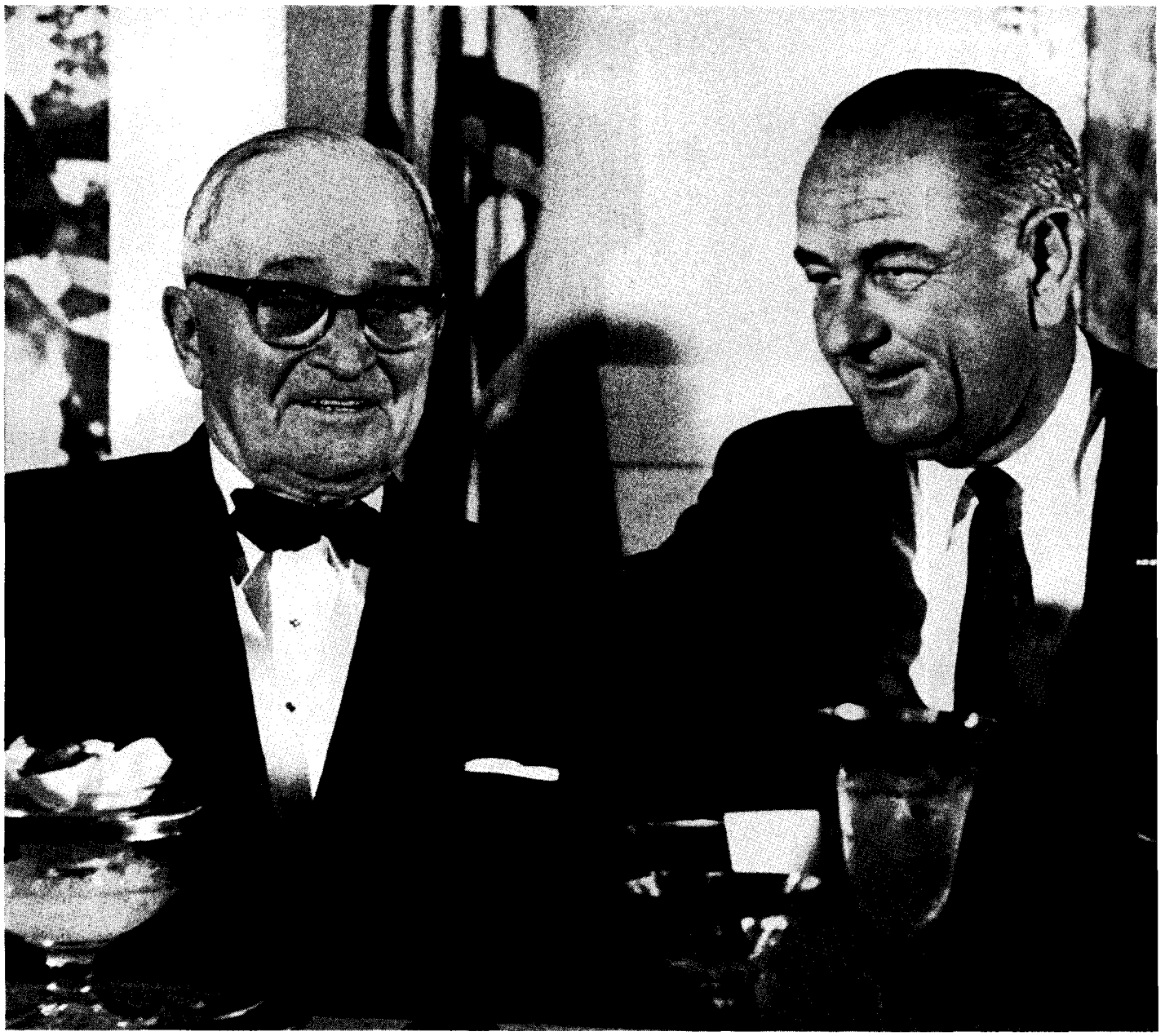
The decision which stimulated perhaps the most intense emotional reaction came on April 11, 1951, when I found it necessary to relieve General Douglas MacArthur of his command in the Far East. No question about it—the general had his admirers, as I found out again following his death last April. I received several hundred letters, some of them nonsensically accusing me of driving General MacArthur to an untimely grave (at the age of 84). I also received other letters, such as this one from a man in New York City: "Tonight I think of you. It took great courage to do what you did in recalling General MacArthur, which it was your duty to do."

Of course, it was my duty. I knew the general's return—after 14 years away from his native land—would set off a wave of emotion and unlimited oratory. But it was my duty under the Constitution to see that civilian supremacy was maintained in the governing of the United States. General MacArthur had challenged civilian supremacy; he had presumed to take over the making of policy by publicly advocating the expansion of the war in Asia. I did what I thought was right. I wasn't surprised that Congressman Joe Martin and some others wanted to impeach me. I wish they had, because I'd have gone down to the Senate and made them look like 30 cents.

As I look back on the MacArthur affair, I believe that I should have relieved him two years earlier. At that time he had approved an action of the Japanese Diet which ran contrary to the policy which had been laid down in Washington. Secretary of the Army Royall had to tell MacArthur to countermand the order, and there was general unpleasantness over the incident. Royall came to me, told me what had happened, and asked whether he had done the right thing. I told Royall he had, and if MacArthur didn't obey, I'd bust him to sergeant.

I had always been a great admirer of General MacArthur. I thought of him as one of the great military figures in American history, to rank alongside Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and George Washington. I had several times urged MacArthur to return to the United States to confer with me and to receive the honors due him. But MacArthur always found excuses.

General MacArthur should have returned to familiarize himself with the thinking at home, but I guess it wasn't in him to make the break after 14 years in the Orient, and I didn't want to order him home in the middle of the Korean War. So I arranged to meet him in October, 1950, at Wake Island, way out in the Pacific. I had to make a speech at San Francisco, anyway, that October 17.



President Lyndon Johnson ("My kind of people," Truman says) stopped in at Washington birthday dinner for the former President.

At Wake Island I pinned a medal on MacArthur, which I had wanted to do for a long time—a fourth Oak Leaf Cluster to his Distinguished Service Medal—and I got his first-hand observations on the Korean War. He said the Koreans were defeated, and they were, after MacArthur's spectacularly successful landing at Inchon a month earlier. He also said the Chinese wouldn't enter the Korean War, which will certainly go down as one of the worst intelligence estimates in the history of warfare. If the Chinese acted so foolishly as to enter Korea, said MacArthur, his planes would slaughter them. It was only a few weeks later that the Chinese poured across the Yalu River by the scores of thousands and sent the United Nations forces reeling southward down the Korean peninsula.

After that, MacArthur wanted atomic bombs dropped on Manchuria, which might very well have brought on a third World War. He wanted to bring troops up from Formosa to Korea, which might also have spread the war. And finally he disobeyed orders by making public statements contradicting what he knew to be my policy. Such insubordination could not be tolerated if the Government was to be run from Washington and not from the field. So, after six months of this provocation, I relieved General MacArthur.

Last April General MacArthur was quoted in posthumous newspaper interviews as saying that he had been betrayed by fools in Washington. If he said such a thing, I guess he meant to call me the biggest fool of all. I have never made any remarks to reflect upon the character of General MacArthur, and I don't intend to make any now. But I have never had a moment's regret for the action I took. The only trouble was I waited so long.

Starting in politics

I am a Democrat by inheritance and by conviction. All my ancestors were in sympathy with the Confederacy, and I grew up in an atmosphere where it would have been impossible for a Confederate to be a Republican. When I was a young National Guardsman, I visited my Grandmother Young, wearing my new blue uniform with red stripes down the pants legs. Grandma Young remembered when Union sympathizers came over from Kansas and butchered 400 of her hogs during the War Between the States, cut off the hams, slung them over their saddles and left. She said to me, "Do not wear that uniform in my house again."

My first memory of politics goes back to 1892, when Grover Cleveland was elected for the second time. I was eight years old at the time, and I remember how happy my father was at the Democratic victory. He rode a gray horse in the torchlight parade, and he decorated our weather vane with a flag, and red, white and blue bunting.

When I was 16, I was a page boy at the Democratic National Convention in Kansas City. I recall the bellike voice of William Jennings Bryan, the like of which I have never heard since. At every election from the time I was 22 until I went off to the First World War I was Democratic clerk in Washington Township, and I had been postmaster at Grandview, Mo. But I never really got into politics until 1922, when I was 38 and was elected county judge—an administrative, not a judicial job—in Jackson County. My politics were Democratic politics, of course.

My Democratic convictions are fully as strong as my Democratic inheritance. Recently when I was asked, "Why are you a member of the Democratic Party?" I replied instantly, "Because it is the party of the common people, whereas the Republican Party is the party of special privilege." That doesn't mean every

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Converged by reporters, Mr. Truman greets a passer-by while on an early-morning walk during recent visit to New York City.

"I believe I should have relieved MacArthur earlier."

Truman at Eighty

Democrat qualifies as a liberal and every Republican a conservative—it's better that there is some cross-pollination among the parties—but the important thing is the basic philosophy of the two parties.

My own sympathy has always been with the little fellow, the man without advantages, and these have always been the people who responded to a politician named Harry Truman. I dislike to see the growth of snobbery in this country. Nobody ought to feel that he is better than the other fellow simply because he's more prosperous or because he lives in a bigger house. We're all of the same breed. We all came over here from European countries and settled in various parts of the country. Some of us were successful and live in bigger houses. But no man should be ashamed of what he does, no matter what it is, so long as it is useful and honorable. Never, never scorn the man who works with his hands.

From the age of 22 to 33 I worked on the farm, and I worked hard. I plowed, I milked the cows, I fed the hogs, I pitched the hay. I got to know the farmhands who came out from the little towns and worked for us. Their usual wage was 10 cents an hour, $1.20 a day for a twelve-hour day. My father and brother and I always increased their wages when they worked for us—giving them $1.50 to $2 a day and their meals. These were hard-working, upright, good citizens. Most of them managed to get along, raise families and sometimes even send their sons to college. They were poor, but no man should look down on such people. I'm proud to say that mostly they were Democrats.

One reason the Democrats have been able to perform better than the Republicans is their attitude toward the Presidency. Since Lincoln's time there have been only four strong Presidents: Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. Three of them were Democrats, and the other, Theodore Roosevelt, was so un-Republican he became an anathema to his own party. The Republicans prefer to leave the power in the hands of the special interests rather than the man in the White House. Or, as in the case of Eisenhower, to do nothing.

Without a strong President you get weak leadership, and such leadership sometimes results in chaos—which is what de Tocqueville predicted for the United States because he said the office of President was bound to be weak, at the mercy of Congress. The Constitution of the United States provides for a delicate balance between the three branches of the government, and each of the three must look after its own prerogatives. When I was a senator, I watched carefully to see that congressional preserves were not invaded; if I had ever been a judge, I'm sure I would have been just as anxious about the rights of the judiciary.

This year, I'm happy to say, the Democrats will have a candidate who has already proved, in a few short months, that he is a strong President. I have known Lyndon Johnson more than a quarter of a century, but his performance in the White House amazes and astounds me. He is the best-informed, most experienced politician who has gone into the Presidency in my recollection, and that goes back to McKinley.

A trip with Ladybird

Last March President Johnson asked me to be his representative, along with Mrs. Johnson, at the funeral of King Paul of Greece. This was a kind gesture on the President's part because he knew that the Greeks remember me as the sponsor of the aid which saved them from Communism in their darkest postwar hour. (In fact, they have raised a statue to me in Athens; I only saw it out of the corner of my eye as I was driving by—I don't believe a living man ought to have a statue.)

When we returned to Washington, it was nighttime and the lights were squarely in my eyes as we left the plane. A voice said, "Welcome back, Mr. President." I couldn't see a thing, so I asked: "Who's that?" The voice replied, "The President of the United States." Oh, well, it might have happened to anybody.

Not long afterward President Johnson and I both made speeches at the opening of the New York World's Fair. His helicopter arrived late, just after I had finished speaking, and he walked down the front row of the platform toward the lectern. He shook hands with me, and he kissed Mrs. Truman on the cheek.

"There aren't many men I'd let kiss my wife," I said.

"There aren't many I'd let go to Greece with mine," he replied.

I was going to be in New York all that week, finishing at long last the taping of a 26-part television series which will be shown next fall. But the President heard that I was going to Washington for the Gridiron Club dinner the Saturday after the World's Fair opening. "I'll send my plane for you," he said.

About noon Saturday I arrived in Washington and went to Blair House with my son-in-law, Clifton Daniel. I phoned the White House and told the appointments secretary I didn't want to disturb the President. "Just tell him I brought his plane back," I said. President Johnson must have been sitting right next to the secretary because he got on the phone and said, "You come right over here at 12:45 and have lunch."

So I walked across the street and waited in the cabinet room and saw practically every employee in the White House during the next half hour. Then the President called me in. He called the press in, too, and said to me, "Don't you want to say something to them?" I said no, I just came for lunch because I had been invited and I was hungry.

One reporter asked if I had criticized President Johnson for taking too many chances mixing with the crowds. I said, "Yes, it is true. I don't want anything happening to this man." I mean this. You never can know when some crazy guy will stick a knife into the President.

Johnson is my kind of people. I like him. I predict he'll make a better showing at the November election than Roosevelt made in 1936, when he lost only Maine and Vermont. I say this without knowing, or caring, who the Republican nominee will be.

I expect to attend the Democratic Convention in August, the first since I supported Averell Harriman at Chicago in 1956. I didn't attend the 1960 convention because too many arrangements had been made (by Joe Kennedy) in advance.

A television network offered me $50,000 to be a commentator at the 1964 convention, but I said no. A lot of people are willing to pay out money in such cases. When I left the White House, Mike Todd offered me a fabulous salary to head up a merger he was putting together. Several oil companies were after me; an insurance company wanted to pay me $100,000 a year to be chairman of its board. I said, "I put in ten of the best years of my life running a six-hundred-acre farm. It was a bad time for farmers, and I had to work mighty hard to make a go of it. If you had come around then and offered me this job, I'd have been glad to talk business with you." Of course, they didn't want me; they wanted the Presidency. THE END

Leaving his home in Independence, Mo., Mr. Truman sets out for a day's work. ▶

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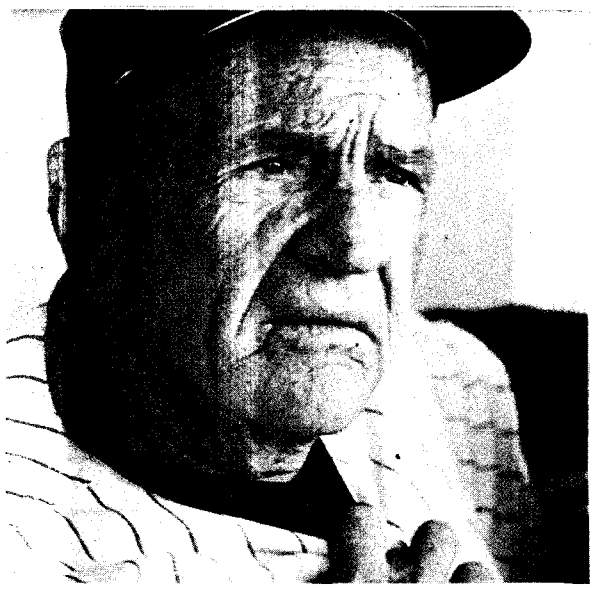


Somebody mentioned to Mets' manager Casey Stengel that his batters were having trouble following pitched balls against Shea Stadium's background. "Huh," he said, "they've been having that trouble for two years now."

THE HEROIC GIANTS AND THE DAFFY DODGERS MAY HAVE GONE AWAY BUT NEW YORK IS THOROUGHLY ENJOYING A NEW HALLUCINATION.

IT'S METSOMANIA

By JIMMY BRESLIN

Photographs by CHARLES HARBUTT

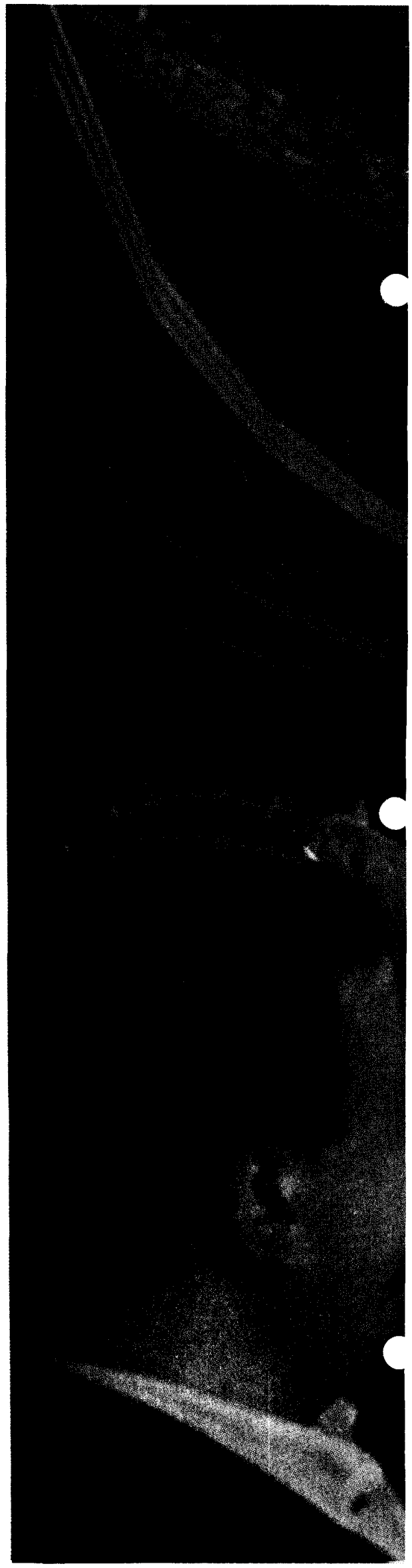
The New York Mets, whose baseball schedule usually runs something like 2,000 games long, opened their home season on April 14. They opened in fresh, new Spalding pin-striped flannel baseball uniforms, just like the major-league teams wear, and in a new stadium which cost $27 million to complete. The first $25.5 million was put up by the city of New York, and it went for the playing field and stands. The other $1.5 million was put up by the Mets' owner, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, and it went for saloons inside the ball park. Mrs. Payson does not like her friends drinking in dingy places. The Mets also opened their season with a team which is so bad at playing baseball that it has stepped out of sports and has become, along with the Guggenheim Museum, a driving force in the city's culture.

You could see that the minute the team took the field. When the cops finally cleared away the people in front of the dugout, Frank Thomas, standing on the second step, looked down the line at the others, and then he put a fist into his glove and said, "Let's go." Thomas, who plays left field, is the team leader. This is like holding a big job on the *Lusitania*. All around him spikes clicked on wood and then crunched into the soft dirt, and then, as this team took the field—a team which is one of the three or four worst ever to play baseball—something happened which simply is not supposed to happen in big, conformity-conscious, anonymous New York. A wall of noise fell out of the stands in one piece and crashed all over the field. And everywhere you looked, fists were held up high, and they were shaking at the cloudless sky and calling for Roman victories by this atrocious baseball team. There were 53,000 people in the stands, and they were all shouting and shaking fists, and you knew they would be doing it all afternoon long and that it will be like this for the rest of the season, too, because right here, in these few seconds, New York had gone and stepped off onto one of those dippy little tangents that it has not taken since Fiorello La Guardia was mayor, and there was a chance to laugh every day.

This is the third year that the Mets have played. In their first two seasons they lost 120 and then 111 games, and they were so bad people loved them. But this year, with a team which may be worse than the first two, it goes beyond anything New York has seen in years. The Mets have taken over the city. They are probably going to draw more people to their games than the Yankees, who are going to win another pennant. And beyond the gate receipts there is an interest in the Mets which runs all through the city. This is—New York and this team called the Mets—the old Brooklyn that comedians once used as a standard. It is Brooklyn, and it is all that Brooklyn ever stood for. But it is Brooklyn-in-1964, and this is a different kind of thing than it was.

Brooklyn now is not trolley cars or the Brighton Beach subway line or crowds of people in shirt sleeves walking through the traffic to get to the park. New York is a city that has shifted and spread and juggled its population, and now Brooklyn is in places like Levittown, L.I., or Tenafly, N.J., or New City, N.Y., or wherever else young people live while they are raising families. Because of this big spillover to the suburbs, the Giants and Dodgers seven years ago rated this city dead for any baseball outside of the Yankees, who draw all the bankers and all the out-of-towners. This view was wrong. There always has been a spirit to New York, and just because you put a lot of the spirit onto something called the Long Island Rail Road every night does not mean you are losing it. Lose? Hell, this city hasn't lost a thing. There is too much life, too many people for an outfit like the Mets to go unnoticed. And when people found the Mets, they just didn't sit down and root for them. They went off on an adventure with them.

They turned everything into Brooklyn, 1964, and just as Brooklyn has changed, so has its ball park. The Ebbets



Dr. D. J. Principato, a Manhattan M. D., wears

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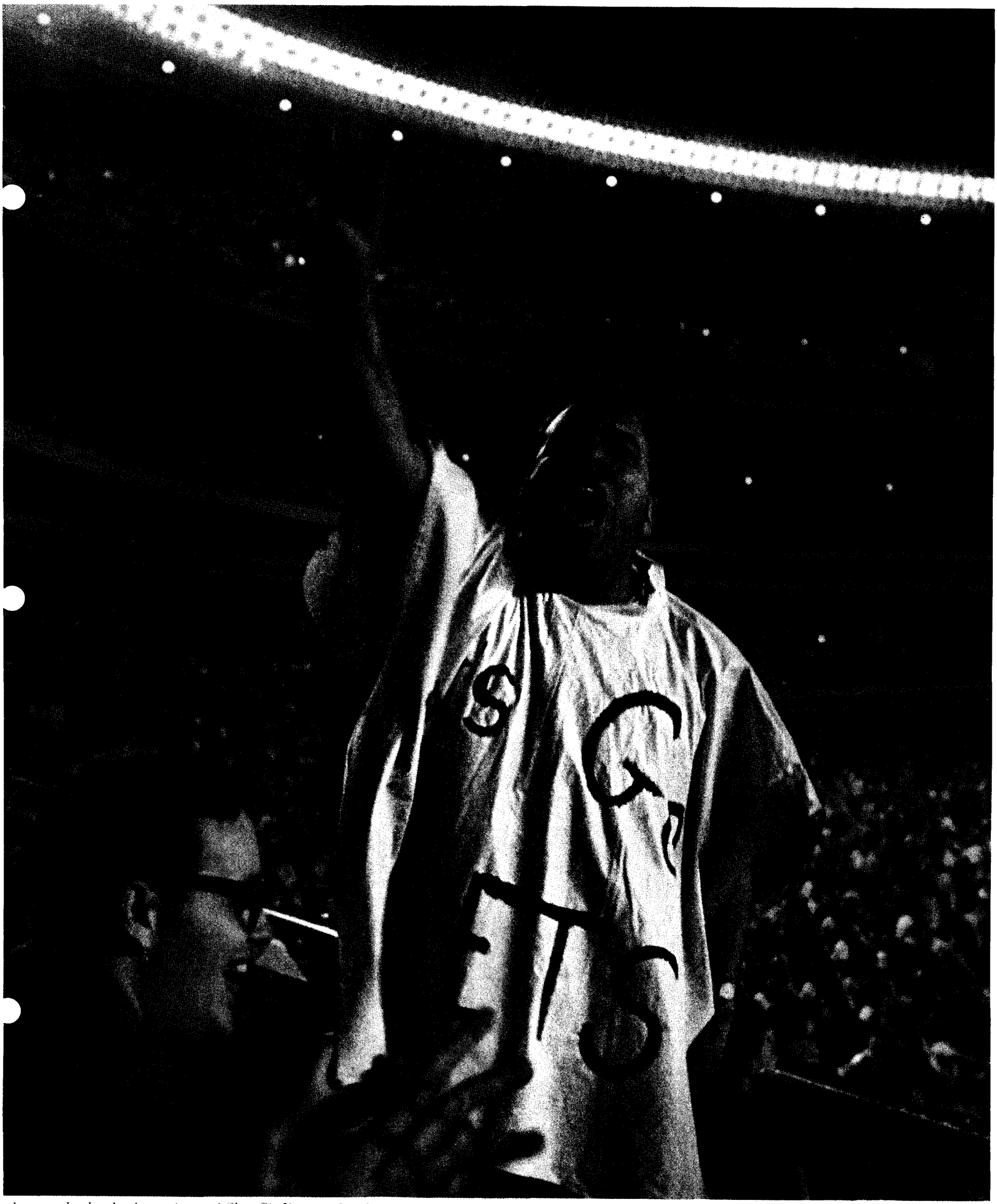

homemade cheerleader costume at Shea Stadium as the Mets defeat Cardinals, 5–4. "All we need," he says, "is a good outfielder, a good pitcher, and . . ."

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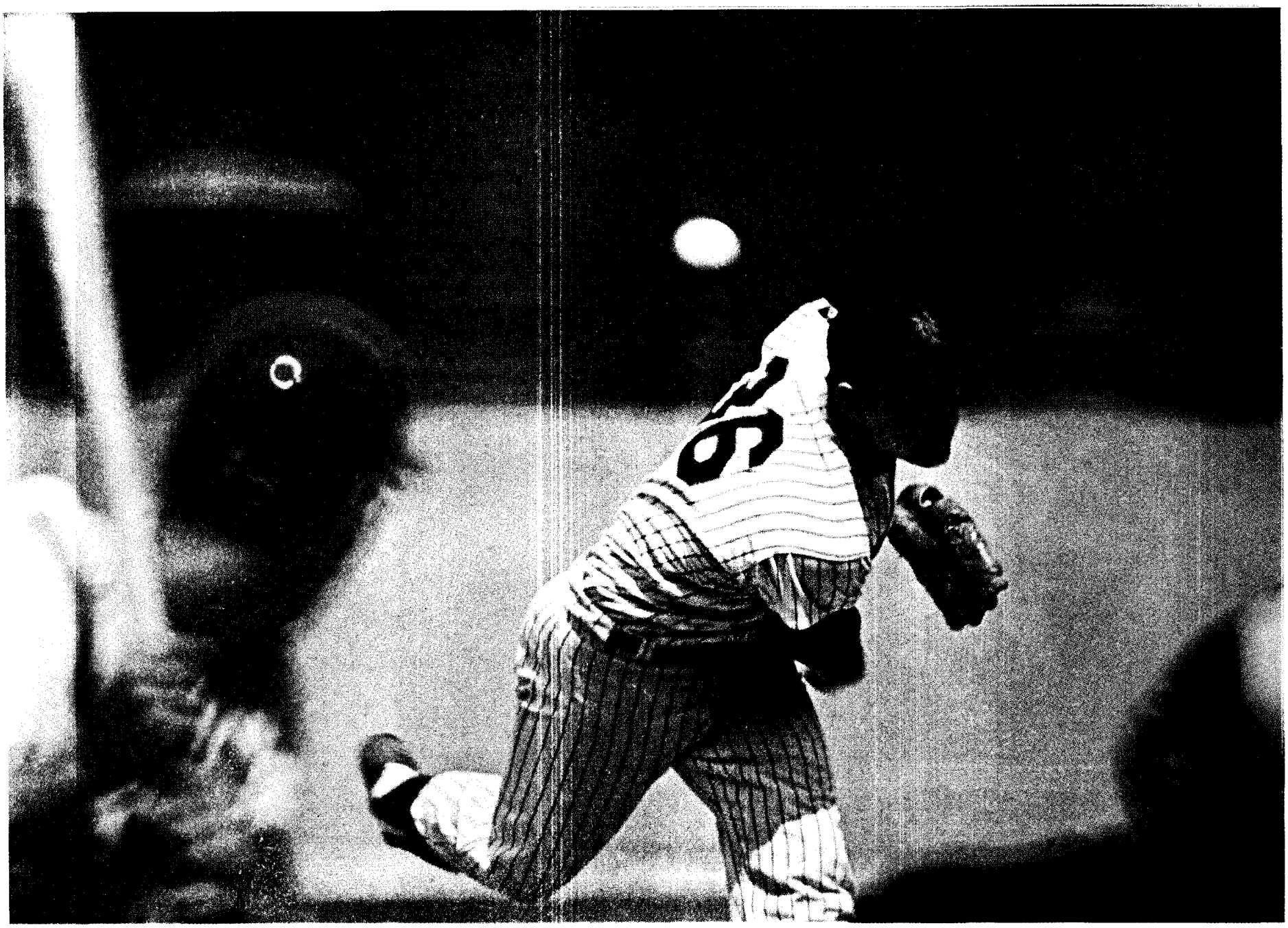

Mets' right-hander Tracy Stallard bears down on a St. Louis batter in 4–1 win. Mets' pitchers are resigned (and accustomed) to defeats that result from comedy-of-errors defense.

THEY LOST 231 GAMES IN THEIR FIRST TWO SEASONS AND WERE SO BAD PEOPLE LOVED THEM.

It's Metsomania

Field of legend was a broken-down place that seemed like a small apartment with the in-laws staying over. The Mets' new field, Shea Stadium, climbs out of a parking lot across the street from the World's Fair grounds in Flushing Meadow, which always was considered the start of the suburbs. It climbs five levels high and is spread out like a big split-level.

Once—it was sometime in the early part of last season, everybody thinks—the Mets won five straight games. No such astounding feats should be looked for this year. With the Mets we are going to have to get our victories one at a time, if that. On opening day the lineup which took the field consisted of such as Tim Harkness, a first baseman who hit .211 last year, Jesse Gonder, a catcher who has trouble catching balls that are thrown to him, and power hitters like Thomas, a steady .260 hitter, and Jim Hickman, who hit .229 last year and struck out an immense number of times. They also have this season George Altman, who was with the Cardinals last year and hit .274. Altman is a valid major-leaguer. What he'll do with the Mets remains to be seen.

"You live with us, you get like us," Marvin Throneberry, the first authentic Met hero, said one day last year.

Except for these players, the rest of the Mets become names on white cards over the cubicles in the big, green-carpeted dressing room under the stands at Shea Stadium. SAMUEL, STEPHENSON, BAUTA, the names say. And in the cubicles, sitting and getting dressed, are young guys who look like ballplayers. They have crew cuts and clean faces, and all of them come with a neck a size or two bigger than the average fellow their age who is working as an accountant someplace. The only difference between them would be that you know the accountant can count. With these players on the Mets, you can take nothing for granted.

On opening day, for example, the Mets lost the game 4–3. Now this is what is known on the sports pages as a one-run game. They are the things that kill you, the writers say. The Mets get so close, and if they just could get a little break, a hit falling in or a grounder that doesn't take a bad hop, they would be right there. The only trouble with this is that the Mets always lose one-run games. They lost 32 of them last season. They also lose at night, like 48 times last year—and, of course, they are also horrid in the daytime. This season they headed for the National League cellar like Kansas farmers with a cyclone in sight. In a month of trying, they managed to lose seven more one-run games and the road up even to ninth place grows longer.

Casey Stengel, a cigarette in one hand, the other rubbing one of his big, freckled ears, sat on a couch in his new office after the opening game. The office is windowless and has white cinderblock walls. A horseshoe made of orchids was off to the side. Stengel looked at it in distaste. Then he put his bare legs out in front of him. Marks from the rubber bands which held up his blue Mets' baseball stockings were still fresh on the white legs that have bumps in them from a thousand slides into bases.

A manager's nightmare

"The hitters say they're having trouble following the ball with this background out here," somebody said to Casey.

"Huh," he said, "they've been havin' trouble following the ball for two years now."

Through the whole day, Stengel had given his all for the Mets. He had trotted around the field with that chicken step of his to salute the fans, he had signed autographs, grabbed the baton and led Guy Lombardo's band, and made speeches.

But beyond all this maneuvering, there is some question as to how much managing Stengel actually does with the Mets. Solly Hemus, a Mets' coach who was fired at the end of last year, said that Stengel did absolutely nothing with the team. The old man, it has been fairly well documented, even took a nap or two while sitting on the bench. What this means in terms of the Mets winning or losing is debatable. It takes a great imagination to be able to see a manager, any manager who ever lived, doing anything with the Mets except getting drunk.

And besides, if the Mets ever started to win any games, it would spoil everything. Their followers, living in a city which is a success by itself, and which is filled with people who are successes and others who are in search of success, demand absolute incompetence in their ball club. Anybody can root for a winner. But to be with a loser calls for a special flair, and the New York Mets have put together a following which goes beyond anything that old Ebbets Field ever had.

And the following is at all age levels too. On opening day, Lt. Vincent Gumbs of the 110th Precinct sat at a desk in the police office under the stands and took on father after father who was reporting a lost boy.

"What's his name?" Gumbs said to one of the fathers during a fourth-inning attempt to put families together again.

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"Timmy Brown," the father said. "He's seven years old."

"What was he wearing?" Gumbs said.

The father sighed. "A Mets' baseball uniform with a blue jacket, an Army fatigue hat and sneakers. You ought to get somebody to check around the dugout or something. He thinks he plays on the team. He hasn't slept for two days because he knew he was coming here, and the minute he got into the park, he told me he was going to play in the game."

In the stands, standing in a box seat behind the Mets' dugout and yelling so much that the perspiration poured from him, was Jack Semel. He is a man who has seen every New York Mets' home game ever played. When the Mets play a day game, Jack Semel goes to work at four o'clock in the morning, so he can finish in time to get out to the park. He can't tell you where Jones Beach or Reis Park is, and he doesn't know what a picnic means. He spends his leisure time watching the New York Mets. During the winter, while Shea Stadium was being built, Semel drove out to the park a dozen times so he could select his own season seat personally, and then see it being built for him.

"I don't think we're any better this year than we were last year," Semel says. "But I come. Forever, I come to see the Mets play baseball."

Then there is Walter (The Little Champ) Finklestein. Sometimes Walter gets busy, and he can't make the games, but that doesn't mean his heart isn't with the team. "To prove I'm with them, I am going to bet the Mets in every one of their games," he has announced. "Nobody can accuse me of being disloyal. Even if I'm not there, my money is."

The Little Champ means it. On a dark winter Saturday in 1960, when there was nothing going on in the sports world, The Little Champ contacted his personal bookmaker and asked for some action.

"The only thing going on today is the Olympic hockey game on television," the bookmaker said. "The Russians are playing the Americans. We're all going to watch it. What else can we do?"

"You could make a line on the game and let me bet into it," The Little Champ suggested.

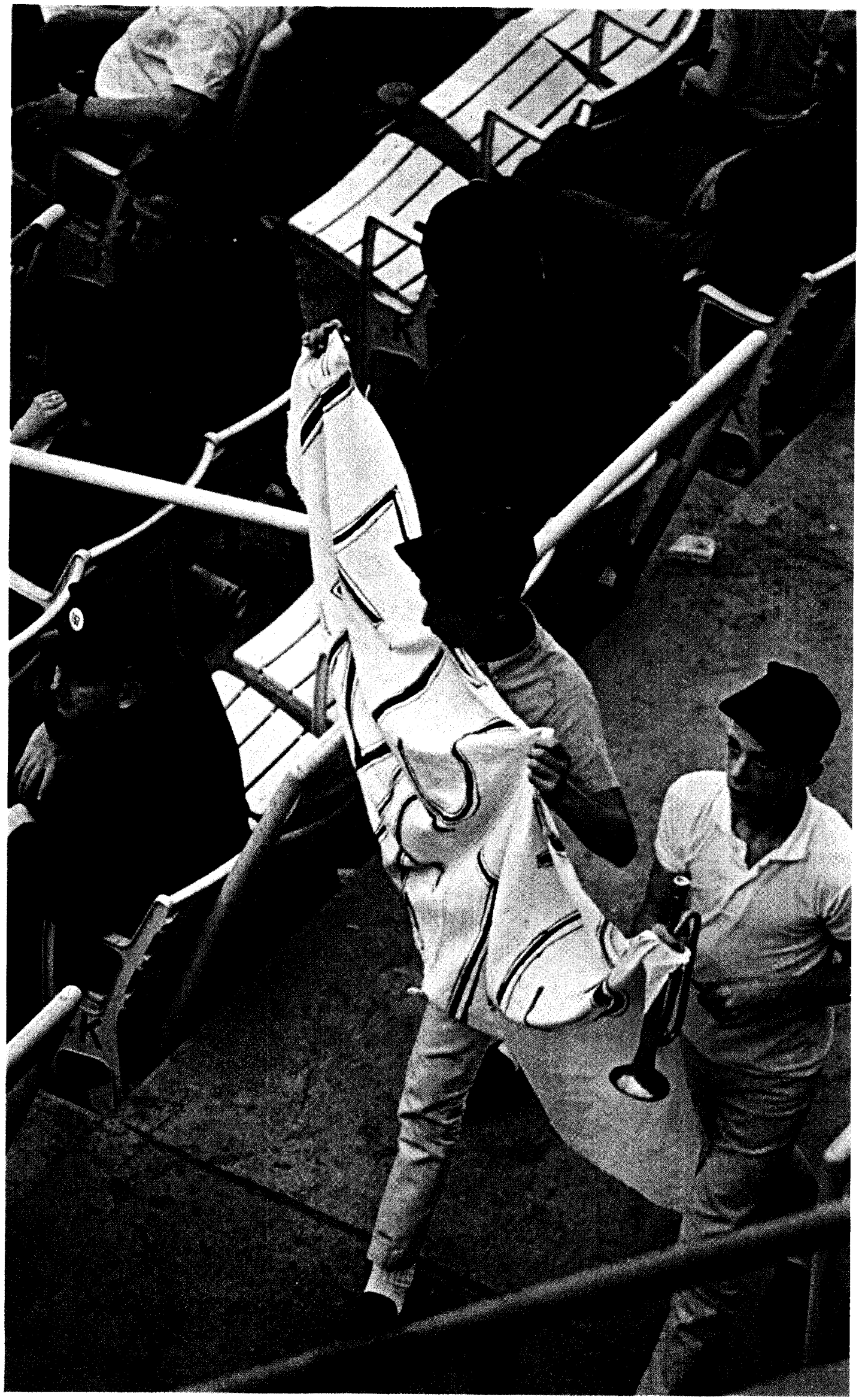
"All right," the bookmaker said. "For fun, I'll make the United States a goal, goal-and-a-half over the Russians."

"For fun?" The Little Champ said. "You mean for money. Let me think a minute."

There was silence on the phone. Then The Little Champ whispered, "Listen, promise me you don't tell anybody. My brother is very big in the Jewish War Veterans. He'll get mad. Everybody'll call me a Communist. But I'm betting you Russia five times."

There also is a class of fan known as a "closet Mets fan." These are people who are too successful to be rooting for the Mets openly, but who come to the games and sit and cry quietly. The best of these would be Joe Glaser, the theatrical booking agent. Glaser, who handles Louis Armstrong and Barbra Streisand and about 700 other names, showed up at the Mets' opening. He came in a Rolls-Royce convertible and, on the sneak, paid $142 for a season parking space. He says he is a 101 percent Yankee fan, but this parking space at the Mets' field tells a story.

"What am I doing here?" muttered



Armed with bugles, caps and a sign, two Metsomaniacs parade in stadium aisles.

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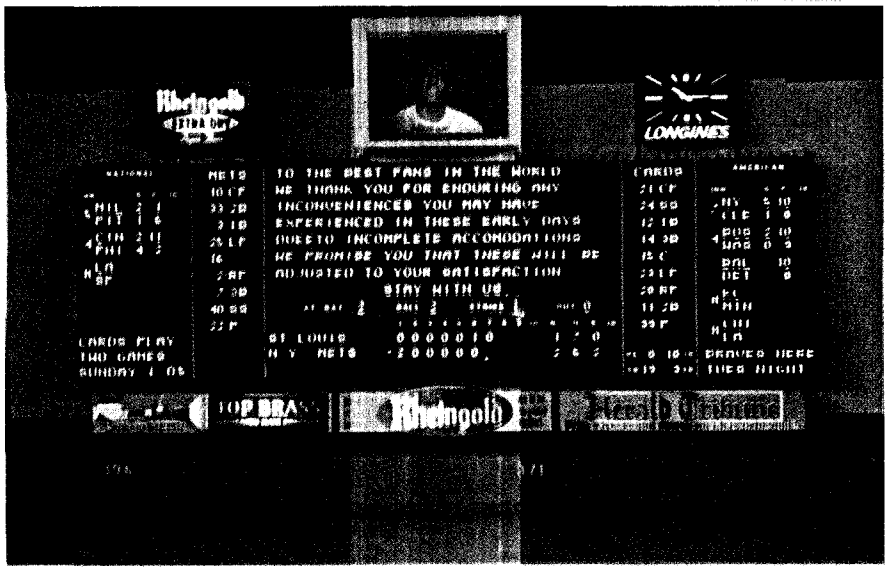

Shea Stadium's million-dollar scoreboard spells out a promise of a better tomorrow.

As of yore in Brooklyn, Mets' fans, big or small, support their team with lung power.

IF THE METS STARTED TO WIN IT WOULD SPOIL EVERYTHING. THEIR FANS DEMAND INCOMPETENCE.

It's Metsomania

Glaser when the Pirates put across the winning run in the opening game. Then he sat back. "I'll tell you the truth," he said. "I come here a lot. I know Casey Stengel for a lot of years. I don't think the poor guy should be left alone at a time like this."

Fat Thomas also appeared on opening day. He came with a Mets' baseball cap stuck on top of his head, and a pocketful of dimes so he could conduct some of his bookmaking business from a pay phone between innings. To reach the ball park, Fat Thomas got out of a taxicab in the middle lane of a traffic jam on the parkway, and he walked sideways between cars to the ball park. He weighs 415 pounds, and if he walked straight, he would get wedged between two Checker cabs.

When he got to the ball park, Fat Thomas started looking for a phone booth. There was none on the entrance level. Fat Thomas moved up a ramp. There was no phone on the next level. "This is like climbing Mount Himalaya," he said. He went up another ramp. No phone again.

"I don't mind a cardiac," he said. "But I'm not going to go broke at the same time. I'm leaving."

He went out in the middle of the first inning, and he went down in history as the first fan ever to walk out of Shea Stadium. (Unless somebody left before the game even started, which is quite possible with the Mets but unlikely on opening day.

He left for a reason any true Mets' fan can understand. Some weeks earlier, while the stadium was being finished, a member of the Communications Workers of America, Local 1106, Bill Lyons, president, found a worker on the grounds who did not belong there. This led to a fight with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 3, Jeremiah Sullivan, president. The fight led to a complete stoppage of telephone installing in the stadium.

Out on the field, the Mets kept trying, but they just couldn't hit the ball, a part of the game they have not been able to do, anyway so far, and throughout the place the fists kept shaking at the sky, and it was one of the great days in New York.

After it, the fellow who was responsible for it all, Bill Shea, sat at a table in one of the saloons, the Diamond Club Restaurant, and drank Scotch and talked about his town and its great team.

"I did this thing on a principle," he said. "After the Giants and Dodgers left town, Bob Wagner—Mayor Wagner—called up and asked me to do something about it. I said, 'I'll go all the way.' I was born in this town, I was raised in this town, I went to school in this town and I make my living in this town. We supported the Giants and Dodgers—the fans, not the owners of those teams. When they said New York wasn't good enough for them, I said the hell with that. I'll show everybody what New York is. Here we are, and let's have a drink to it."

A hastily made sign expresses the hope of all Mets' fans for 1964: "9th Place or Bust!"

Everybody needs New York

Warren Giles, the president of the National League, stood in the middle of the room. He was tanned, affable and immaculately attired in a navy-blue sports jacket and red-and-blue-striped tie with matching breast-pocket handkerchief. He also was the author of the great statement, made seven years ago, that "the National League doesn't need New York."

Doesn't need New York? Who doesn't need New York? Everybody in this country needs New York. The soap companies need New York and the farmers need New York and the movies need New York and the whole country needs New York because without it this country is one big outdoor encampment. This stuff about the great tilt to California? Go spend a couple of days in California and come back and say that. California is a two-dollar, amateur state. It is a big St. Petersburg. They have the Dodgers and Giants out there. They can have them. New York has the Mets, and we'll make the Mets a bigger word in baseball than the Dodgers ever were. All we need right now is just a little help. This was mentioned to Giles.

"Why can't you get the league to sit down and kick in just one or two ballplayers to help this thing along?" he was asked. "Just give these people a chance to cheer for something extra, two victories in a row maybe, and you'll see things you didn't believe still existed in baseball."

"Oh, I don't know," President Giles said. "We wouldn't like to get like wrestling, you know."

The owner of the team, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, had been sitting at a table in her Diamond Club, and now she got up to go home. She is a woman who travels about, to Florida in the winter mostly, in a private Pullman car, and she specializes in serving drinks en route which get people stiff before they hit Philadelphia.

"Oh, Mrs. Payson," a little waiter said, "I'm so sorry we didn't win today. When *are* we going to win?"

"Tomorrow," she said firmly. "We'll win tomorrow." It was, most certainly, wishful thinking, for the Mets did not win on the next day. Nor did they win on the day after that. Sometimes, it seems to her, the Mets *never* win. But she always insists that tomorrow will bring success.

She left the room grandly and went home.

Over in the huge Diamond Club Restaurant bar, Steve Cissman, a bartender, leaned back against a counter and shook his head.

"Somebody just stole a bottle of White Label," he said. "I put it on the bar to pour a drink, and then I reached down to get the ice, and when I looked up, the whole bottle is gone. Somebody glommed it. How do you like that?"

"Maybe the guy needed some whiskey and didn't have any money, so he stole it," a customer said. He said it positively, as if it were all right. Everybody else agreed with him. It is 1964, but it is still Brooklyn. THE END

Even a pitcher with a zero-zero record has fans. Carlton Willey signs autographs.

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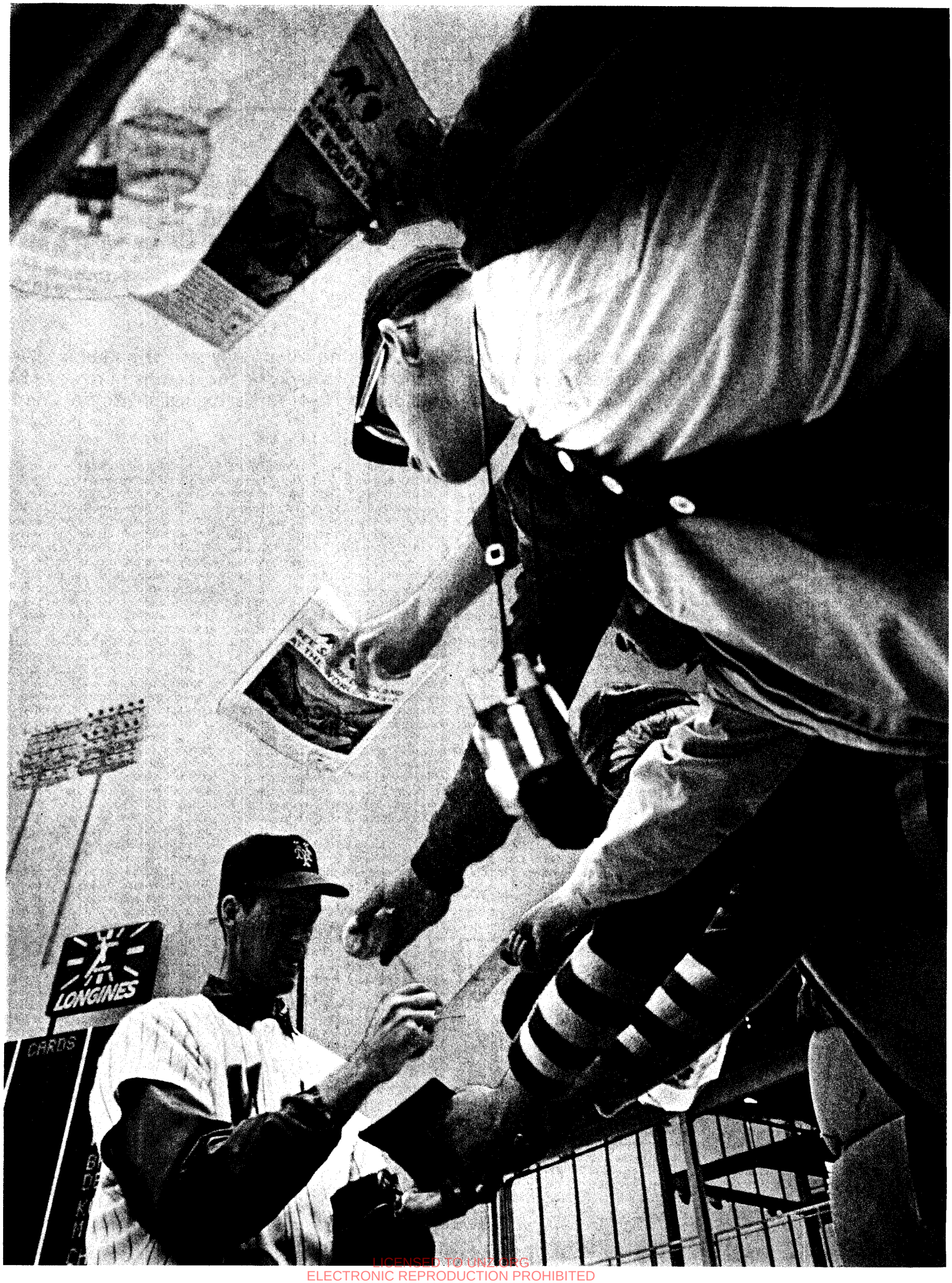

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A HARLEM SKETCHBOOK

WHITE MAN, WALK EASY

By Roger Kahn / Photographs by Richard Saunders

Harlem is a city within a city. It is an alien, ugly and frightening place. One observer who roamed through its byways for months portrays some of the people who live and die in New York's explosive Negro Ghetto.

White man's country ends at an embankment. You walk past the tidy outskirts of Columbia University, proceeding north and east, until suddenly, across a street called Morningside Drive, the City of New York falls away, 200 feet straight down. Below, in disordered and conventional slum ugliness, lies Harlem, the most renowned black ghetto on earth.

Harlem is maybe a million people, all grown restless at once. It is a sea of darkness that has begun to surge. We, who are white, have driven on superhighways around Harlem, flown jets over Harlem, ridden Pullmans through Harlem, and mostly we have looked the other way. We can no longer. As the Black Revolution gathers, we had better look hard at Harlem which, for 50 years, has been looking hard at us.

Harlem is strange and dark and frightening, and if your skin is white you are marked alien. It doesn't matter whether you're a Quaker, full of compassion, or a Jew, full of sympathy, or a Baptist, full of guilt, or a Roman Catholic, full of missionary zeal. Man, they say in Harlem, long as you white, you ain't one-a us and what you doin' 'roun' here anyway, white man? Git on back downtown where you belong.

There is one street some 300 yards long, inhabited by 4,500 people. They buy barely edible chicken backs at ten cents a pound, borrow friends' children to fool welfare inspectors into increasing relief checks, mug strangers in order to buy narcotics, beat rats away from cribs and make love in rooms without shades. On this street there is no privacy.

"But please," says the colored girl with a master's degree in sociology, as she sits in her terraced apartment 13 blocks north. "Don't write about *that* Harlem."

"Why not?"

"Because people will think that's all there is to Harlem."

I suppose the girl is right in her way. There is *this* Harlem and *that* Harlem, just as there is *this* and *that* Chicago, Walla Walla, and Yeehaw Junction, Fla. But variety is not the central fact of Harlem. Quite the opposite. The central fact is sameness. Harlem is endlessly, overwhelmingly black. The only whites anywhere are there on business. The whites are salesmen and cops and racketeers.

Harlem is cut off from the rest of New York City by rivers, cliffs and an underpoliced park. But mostly it is cut off by color. A uniformly black society has grown within a white one. Like a ghetto society anywhere, Harlem is profoundly inbred, profoundly distinct from what surrounds it.

Overall, Harlem is about 40 blocks long, as wide as Manhattan Island for much of that distance, and utterly devoid of architectural distinction. It rumbles out of the humpbacked hills that form the northern tier of Central Park, and begins at a street numbered 110. Here 50 years ago successful Jewish families lived in nine-room apartments that looked out on the park. Now the whites have fled, and on 110th Street, nine rooms may house nine welfare families, or one brothel.

From 111th Street to 125th, up the center of Manhattan, lie many of the worst of Harlem's horrors. Except for a few drab housing projects, the buildings are old brownstones and whitestones, windowless and neglected. Some have steel outer doors to bar intruders. Others have no doors at all. Often you cannot tell from the outside whether a building is abandoned or inhabited.

Progress in Harlem, like progress for the Negro generally, lies northward. The people who live below 125th Street are often undereducated newcomers from the Deep South, or from Caribbean islands, scorned by old residents. Some old colored Harlemites call the newcomers "niggers," and they say of 116th Street, "I wouldn't go into that nigger neighborhood."

One-hundred-twenty-fifth Street, wide, vital and busy, cuts through Harlem, imperfectly dividing the desperately poor from the routinely underprivileged and the merely segregated. "One-two-five" starts at an old ferry slip that runs down the west side of the island, in the Hudson River, and ends two miles east at the Harlem River and the stunted columns of the Triborough Bridge. As the bridge leads out of Harlem toward suburbs, some Negroes call it "Freedom Road."

One-two-five is the closest thing Harlem has to a Main Street. Wandering it, you find movie houses that offer triple features, Blumstein's, Harlem's largest department store, and credit jewelers displaying genuine used diamond rings, $9.95 up. The dirty gray Theresa Hotel, which has housed Joe Louis and Fidel Castro, and in front of which Cassius Clay likes to make speeches, stands on One-two-five. So does Frank's, a restaurant catering to the whites who own Harlem stores, and so does the Apollo Theater, where amateur night plays to loud sellouts every Wednesday. (When a white amateur was booed recently at the Apollo, Honi Coles, the poised Negro M.C., told the audience, "Give him a chance. This year we go to school with 'em, and everything.")

Irregularly, north of 125th Street, the community improves. On the East Side, Spanish Harlem—the cluster of poor Puerto Ricans living among Negroes in an uneasy truce—comes to an end. Above it are middle-income housing developments, including one erected so that Negroes could be barred from a larger project downtown without the backers being accused of prejudice.

To the west lie several blocks of comfortable private homes. One—139th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues—is called Striver's Row. Looking down on Striver's Row is "Sugar Hill," heights where once the richest of Negroes lived. No longer. Now most rich Negroes flee to suburban communities, leaving Harlem and its blight behind.

That blight, growing worse, is more extreme and more frightening than most whites realize.

- While much of New York, and much of the country, prospers, the people of Harlem are still living in the great depression that began almost 35 years ago. Except for a brief period during World War II, Harlem never emerged from that depression. Today clusters of men loiter on Harlem street corners. They have no place to go. One out of every four able-bodied Harlem males is unemployed.
- Approximately 60,000 citizens of Harlem are addicted to heroin or to "the white lady," cocaine. A fix costs about five dollars, but many addicts require as many as a dozen a day. Addicts, desperate for cash, commit between 60 and 70 percent of Harlem crimes.
- Police in Harlem do not enforce all of the laws. Goods advertised as stolen—phonograph records, furs, television sets—are offered to anyone wearing a white shirt and a tie. Some items are sold openly on the streets and in bars. One form of illegal gambling, the numbers game, is so common that some policemen maintain it is vital to Harlem's economy. Say the police: "We only have time to worry about crimes of violence." Say Harlemites: "The police are corrupt."
- Physicians cannot, or will not, practice first-class medicine in Harlem. In most areas the night house call is unknown. Mothers with desperately ill babies must carry them many blocks through the streets to clinics, even on bitter winter nights. There are not enough Negro physicians to go around. White physicians say they are terrified of being mugged by addicts looking for morphine.
- Conditions are getting worse, not better. Talk of violence is common. Extremist groups are increasing. Right now no organized, overall, rehabilitation program is in effect.

Thirty years ago a white man entering Harlem found luxury created exclusively for him. During prohibition and after, Harlem possessed nightclubs, featuring Negro musicians, where Negro customers were barred. Later, when the clubs closed, whites still could go almost anywhere in reasonable safety. In most places they were treated with deference.

After World War II three things happened. First came the sharp increase in narcotics addiction, transforming idlers into muggers. Then came the Black Revolution, driving deference from the scene. Third, a significant number of middle-class Negroes moved away and many were replaced by impoverished semi-literates. Sugar Hill above Eighth Avenue still boasts wealthy politicians, and Striver's Row houses some prominent Negro physicians, but in one respect Harlem has become somewhat like a downtown anywhere. Suburbanites, who

A commuter train, carrying suburbanites to work, roars past row of Harlem flats.

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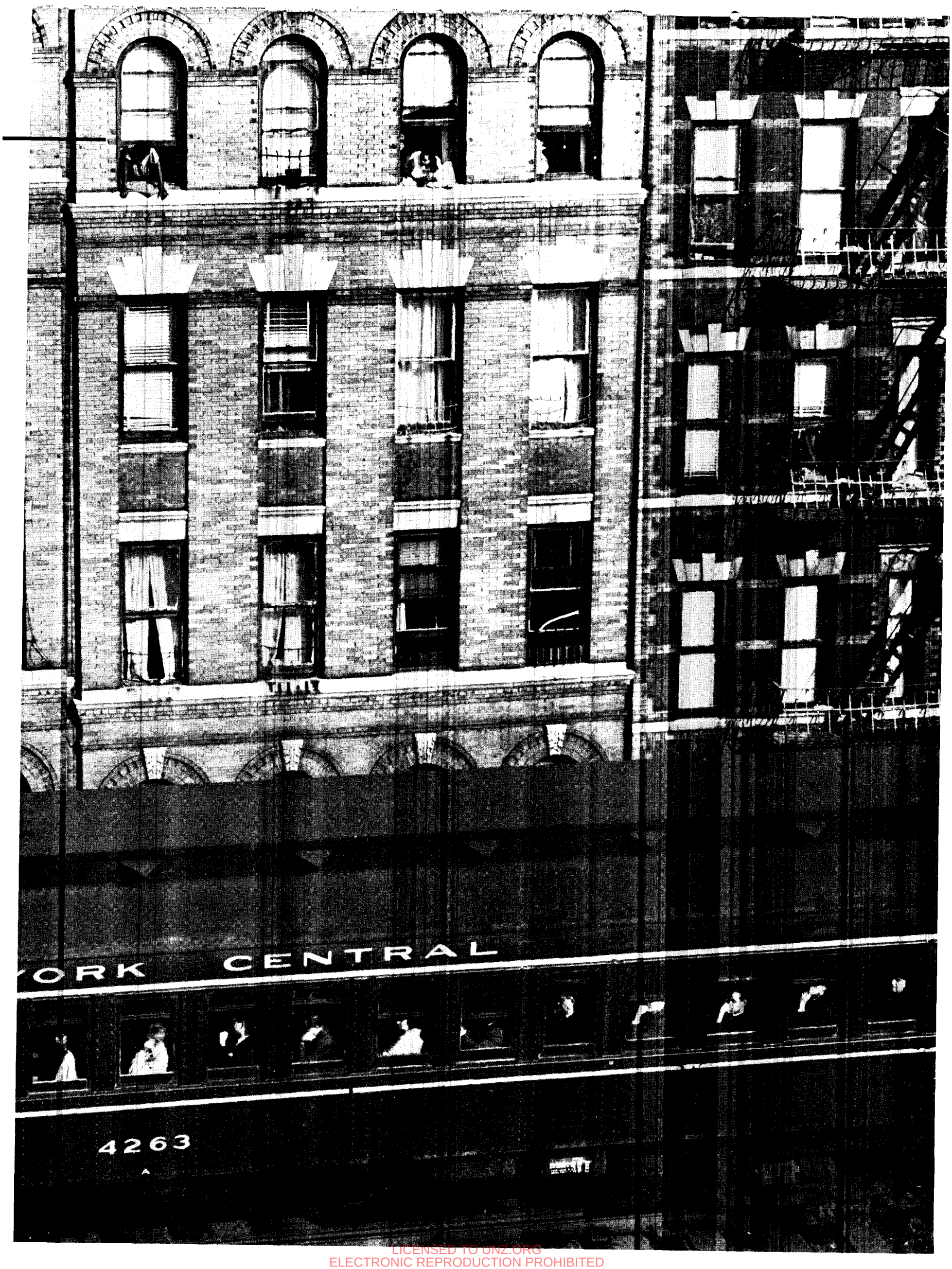

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Negroes hawk copies of Black Muslim paper, "Muhammad Speaks," on 125th St.

Mistrust of whites is worn like a badge of honor in Harlem today. The worst insult of all is to be called an "Uncle Tom."

Harlem Sketchbook

go there for fun, don't consider it a fit locale to raise children.

Harlemites have developed an orthodox attitude toward whites. They emulate, envy, denounce, mock, dupe, abuse, love, hate, laugh at or lie to white people. But almost invariably they say they mistrust them. That mistrust is a badge of honor in Harlem today, where the worst insult of all is "Uncle Tom."

You go to learn and these are some of the things you are told:

"I don't know if I should talk to you," says a colored newspaper editor, "because I've cooperated with so many whites before and they've always gotten the story wrong."

"You generalize, of course," says a colored psychiatrist. "White journalists always do. And every time you generalize, you make a mistake."

"Man," says a nervous little fellow called Brophy, ogling the barmaid from the end of the bar. "You know why I run first time you come? I thought you was fuzz [a policeman], man, and I was a-hustling to stash my forty-five."

You go to learn and the first thing you discover is that racial prejudice is not the monopoly of the white man. It is hard to learn from someone who wants you to apologize for slave masters dead 100 years before either of you was born. It is hard to move in a society where whites are rarities, particularly on a day when Southern police chiefs have been hard at work with their hoses.

You have to go to Harlem for months, wandering the streets and parks, slipping into bars and homes as best you can, until after a while some colored people forget the pallor of your skin and talk to you as a human being. After they speak honestly, they lead you to others and they tell them to speak honestly. "Don't be afraid of this one," you hear, as a dark finger indicates you. "You can talk a little black-man talk to him."

Ultimately everything comes down to eight Harlemites, who in themselves and in their words summed up everything I found, happy and cheerless. All but one, a police detective, are Negro. In every case, including the detective's, I have changed the name, because of a variety of fears. In Harlem these are both frightened and frightening times.

Doc, Who Was There the Day Harlem Got Invented by Two Angry Irishmen

The old colored man, who lives on a pension from the city, is trying to tell you about Harlem. He is a strong old man, who has posed for physical-culture magazines, and he has a fat white wife. He has known six generations of his family, this old colored man, and he wants you to know that he has not grown soft. So he says, "The Negro never gets anything from the white man, 'less the whites are fighting among themselves. That's how it was; that's how it'll always be."

I was the only white attending a party on upper Riverside Drive, which, when this old colored man was born, stood as forest. Later the land was cleared for the construction of apartment houses, which, through most of the old colored man's life, were closed to Negroes. Integrated now, they have become part of Harlem, even though they are half an hour's drive from the slums just north of Central Park.

"This is Doc," says the cheerful light-tan host. "Say hello to Doc."

"Hello, Doc."

"Where did you go to school?" Doc asks.

"In Brooklyn."

"And college?"

"In New York."

"OK," says Doc, eyeing the color of my skin. "You got to be careful, because sometimes, even though they're from New York, they been to school in the South. You got to watch."

"No," I say, eyeing Doc's skin, which is the color of milky cocoa. "I didn't go to school in the South."

Doc sits forward, a little more eagerly than you would have suspected. Then you remember that he is from that old generation of Negroes, which always seems a little grateful for serious attention from a white man.

"I was born at 341 West Forty-first Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues downtown," Doc says. "The year was 1897 and there wasn't any Harlem for colored folk then."

West 41st Street, which ends in docks and piers along the Hudson River, was the heart of a neighborhood of mixed roughnecks. New Yorkers named it Hell's Kitchen.

"That's right," says Doc. "Colored folk had to live in Hell's Kitchen. But 'bout the time I was two or three years old my folks moved around West 134th Street, Harlem."

The other Negroes in the room are all established. There is a woman official of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who talks of making loans to foreign countries; a wealthy lawyer, who talks of his old school's football team; a real-estate man, with a pretty brown daughter whose picture appeared on a society page of *The New York Times* when her engagement was announced. They are all listening closely to Doc's story.

"Around 1900," Doc says, "this Irishman named James Everard had a brewery on 133rd Street. All Saints Catholic Church was right nearby. Some of the Irishmen who worked for Everard lived on islands in the East River called the Canary Islands, but most of them lived in shacks around the brewery, with their pigs and their chickens in their yards. You heard of Daddy Browning?"

Daddy Browning, an affluent real-estate man, became famous later in his life through a sexually unorthodox relationship with a teen-aged wife named "Peaches." Stories about them spiced early New York City tabloids.

"Daddy Browning," says Doc, "was trying to put up big, low-ceilinged apartment houses. Flats we called 'em. Now they're middle-income housing. Well, Everard kept bringing in these dirt-poor Irish, with their pigs and their chickens, to work in his brewery, and nobody wanted to move into the flats and live above chickens and pigs."

"Whites have to fight"

The room is silent now. Doc, as living history, commands respect. "Like I say," he says, bursting into philosophy, "for Negroes to get anything, whites have to fight. And here it was. Daddy Browning told Everard the dirt-poor Irishmen were ruining his rentals. Everard told Daddy Browning to go to hell. Daddy Browning got hold of another real-estate man named Patton and, round sixty years ago, had him move Negroes in right among all those Irishmen. That started Harlem, two white men in a fight."

Doc and the room are silent. "Then what happened, Doc?" he was asked.

"Race riots."

Doc is sitting very straight. "The Negroes, the first Harlem Negroes, got jobs as porters in the gambling houses, but a lot of the time those tough Irish beat those Negroes up. The cops, they were Irish, and they rode around on bikes. There wasn't anywhere those Negroes could turn. The Irish had a game. Put a Negro in some old shack, lock him in the bathroom, and run outside and throw bricks. They didn't kill Negroes that way. Just scared 'em, although some got killed in the riots sometimes when I was young. Negro babies even. You ever hear a baby's head pop open? It sounds like a watermelon."

Doc is nearly 70, but still, with his chest and arms and vast square hands, he looks strong enough to crush a white man to death. His face shows disgust.

"I've known six generations," Doc says, finally, "but a Russian who jumps ship, he can go places where I'm not allowed." The sentence is true but, like Doc, outdated. At the party, Doc's audience turns away.

Luana, Who Is There Now With Nine Children, No Man and No Bitterness

Luana, intimately bound to the present, pads timorously to the door. She is a small brown woman with no buttons on her blouse, and when she sees you, she clutches at her bodice. "Come in," she says, still clutching.

Luana has been living here, on the fourth floor of a walk-up, for five years, and her rent for two small rooms and a bathroom that leaks is $90.10 a month. She pays this by money order to her landlord, a white man she has never seen. If you live on 123rd Street, you see rats, not landlords.

"Ah'm used to this ol' place," Luana says. "The welfare lady, she wanted me to move into Brooklyn, but I got this condition they knows about at Mount Sinai Hospital. Tha's near here. They's got all my records there, and X rays. So I told the welfare lady, no, I couldn't go to Brooklyn, understand, because my records and X rays ain' there."

Children are running about. They have names—Lonnie, Burgess, Whitlow, Carol, Gale, Linda. They also have dreams, and you wonder what will happen when they learn the dreams are useless.

"We need more space," Luana says, "but you gets used to this."

In all, Luana lives with nine children—the oldest is 17 years old, the youngest is one—in this room, a large kitchen and the leaky bathroom. There is no heat, except what the kitchen stove delivers, and Luana is afraid the cold will kill Linda, five and asthmatic. Luana cannot get a doctor to come during Linda's night attacks and, to prevent them, she has kept the windows closed for months.

A bare double bed stands in the kitchen. Two bare double beds stand in the front room. "They's four or five sleeps in the one," Luana says, "and four or five sleeps in the other and this one's jes' for me and Linda. Ah keeps her close. She's got bron-i-cal-am-za."

The worst thing is the smell. Crumpled tissues litter the floor, and the paint, a dirty cream, is cracked and peeling, but the smell is the worst thing by far.

Luana has saved some money from her welfare allowance and made two purchases on time (no money down). She has a phonograph, so she can hear the beat, and a television set, so she and the children "can all look at it together, like a family." These comprise her furniture: phonograph, television, beds without linen and one table. Children scamper over everything all day long.

Burgess, who is four, usually watches Whitlow, who is one, but today Burgess stares so hard at the strange white visitor that he forgets for a moment. Whitlow, yellow diaper trailing, crawls onto a bed and goes close to the edge.

"Burgess," Luana shouts. "You watch yo' brother now. You hear me!"

Burgess catches little Whitlow before he falls and holds him tenderly, looking at Luana, saying with his eyes that he does love his brother and that he is sorry.

"Four of 'em goes to school," Luana says, "and that makes it easier for me." She clutches her buttonless blouse. "Goo'ness," she says. "Jes' look at me."

Luana is a tiny woman, wiry. She came to Harlem from South Carolina 16 years

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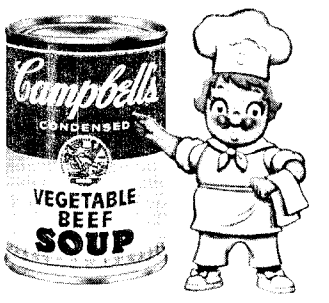

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In dinner jackets and formal gowns, members of Harlem's "black bourgeoisie" attend annual Beaux Arts Ball at Waldorf-Astoria.

"Those girls in prison," says

Harlem Sketchbook

ago, and now she is approaching 35. But wiry Luana wears well and looks 10 years younger. The oldest three children, she says, are really her sister's. "My sister been sick," Luana explains, "so's I got to look after hers." The oldest children are seldom home, except to sleep. "Ah'm used to it," Luana says, "but it's hard on them. Young peoples need privacy."

Luana seldom bothers to clean the apartment. She has even stopped boarding up the rathole near the living-room windows. As quickly as she did, rats gnawed through the wood. Now she accepts the rats and hopes that they don't bother the youngest children. "The older ones protects them, anyway," she says.

Clutching her blouse tightly, as if she remembers modesty from some other existence, Luana speaks about Negro life in terms that civil-rights leaders might find exasperating.

"If a colored person wants to be something," says Luana, "all he has to do is stand up for hisself.

"The colored man," says Luana, "is not no-kind builder. Tha's the big trouble with colored men. They don' build nothin'.

"I don't believe none of this hating stuff," she says. "I don' think hating does the colored folk no good."

The truly depressed, history teaches, never rebel. Luana will live out her days tranquilly, as long as the welfare checks continue. When you get up to leave, she smiles and says come back any time, warmly, flirtatiously even. The last thing you see are the big, blank eyes of Linda, dying of asthma at five.

Sandra, Who Likes to Run Things and Has Been Arrested

Sandra, up from Florida, is 35, a welfare worker, mother of two, a divorcée, and strong. She is not only aware but imaginative. Like Luana, Sandra looks younger than her years, but Sandra is not like Luana. Complex, driven, driving, Sandra is a Negro activist. She has led a civil-rights group. She has been arrested.

Sitting with Sandra over Martinis is a stimulating experience. She is dark and comely, with a thin nose, alert black eyes, erect carriage. She is a tough woman, angry and challenging.

We sit at a rear corner table in Jock's Place, a small, dignified restaurant, where politicians gather on upper Seventh Avenue. She mentions the "crane incident," which she refers to as someone else might refer to D day. It is something the listener is expected to recall instantly.

Some months before, Sandra, protesting supposed discrimination in the hiring of construction workers on a new wing of Harlem Hospital, had donned slacks and climbed a crane. Police removed Sandra and arrested her. She was charged with intrusion on real property, in violation of a New York State statute. "Originally," says Sandra, angry over her Martini, "that law was passed to deal with cattle. Now it's applied to Negroes." Sandra drums long dark fingers on the white tablecloth. You decide not to tell her that as a point of fact the law was passed to deal with squatters.

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Sandra, "they knew about Freedom Riders, and before I got out, I had them singing freedom songs."

She does not want to get drunk, Sandra says, because her charm class meets later. "And with two Martinis," Sandra says, "I'm bombed out of my mind."

Sandra is a minister's daughter. She was raised in Dania, a few miles north of Miami, Fla., and, she says proudly, her father earned more than $5,000 a year. That was good money for a colored minister in Florida. Her father, Sandra remembers, used to say, "The Lord will take care of everything, but the Lord expects you to have a little common sense."

Was it common sense for a minister's daughter to mount a crane and go to prison? Sandra spurns the question. She is an activist, and what is an activist without action?

After she was arrested and convicted, the judge, who was white, told her that she would have to report to a probation officer a few times. Sandra, college graduate, minister's daughter, refused. The judge, a routine, bored politician, sent her off to the Women's House of Detention in Greenwich Village.

At the prison, they took away Sandra's patent-leather boots and gave her scuffed brown shoes. Someone might try to steal the boots upstairs, they told her. Then they took Sandra's purse, recording in her presence all that was in it, giving back a comb and a receipt. Most women sent to the House of Detention are common criminals. Admission procedure is the same for a prostitute, a drug addict or a civil-rights demonstrator.

After surrendering her valuables, Sandra was escorted to a shower room by a burly, mannish matron. "Stand in front of that stall," the matron ordered, "and lay your coat in front of you on the floor." The matron instructed Sandra to strip, placing each item of clothing on the coat. When Sandra was naked, the matron said, "Turn around." She then inspected Sandra carefully for concealed narcotics. She found none.

Still naked, Sandra had to stand in the center of a large room, waiting for a physical examination. She was finally pronounced fit.

Sandra remained in the cell for 10 hours. Then her civil-rights group bailed her out and brought her home.

In Jock's now, where she sits, clad in a smartly tailored suit, Sandra talks about prison without real distaste. It never really touched her. She was armored by The Cause.

"Soon as I got into my cell," Sandra said cheerily, "that grapevine spread the word that I was in for civil-rights demonstrating, and the others started calling me 'Nut.' I asked if they knew about organizations like CORE. 'No, Nut,' they told me."

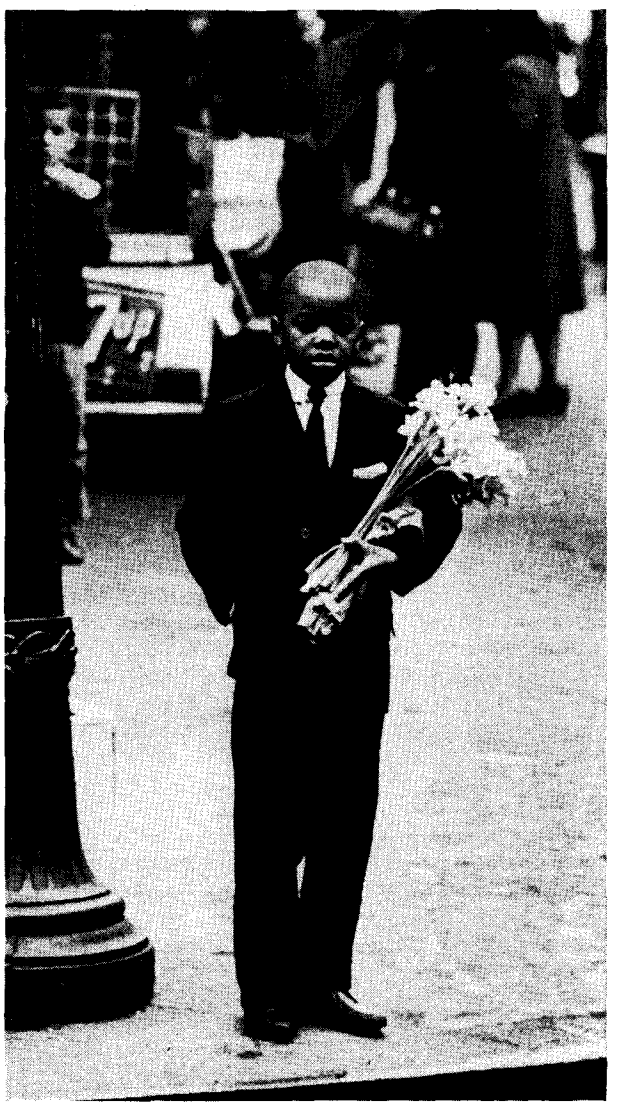
Sandra's black fingers are drumming again. "But they knew about the Freedom Riders," she says. "Those poor girls in that prison, with all that narcotics and homosexuality, they knew about Freedom Riders, and before I got out I had them singing freedom songs."

That is how it is with people who are completely committed to a cause. Had there been no Black Revolution, Sandra would have set up home by the side of a Florida road, behind the greenest lawn in some tiny black ghetto. She would have stayed there, and married a high-school teacher, and read books, and been a good wife. Perhaps once or twice, white men driving past would notice Sandra, and she would throw her head back in a saucy and considered way.

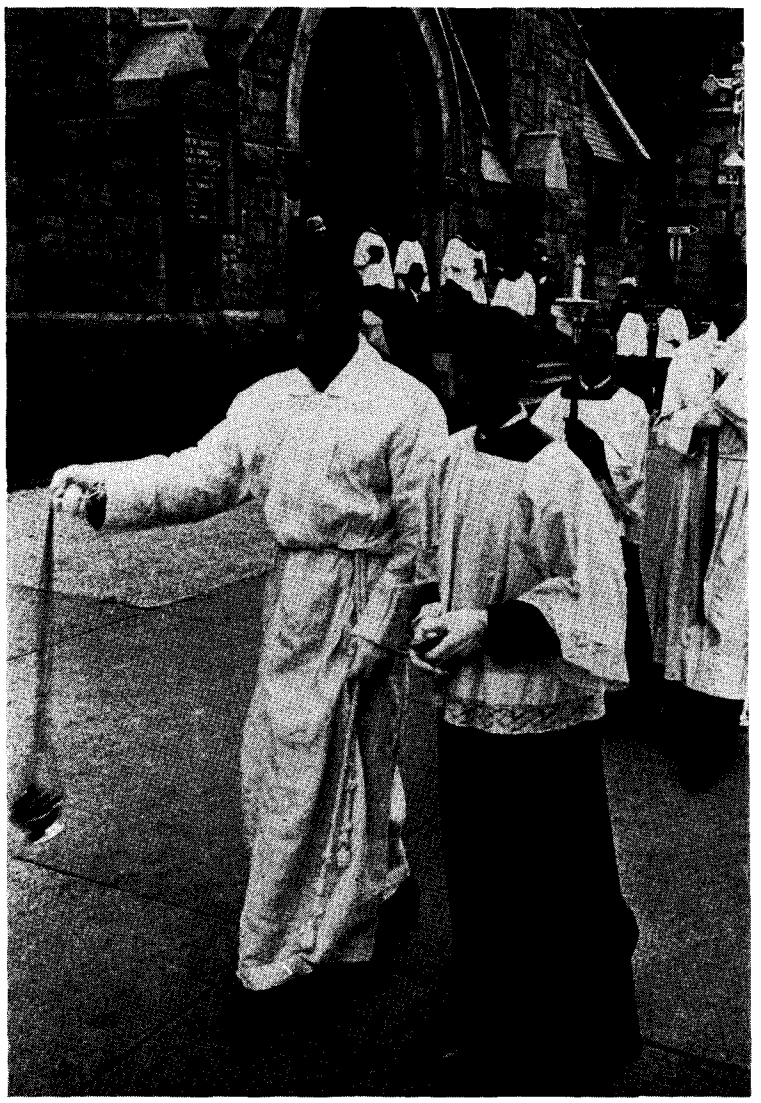
That would be all. Sandra, the minister's daughter, would lead a calm and proper life, with no more than ordinary stabs of unhappiness. But now there is a revolution, and Sandra, the minister's daughter, goes to prison and has to feel pain and endure degradation. But because there is a revolution, Sandra can do all these things without being touched. Just so long as some of the women within the House of Detention learn freedom songs from her, nothing else can touch Sandra.

Thus it is always in revolution. The meek, sensing that they may inherit the earth, lose their meekness. "I have to get to that charm class now," Sandra says. "I run it, and it's nonprofit, lest you misunderstand. I'm teaching those gals how to walk."

Militant Sandra walks out of Jock's Place, heels clattering hard and cold, her head high.



Youthful vendor peddles flowers on Harlem street corner.



Procession files past St. Andrew's, one of fancier Harlem churches.

Charlie, Who Does Whatever Is Necessary to Survive

Charlie's cause, neither black nor white, is survival. It exists before, during and after revolutions.

Charlie is the manager of a third-rate Harlem bar, owned by a white syndicate that pays him $75 a week. Charlie doesn't cheat. He turns in all receipts. The bar is a good base for Charlie's peripheral operations, and he wants to keep it. Besides, he suspects that the white syndicate that employs him is the Mafia. "I needs no trouble with them Eyetalians," Charlie states firmly, shuddering. "No trouble at all."

At the bar Charlie serves drinks in shot glasses which magnify. Each glass holds only seven eighths of an ounce of liquor, instead of the usual ounce and a half, but the prismatic effect magnifies the contents. A favorite item at Charlie's bar, as in most of Harlem, is the three-fer, three magnifying shot glasses of booze served at a supposedly special price. A three-fer of a standard brand of Scotch sells for $1.50.

"Gimme a three-fer of J & B," I said to Charlie.

Charlie is a small, bland-faced man. He would be hard to pick out of a police lineup. "Soda?" Charlie asks.

First a small glass of club soda is placed on the bar. Charlie fills three of the magnifying shot glasses and places them single file behind the soda. "You mix," he says, with impersonal warmth, with the air of a man concluding a business transaction that is advantageous to both sides.

It is not precisely a swindle. Nothing Charlie does is precisely a swindle, but neither is anything precisely honest. The same quantity of Scotch outside Harlem, in a first-class bar, would make for about two drinks and cost about $1.60.

Someone had steered me to Charlie. Someone had told Charlie, "Give this guy what he wants and he'll give you some dough." Charlie doesn't seem to care that I am white. But in his bar, I care. It is after three A.M., and I am the only white man in the place. I drink my three-fer, for luck and courage.

"White man, you got any pipe tobacco?" A big black woman pushed herself close. A smaller, brown woman with her is grinning.

"Nope."

"You ain' go' no pipe tobacco, white man?" The small brown girl giggles now.

"No. I'm sorry. I don't smoke a pipe." Up and down the bar Negroes are talking, but sometimes one glances at me.

"Watcha fraida?" asks the woman. "You fraida something, white man?"

"Hey," Charlie shouts, moving fast from another part of the bar. "Leave him alone, now, Lissa. Don't you go bein' smart in my place."

Lissa pouts and the other girl giggles. "No 'count broads," Charlie says. "Hey, you interested in heroin?" Among Charlie's many accomplishments is deft topic changing. He can steer you to a fix, Charlie says. "A colored man," he says, "down on Madison Avenue and 117th Street. Fiver gets you great stuff."

I had no pipe tobacco for ladies and

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"The Negro," says Frederic, "is a political tool, and an economical stooge and religious fool."

Harlem Sketchbook

now I have to tell Charlie that I am not interested in a stick of heroin. I am beginning to feel like a party poop, so I order another three-fer of Scotch to show my libertine spirit. A jukebox is blaring insistent rhythms, and near the bar some of the men and women are rocking up and down in time. "I'll getcha outa here, soon as we check the receipts," Charlie says. "Then we see some after-hour joints. Man, they somethin'."

At two minutes before four A.M.—four is legal closing time—a white man from the syndicate stalks in, tramps heavy-footed to the back of the bar and gestures with his head. Charlie hurries back to join him. The white man from the syndicate checks and rechecks the accounts. He does not smile. Charlie grins and babbles. The heavy, sallow white man mutters in monosyllables. The bar is empty now. The shade has been pulled down the front door. Charlie and the white man sit under a bright light in the back of the bar.

The white man looks like someone from a bad movie; he is puffy and jowly, and his eyes are small and hard. The man keeps Charlie for about half an hour, then gives a little nod, gets up and tramps out of the dark bar. He doesn't look at me.

"Come on," Charlie says, relieved. "We gone to a real bar now."

In the taxi Charlie says, "You got money, man?"

"Yeah."

"How much?"

"Enough."

"Man," Charlie says, impatiently. "Man, you can tell *me*." His voice changes. "You *better* tell me."

"About sixty or seventy dollars."

"Take all but ten," Charlie says, "and put it in your shoe. When we get there, the ten'll be enough for the both of us."

Sheepish, I take six $10 bills from my wallet, leave one behind, and fold the bills into a roll. The roll fits under my arch, but the bills are new. Alighting from the cab at 118th Street, I feel them crackle under my arch. It is very dark. The street is deserted. Charlie moves off briskly and turns into the basement entrance of a nearby brownstone. "Don't look around too much," he says to me. "They'll think you a cop."

Charlie walks through a narrow hallway, and into a basement apartment, where there is a room with artificial-wood paneled walls, a bar, a few tables, and a fan for ventilation. The smoke is incredible. There are only Negroes.

A toothy woman's face, hard and lined, appears. "Where you think you goin'?" she asks loudly.

"Hey," Charlie says. "He's with me."

The woman shakes her head. A colored man joins her. "He's with me," Charlie says to him.

"Well, come on in," says the man after a moment. He has white hair, and there is a scar on his right cheek. "Say, there's a blonde at the bar maybe lookin' for you." He laughs softly. "Tha's a wig, but she ain't very black."

"He don' want no girls," Charlie says. "Jes' some Scotch."

"Scotch we got, too," says the scarred colored man. Gold teeth glow in his grin.

The price is one dollar a drink. The bar is very crowded. Someone bumps against me. "Don't look around too much," Charlie warns. "Look out for pickpockets. You OK. You OK."

The ceiling is low. There seems to be so much smoke that there can be no air. All around the faces are dark.

"You OK," Charlie says, "you OK." After a while we got out again into the cold night air. It is only 4:50 A.M.

The next after-hours bar, less crowded, more friendly, fills a three-room apartment on the ground floor of an apartment building. It would be homey, except that couples in one room are smoking marijuana, and the heavy smell fills the air. The third spot, friendlier still, is on the fifth floor of an apartment building. A man from Haiti wants to talk politics. Someone mentions that there is free food. In the kitchen, a white bird—a pet dove—wanders under the table.

Charlie doesn't enter the fourth after-hours joint he has selected. A police car is parked outside and, Charlie explains, "You never goes into a joint with the cops right there. The cops know all 'bout these joints, but you don't challenge 'em, get it, man?"

The fourth bar is a popular place, possibly the most popular in Harlem. It has drawn large crowds, and what the New York City police are doing is ticketing double-parked cars. The policemen, a sergeant and a patrolman, are not invading the after-hours bar. They are keeping outside, slowly ticketing cars. Charlie moves on.

Chilly, ugly dawn is coming. The night has hidden the garbage in the streets, hidden the bleakness of the houses, but now as dawn comes coldly, I see ugly brownstone houses along a lifeless street. "Want some breakfast?" Charlie asks.

Children play in an abandoned car near scarred apartments. While most of the nation enjoys prosperous times, the people of Harlem are still trapped in an economic depression.

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We go to a diner and Charlie orders the eggs. "Something fancy like pepper steak, don't know what they put in that, man. You gotta be careful up here."

I thank Charlie, extract what remains of my money from my shoe and hand him $10, his agreed-upon fee for the tour. "Thanks, man," Charlie says. "Come on outside and I'll get you a cab." He's not such a bad guy, I think, wearily, but as I wander outside, Charlie, $10 in his pocket, seems to forget me. He hurries off and, suddenly in the gray, dirty dawn, I am standing in Harlem alone.

Frederic, Who Wants to Have All Africa Back, Although He Has Never Seen Any of It

If yo' black,
Git back.
If yo' red,
Be afraid.
If yo' white,
Yo' perfectly right.

"That," says Frederic, who has recited so that the words "red" and "afraid" rhyme, "is America's standard of decency." Frederic, white-haired and wispish, is a Black Nationalist. He hates the white man, Frederic emphasizes, but he loves rhyme.

"The black man in America," he proclaims, "has been abused, misused, confused and refused."

Frederic wants the United States Government to purchase enough land in Africa so that every American Negro can return there. "The United States Government," Frederic says, "done it for the Jews. That's how Israel got started. We needs a Israel for the black man. Trouble is, the black man, he ain't real slick, like them Jews."

Although Frederic has never been to Africa, he has seen photographs, and he will drink only beer brewed in Ghana. His hero is Patrice Lumumba, the slain Congolese leftist. Frederic has about a thousand followers. Formal conversation with him is difficult, because he is accustomed to applause, not questioning. All this summer Frederic will be making speeches on Harlem street corners. He has made these speeches many times, and they are always the same.

"Listen!" Frederic will cry, into the busy Harlem night. "Black men, listen to me." His voice, in oratory, is high, but is kept under control. "I don't want no bourgeois black men listening, though. The bourgeois black man is the satisfied black man. He won't entertain no Africans at his home." A little laughter may come here.

"Twenty-five years I been waiting," Frederic says, the laughing finished. "Twenty-five years I been listening to the white man, to the Jew landlord, to the white man Supreme Court. I been listening to them tell me about their constitution and their country, where they brought my ancestors—they didn't want to come—as slaves. I been listening, and what do I hear?"

Somebody shouts an obscenity.

"Tha's right," Frederic says. "The white man Supreme Court say innegrate, or somethin' like that, which I can't hardly understand, and you can't neither. How come they say innegrate, and the white man don't do what his Supreme Court tells him he gotta do? Because whatever that Supreme Court says is subject to interpretation, and interpretation means peterbation. It don' mean nothin'. Nothin'.

"Listen! The so-called Negro in America is a political tool, and an economical stooge and a religious fool."

Shouts of agreement encourage Frederic. His body is frail, but his voice is strong and he is really excited now.

"Now you take that Bible," Frederic says, "that white-man Bible, though we know Moses was black, they don' admit it, and I show you where right in the Bible it say love your enemy, but Moses, he was black, he say kill your enemy, and I tell you love your enemy is against nature. Any of you Christians? Well, a Christian country makes murderous bombs every day.

"Any of you Christians? That white man, he'll take you black Christians from pulpit to snake pit. Tha's what white Christians do for the black man.

"Listen!" Frederic continues. "They is not one, not *one*, black citizen of the so-called United States, and that goes for Bunche and all the rest of them sellout so-called Christians too. They never has been no emancipation for the black man. The Constitution, it talks about men, but the black, he ain' a man. We's chattel—chattel. That ain' cows, but it might as well be. We were chattel, and that's what we still are.

"So forget 'bout civil rights. White folk ain' civil.

"Forget 'bout Christianity. Jesus Christ wasn't black.

"Forget 'bout the white Presidents and the Jew landlords and the white preachers, 'cause, black men, they've all forgot about you.

"Listen! They's no place for us here. Our place is Africa. Who brought us here to live in slum and die in scum? Who done that to our pure black ancestors? Wasn't no black man. Our place is back home in Africa, and it's up to the white man to get back the land they took us from, get it right back for us and give us ships. . . .

"Listen, black men! Don't be afraid of violence. Don' let those white Christians fool you. Violence, according to that white Christian Bible, started up in heaven, when God was a-battlin' the devil.

"Don' be afraid of violence. . . ."

The high voice rises clear to listeners through the loud night.

Larry, Who Thinks He Sees the Basic Issues

There is a Negro doorman in the all-Negro building in the all-Negro development where Larry lives. The complex of six buildings, in that faceless contemporary ugly style pioneered by white New Yorkers downtown, offers low ceilings, thin walls, endless hallways and rentals of $40 a room. In short, it is much like a fashionable apartment house in mid-Manhattan, although cheaper.

Larry is a lawyer. He has worked for a congressional committee, negotiated contracts for colored stevedores, and lost one of his early clients by hanging. He was appointed to defend a colored heroin addict, but the boy managed to strangle himself in his cell. He had been screaming from narcotics withdrawal symptoms. White guards ignored him, and finally the boy stopped screaming and made a noose from his shoelaces.

Larry says he will talk about civil rights but asks that his name not be used. He says the extremists would drive him all the way to Detroit. "I think integration is maybe the fifth or sixth consideration in evaluating a school," Larry says, "but if you quote me on that, I'm afraid I'll have to leave Harlem."

A speechmaker on 125th St., Harlem's main artery, answers a heckling onlooker.

He knows the black orthodoxy. Integrate immediately. Damn the police dogs. Full speed ahead.

"Which is just so much nonsense," says Larry, braving orthodoxy anonymously. "Integrate Harlem schools, that's what you hear and, of course, they are *de facto* segregated. Well, sure let's integrate, but first let's patch the leaky roofs, and then let's get enough books to go around, and enough desks and enough guidance workers, and let's get more dedicated teachers—not girls killing time until a wedding—and let's get the parents to show up at PTA meetings.

"There's a tendency up here to blame everything that's wrong on the white community. At one school I know the acting principal, a colored lady, invited 500 parents to a meeting. Eleven showed up. She couldn't believe it, so she held a second meeting. She counted parents again. Five."

Larry let silence stress his point before resuming. "When people like these parents demand integration, I can't take them very seriously, because I don't think they are very serious people. Sure I say integrate, but not by itself in Harlem," he explains.

"People up here say bring white kids in by bus. But white parents, generally, wouldn't stand for that and white parents hold power. You can lie down all you want to at the World's Fair and you won't get kids from the white middle class into Harlem schools.

"Then some of these people say, OK, let's bus our kids into white schools. That has its drawbacks too. Our schools have been inferior for reasons that lie both in the white community and in Harlem. Now take a kid from one of our schools and put him in a white school and what happens? First, the kid becomes aware—probably for the first time—that he is truly from a minority group. True color consciousness. Second, coming out of a poor Harlem school, the kid will have learned less than the others. So he is not only a poor colored kid going into a white neighborhood; he is a poor *dumb* colored kid.

"I'll damn New York City for letting Harlem schools go to hell. I'll damn the white establishment for ignoring colored kids. But I'm not going to say that the solution is immediate integration."

Larry has no solution other than a complete reclamation project for all of Harlem. "It will have to be a federal project," Larry says. "and let's hope that it's one of the things the President has in mind for his antipoverty program."

Larry talks further about his community, warmly, sadly, critically. "A basic loyalty has been to the store-front church. Utter emotionalism. Superficial religion. But there you are."

Store-front churches—perhaps 60 survive in Harlem—offer a primitive version of Christianity. In one main-street church there is a billboard which reads:

CHRIST! IS THE ANSWER TO BROKEN HEARTS. BROKEN HOMES, WORLD UNREST AND EVERY HUMAN NEED. WHAT YOU WANT CHRIST HAS TO OFFER. EARTH HAS NO SORROWS THAT HEAVEN CANNOT HEAL.

Such signs annoy Larry, who feels that Harlem Negroes have spent too little time considering problems on earth.

"I would not, because I could not, absolve the white community," Larry says, "but I can't join the groups that cry for integration as the end to all our woes. To me Harlem is a box, and I want the walls of the box knocked down, because it offends my dignity that I can't buy a house in Westchester. But once the walls are knocked down, I don't intend to move, and I think the Negroes who do want to move are a little naïve. The political strength we have as Negroes we won by the fact of our living together. For

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Marchers press for installation of traffic light at a Harlem corner. After four days of these protests, City Hall capitulated.

"You push too hard into narcotics," says the detective, "and you wind up D.O.A."

Harlem Sketchbook

now, the political reality is that we'd better stay together."

The climate of Harlem troubles Larry. "Whites can be so damn naïve," he says. "They think they'll be nice guys and pass some civil-rights bill, and that will keep the Negro quiet. Actually, the effect is completely different. With each stride the Negro takes, he wants to take two more. It will be that way for a while. Each civil-rights bill will only encourage more demands." Larry grins. "That's black-man talk I'm giving you," he says. "Honest."

As Larry sees the basic issues, there are four: improving the schools; finding employment for the unskilled; establishing services, such as clubs, for problem youths; and initiating programs to rehabilitate junkies and other derelicts. Federal aid, Larry believes, is essential. "It would take close to one hundred million dollars to start something reasonably effective," Larry says.

And if not?

"What's happened here," Larry says, "is that people have become immobilized. Now all these irresponsible leaders are arising, hoping to shock. When these thousands are shocked out of immobility, there can be trouble.

"I don't want to scare you," Larry says with a shrug, "but there isn't all the time in the world. And don't forget. Please don't use my name."

Arthur, the White Detective Who Is Afraid to Go on the Roof

A few years away from his pension, Arthur works in a Harlem precinct as a plainclothes detective. Arthur understands Harlem, sympathizes with many of its people and respects their ways. He possesses about as much honesty and compassion as a police detective can afford when he works in a crooked, brutal neighborhood.

"One big headache is the idiots administering welfare," Arthur says. "The day the checks come round is a helluva day at the station house." Inevitably, in come the ladies, after morning mail delivery, dragging handfuls of children behind them. The police station is a kind of center for complaints.

"That little bugger," says one, "he done ripped up my relief check." The lady slams her child smartly to underline her complaint.

"Somebody busted up the mailbox," says another. "Ain' no check, and I got to feed the kids."

"I got my check and I cashed it," says a third lady, "and little Sammy here, he picked up all the money, seventy-two dollars, from offa the radiator, and threw it out the window and somebody come and grabbed all them bills and what we gonna do?"

The precinct resounds and sometimes Arthur has to roar, "Shut up!"

Arthur records all the complaints, since they involve another New York City agency, and sends the ladies on to the Welfare Department, where they are all given new checks. Arthur does not investigate any of the complaints because he has no time.

"Remember a few years ago when the FBI refused to accept New York City police reports?" Arthur says. "Well, the reason is right here. We can't report what actually goes on because, first, we don't have the time, and second, we have orders—hints, I mean—to soften. You understand? To make things look better than they are."

That pressure, Arthur believes, comes from civil-rights groups, hypersensitive to the Negro image and, equally, from politicians and others profiting from Harlem rackets.

"Even cops," he says sadly. "Even some big cops take.

"I've seen kids ruined by narcotics," Arthur says, "and it's a miserable thing. I ain't about to tell you I never took a favor from a numbers guy. Numbers, hell, that's a game they play up here. Narcotics is something else. Me and my partner, a colored guy, we want to do a good job. We go a little way into narcotics. We pick up junkies and sometimes we even get a case against a pusher.

"We go onto a roof and hope we don't get killed and we pick up guys shooting [injecting] themselves, and if we're lucky we can scare 'em into telling us who sold 'em the stuff. Then we move in on the pusher. But, what the hell, he's a retailer, small business. We want to go further, get to the wholesaler. Well, mister, we can't move one inch more, because we're in an area of protection."

Arthur was in a restaurant downtown, talking over a steak. He knew a few Negroes in his boyhood and never thought much of tolerance or intolerance. He is still pretty much the same way.

How to get busted

"You know what 'area of protection' means? It means some crook is paying someone way above me to be allowed to operate. If I move in, I may get busted down to patrolman. Look," Arthur says, "a few years away from a pension, you don't want trouble."

Another thing Arthur doesn't want is premature death. "You push too hard into narcotics," he says, "you can get to be D.O.A., which is dead on arrival, and in the papers next day there'll be a small story of a detective dying from an overdose. That's how the big boys are in narcotics. Smart and tough."

Harlem frightens Arthur, a reasonably tough, reasonably honest man. "When you go up on a roof," he says, "you don't know whether you're going to run into junkies on heroin or hopheads on cocaine. Heroin makes them very quiet, very docile. They're no trouble at all. On cocaine they get worked up. They figure they can take anyone. They're dangerous then. The ones on cocaine, they're the ones that are liable to murder you." Arthur shakes his head at the thought.

"I want to tell you about my partner, the colored guy," Arthur says. "Helluva guy. I've worked with him for years. I go up on a roof, maybe I die for him. He goes up on a roof, maybe he dies for me. We're partners, know what I mean?"

Arthur, the white detective, strokes his chin. He wants to make his next point absolutely clear. "We would still die for each other," he says, "because that's part of the business of being a cop. But since this Muslim stuff began, my partner, who is colored, won't drink with me anymore."

Tony, the Lean Black Buck Who Intends to Bury Us

Where are we going and where are our children going? What will become of the dark, vital million in the Imperial City?

"I tell you," says Tony, 20-year-old, cocksure, black-skinned. "We got some plans for the summer. The plans have been made. We are going to destroy some municipal property."

"Such as?" I asked.

Tony is tall and lean and hard. When he was eight, he first saw junkies. When he was 18, he was ordered to leave school.

"Subways," Tony says. "We're going to bomb the subways."

Tony, the bomber, has another less volatile trade. For $37 a week, he works part-time at a cafeteria owned by a white man who drives a big blue Olds.

Tony, the bomber, despises the job. He has some intelligence. He knows he has. But if we all have contributed a little to damning Tony, the intelligent bomber, to his trivial job, Tony, the bomber, himself has contributed more. And this he does not know. This he rejects. Tony, the bomber, sees flaws, but never his own.

"A bomb in the subways will hurt a lot of innocent people," I tell him.

Tony stares unblinking. I have met him only by chance. I have come to this ancient building to attend a civil-rights seminar on the second floor. Tony and I have met on the first floor, near the stairs.

"I'm sorry," says Tony unfeeling. "I really am. But we have got to get at municipal property and we can't do that without hurting somebody, so we are going to have to hurt somebody, innocent or not. You know karate?"

The light here is too bright. The stairs are dirty. "No, Tony. I don't know karate."

"Then let's shake hands," Tony, the bomber, says. "Let's shake hands white man and black."

I put out my hand and Tony, the bomber, approaching, takes three steps as though to start a dance. He clutches my hand and lithely glides around me, forgetting, it almost seems, to let go. He has twisted my arm as he glided and now Tony, the bomber, is standing behind me, slowly increasing the pressure. Tony, the bomber, wants to hear a white man yell.

I set my teeth. I'm damned if I'll yell, no matter how hard he twists. Tony is a dirty nigger, I think.

Abruptly the pain is gone and my arm free. Another, bigger Negro has subdued lean Tony and, powering through a judo hold, slams him against a wall.

Tony screams, "Oooh!" Then, having made his piteous protest, he grows defiant. "He's an Uncle Tom," Tony cries. "He's an Uncle Tom, ain't he, ain't he?"

Tony's big, black eyes bug out. They look around and look at you. I hold my arm. It hurts where Tony twisted it.

And I see Tony, against a wall, like Harlem itself, needing my help and hating me to my grave. THE END

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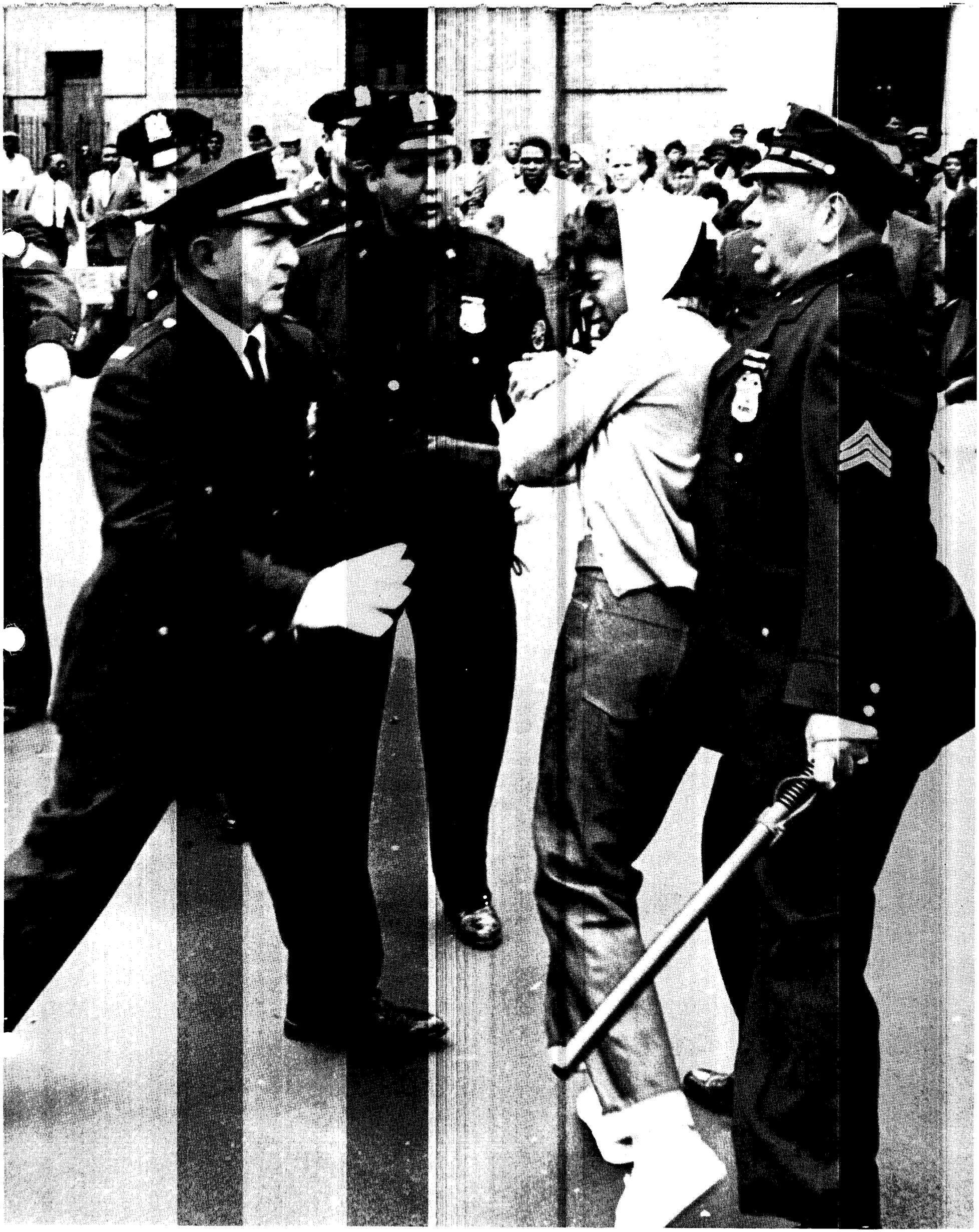

Police team up on 16-year-old girl at traffic-light protest. She denied she was part of demonstration, but she was stuffed in paddy wagon anyway.

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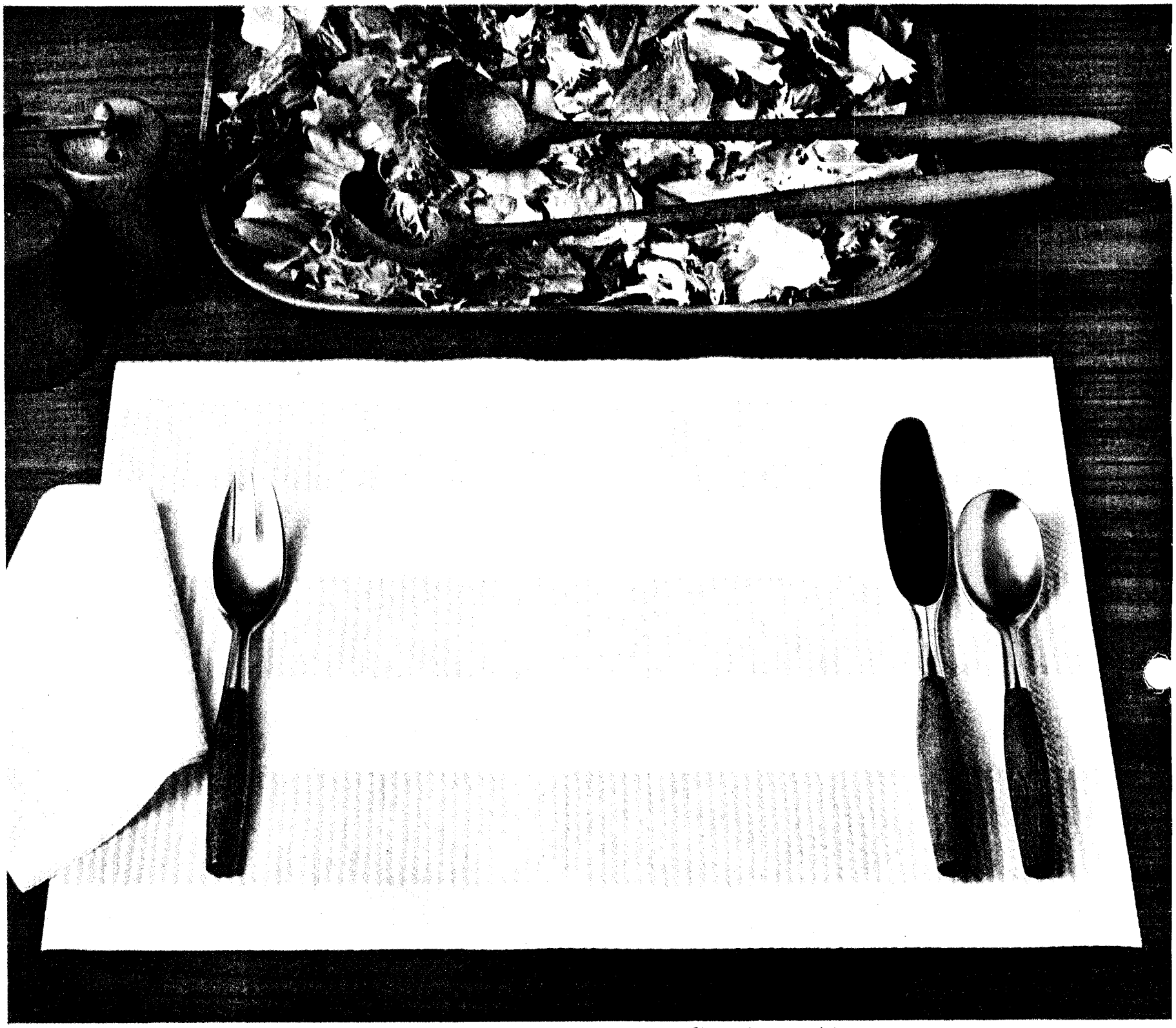
THE FOLLOWING SHEET ILLUSTRATES THE PLACEMAT.



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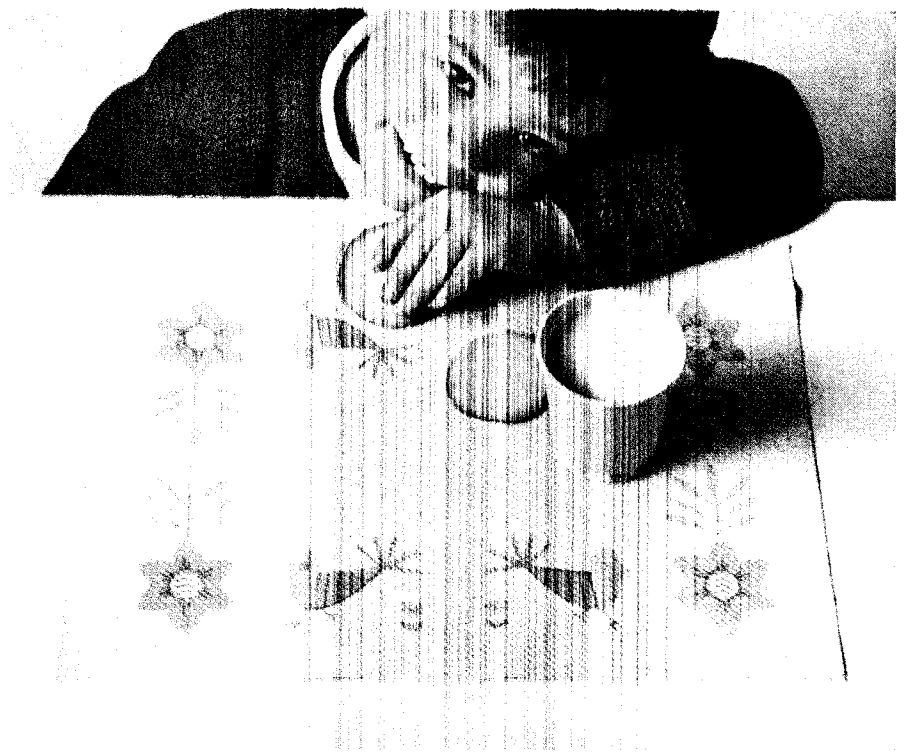

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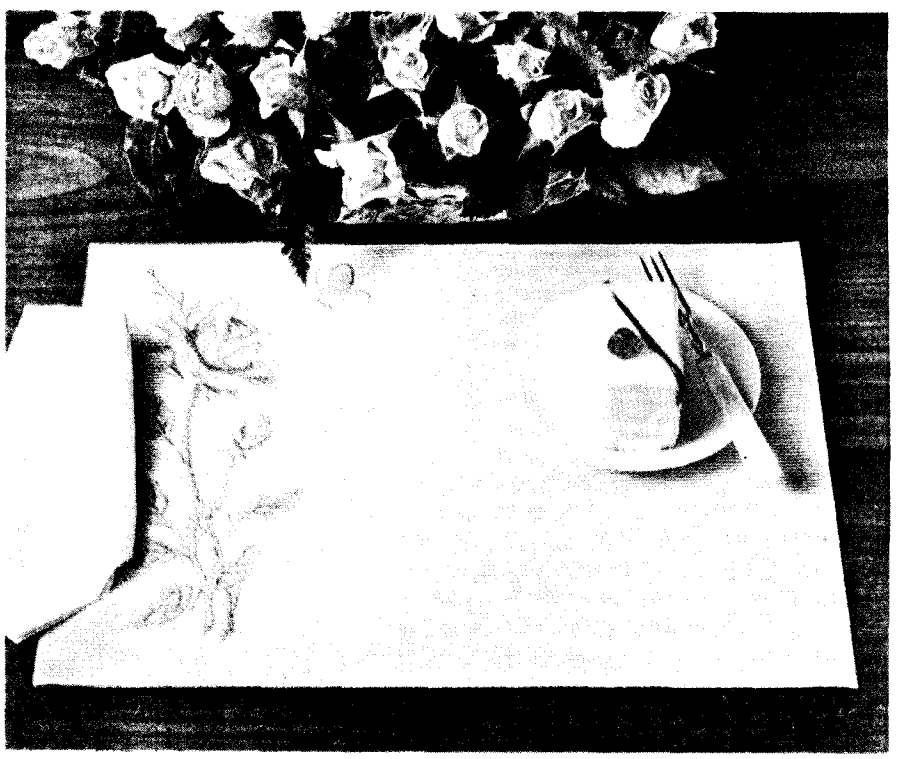

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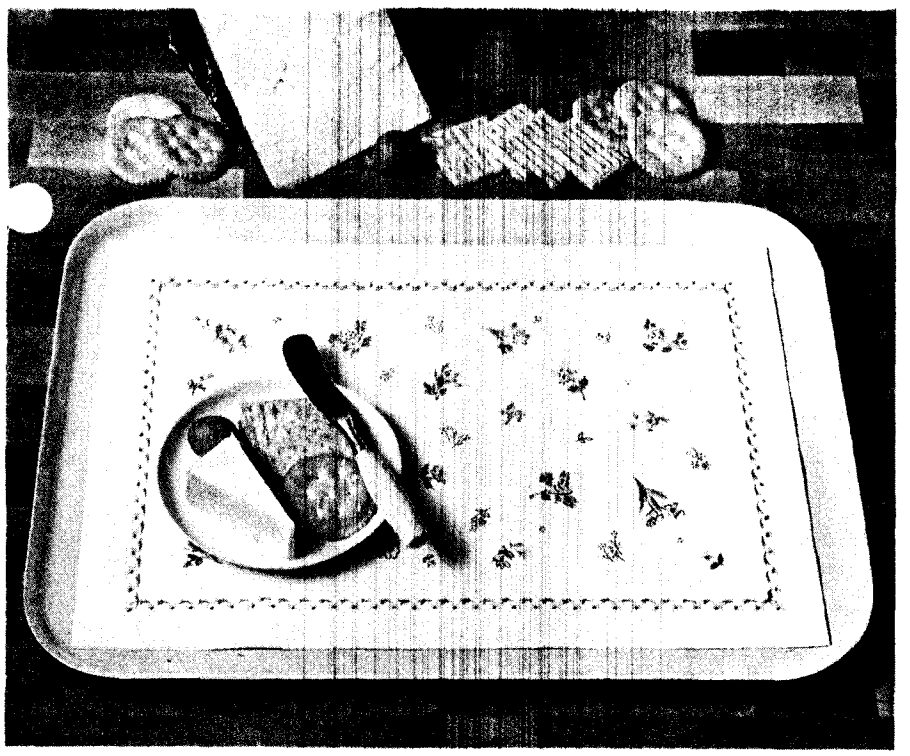

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The political arena, national and international, is Eugene Burdick's special province as a novelist, and to his subject he brings an impressive personal background. An associate professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley, he holds a Ph.D. from Oxford (where he was a Rhodes Scholar), has firsthand knowledge of the Far East gained during war service in the Pacific and through frequent visits, and has acted as consultant to the Government on foreign policy. His remarkable success as a novelist is evidenced by the selection of three of his novels by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Following the publication of his first novel, "The Ninth Wave," Burdick collaborated with William J. Lederer and Harvey Wheeler, respectively, to produce two of the most powerful and timely political novels of recent years: "The Ugly American" and "Fail-Safe." Both were serialized in the "Post." Now, in "The 480," Burdick exposes the little-known forces that determine the selection of the American President. "There is a benign underworld in American politics," Burdick writes in his introduction to the book. "It is not the underworld of cigar-chewing, potbellied officials who mysteriously run 'the machine.' The new underworld is made up of innocent and well-intentioned people who work with slide rules and calculating machines and computers. Most of these people are highly educated, and none that I have met have malignant political designs on the American public. They may, however, radically reconstruct the American political system, build a new politics, and even modify revered and venerable American institutions. This situation is not evil. There is no conspiracy against the American public. There is only a great gap in knowledge. A few know a great deal, the great mass know very little. The few that know decide the shape and character of American politics."

THE 480

By Eugene Burdick

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By Eugene Burdick

THE 480

BEGINNING A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL BY THE COAUTHOR OF *FAIL-SAFE* AND *THE UGLY AMERICAN:* THE EXCITING STORY OF A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN WILLING TO USE ANY MEANS—SCIENTIFIC OR PSYCHOLOGICAL, FAIR OR FOUL—TO NOMINATE THEIR CANDIDATE AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN 1964.

The road was a thin streak through the rain jungle. It cut through solid rock, hills, and tiny glades, and crossed over rivers. It never curved. The surface of the road was an old red, scabbed over and gray, but the subterranean red, fresh and wet, showed when the sun was right.

The boles of the trees shot up straight and colorless, as if they had been carved from a neutral shade of marble. Vines and creepers swung between the trees in the strange, bleached world of the parasites. The green started high, where the vines began. The new branches and leaves of the trees and the tops of the vines fought for space, smothering one another, exploding in greenness toward the air and sun.

John Thatch looked up at the narrow slit of sunlight far above. Although it was ten o'clock in the morning, the jeep's lights were still on, for the morning mist hung in thick streaks across the road. It would stay dark on the jungle floor, except for a few moments at noon. Then down the deep, narrow cut in the trees would come sunlight—brief, dazzling, unbelievable.

"How many more miles, Gujral?" he asked the driver.

"Five, maybe six, sir."

Thatch hummed an old song. It was once a workingmen's song of protest against working on the railroads for the British. Now it was humorous, sung by the Indians who had to work as hard as ever on survey and road-building gangs in the jungle. Gujral smiled his tight, ex-sergeant-major's smile.

Then the smile vanished. Gujral jammed on the brakes and turned off the ignition. The silence settled in. He cocked his head and listened.

Then they both heard the sound, like small, steady thunder. It was growing.

Gujral started the engine, and the jeep jerked ahead. They shot through a thick bank of mist without deviating from the center of the road. Their speed was dangerous. So was the threat.

"How far to high ground?" Thatch asked.

"One mile."

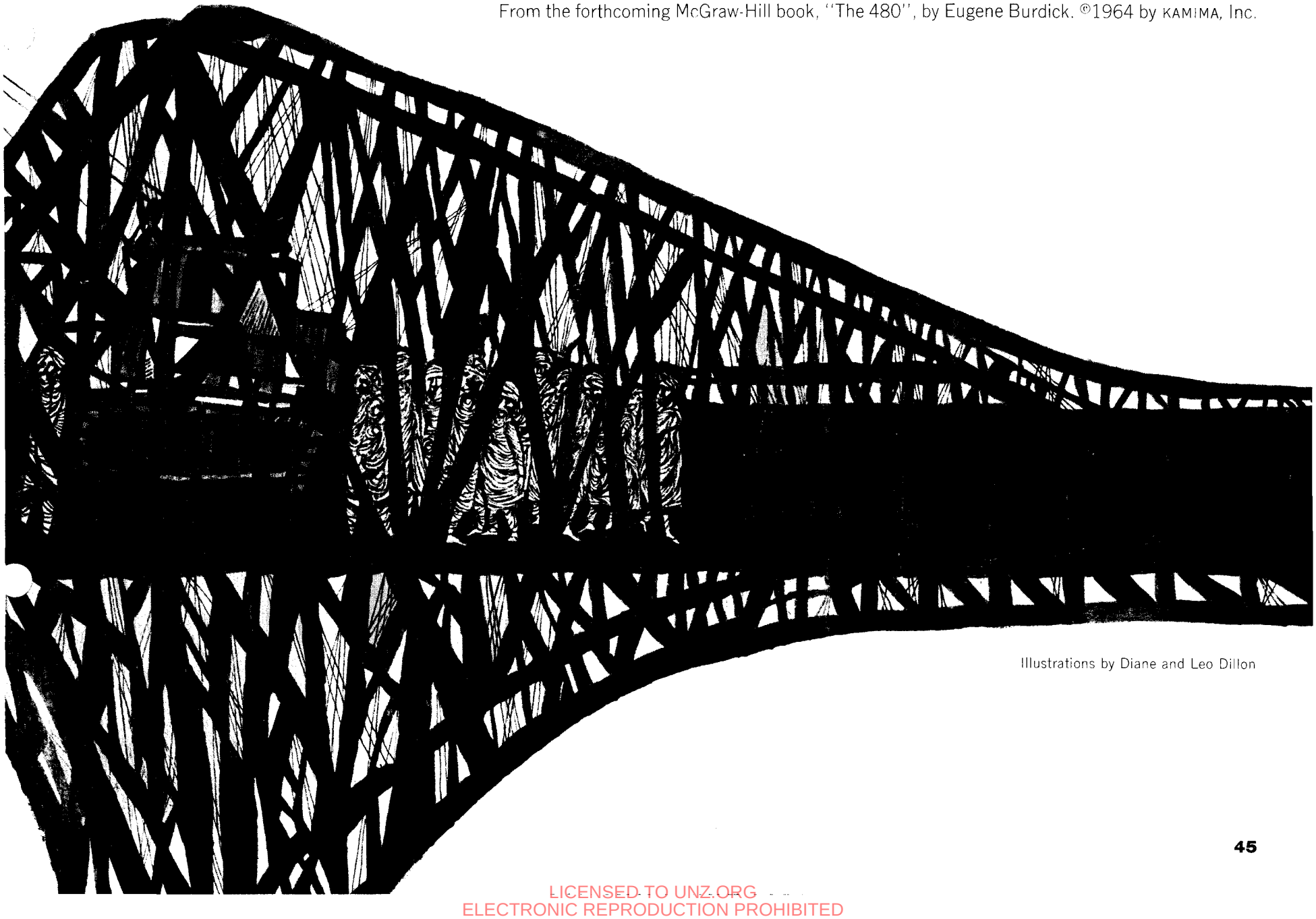
They would make it, Thatch knew. He remembered others who had not. One, an experienced engineer who had never worked in the rain jungle, had not left when the Indians started running out of the wide, deep bowl through which they were putting a survey line. It was impossible to rain that fast, he said. Five minutes later the water was at his knees. Ten minutes after that he was drowning, his hands slashing with rage at the brown, frothing lake which had sprung up about him. They picked his body out of the mud, his face a muddy mask of anger.

Thatch felt the road rise. The hard knot in his stomach eased. Gujral stopped; they got out ponchos, and shut the canvas curtains of the jeep. The air turned evil. Thatch knew it was the refracted light thrown ahead by the low storm clouds. The next half hour would be a hot, soaking misery.

"Sahib," Gujral said, lapsing into the old British Army jargon. His voice was part whisper, part warning and part fear.

Ahead and to the left, the upper half of a man's body hung a few feet above the ground. The man's hands pointed

From the forthcoming McGraw-Hill book, "The 480", by Eugene Burdick. ©1964 by KAMIMA, Inc.



Illustrations by Diane and Leo Dillon

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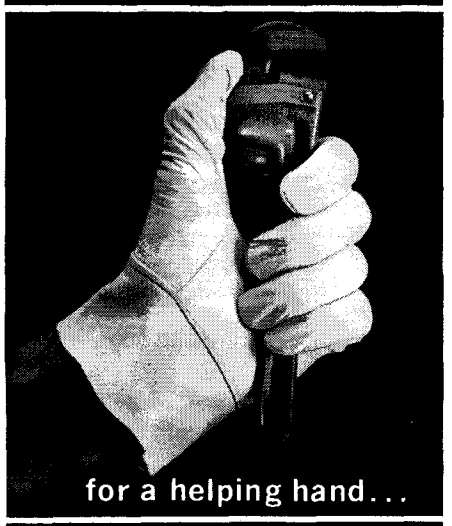

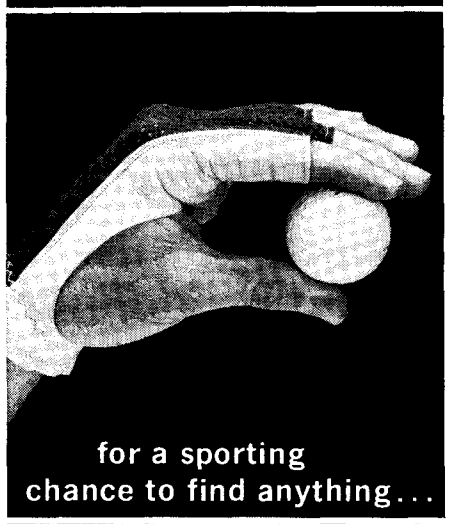

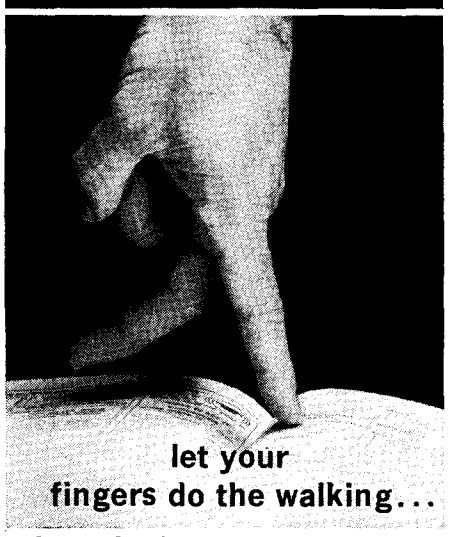

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a rifle at them. On his head was an antique British helmet, and he wore a uniform. He had the face of a Gurkha, moustached and taut. One eye was closed. But the bottom part of the body was missing.

Who had done it, and for what purpose? Even in this jungle he knew so well, Thatch had never seen such a thing. Then the one open eye blinked. The face grinned. The half-body moved toward them.

Gujral giggled with relief. The Gurkha had been standing in a low jungle mist, and the evil light had made the mist the dun color of his uniform. In a few steps the man was whole.

"Get in the jeep, friend," Thatch said in Nepali. "Standing in the rain is unhealthy." The Gurkha climbed into the back seat.

"You are a fool of a corporal," Gujral said, using the peculiar Gurkha accent, his voice unmistakably that of a sergeant, "to stand in the open while a rainstorm comes. It is bad for the rifle. Is the rifle greased? No. It does not look it. In my regiment we would have known how to take care of you.

"Soon there will be plenty of water for those that are thirsty," he went on. "Just stand out and open thy mouth and into it will fall all the water of heaven."

Gujral was teasing the Gurkha, knowing the Gurkha was fearful of the rain jungle. It made Thatch weary, the endless tiny stabs of provincialism, the barbs between different sects, the veiled insults of different language groups. He had seen the joking words and gestures suddenly explode into the ugly reality of knives, pistols, clenched fists and gushing blood.

Thatch turned and looked at the Gurkha. "Why dost thou close thy left eye?" he asked.

"Because there is something in it that pains," the Gurkha said. "It is best to close the eye."

"Open thine eye, please, and let me see."

The Gurkha opened the eye slowly. Thatch reached for his flashlight.

The storm was not more than a hundred yards away. Fragments of water slashed like shrapnel, and it occurred to Thatch that it was not natural for water to rip so sharply.

"The eye is pierced by a pricker," Thatch said. "To close thine eye permits the pricker to work itself deeper. It will kill the eye."

"Blind the eye?" the Gurkha asked. He was listening both to Thatch and to the storm. His eyeball was huge in the darkness. He feared the storm more than he feared the pricker.

"Most surely," Thatch said. He sought a phrase the Gurkha would understand. "It is like a corkscrew which the English officers use to open wine bottles."

"Can one take it out?" the Gurkha asked.

"Perhaps. Not surely, but perhaps," Thatch said. "It will hurt. It is worth the effort."

"I would not like to lose the eye," the Gurkha said. Thatch understood that it was consent. The Gurkha would never make a direct request.

Gujral already had the first-aid kit open. He placed a sterile bandage in Thatch's hand. Thatch gently rubbed the swab over the Gurkha's eyeball, holding the man by a firm grip on the back of his head. The Gurkha did not blink, although each pass of the swab pulled dozens of invisible barbs back across the inflamed eyeball. The butt end of the pricker came out a bit. The liquid of the eye leaked and flowed onto the lower lid.

Then the storm hit them. The Gurkha's throat quivered and he wept, both eyes wide open.

The water came in a solid wall. All three men gulped for air, sharing the claustrophobic fear of suffocation. The jeep lifted to one side. Water, in fine jets, found every opening. Now they were inside the noise. It was an assault, compounded of trees creaking, vines stretching to the outer limits, giving way. Thatch felt the neck muscles under his fingers tense with pain and fear.

"The pricker is coming out, but it will take time," Thatch said. "Thou art a good patient. . . . Why art thou on this road? There have not been soldiers on it before."

"I am not sure," the soldier said. His right eye blinked for the first time. He was not certain he should talk. The swab caught the butt of the pricker, and pulled a few more barbs loose. "It is to prevent the completion of the bridge," he said. "To stop the last gap from being closed."

"Why is it necessary to prevent the last gap from closing?" Thatch asked.

"It is the Pakistani enemy across the bridge," the Gurkha said. "When the bridge is completed they will cross it with troops."

Thatch held his hand steady, but with an effort. He concentrated on the Gurkha's eyeball. "Who says they will cross the bridge?" he asked.

"Our commander. Who tells him, I do not know," the Gurkha said, and a faint smile crossed his lips.

"Then the bridge is not completed?" Thatch asked.

"No. The workers have been forbidden to complete it," the Gurkha said. "It will become a bridge for invasion."

"For you to invade Pakistan or for Pakistan to invade you?" Thatch asked.

The Gurkha hesitated. "I only obey orders," he said finally.

Thatch gave one more swipe, and the pricker came out.

"Get out of the jeep," he said.

"I will get out, Sahib," the Gurkha said, his voice startled. "But you are forbidden to go past this point. It is an order."

"Get out. I am going past this point," Thatch said, his voice calm, almost detached. "If you try to stop me, I will run over you."

The Gurkha got out of the jeep. He did not look back as the jeep moved slowly forward into clear sunlight. The road and the jungle steamed.

"We are close to the turnabout," Gujral said. He drove ahead a hundred yards to the circular cut in the jungle where pieces of heavy equipment could pass one another. The turnabout was at the edge of a cliff which gave a long, clear view of the valley.

Thatch got out of the jeep and walked to the edge of the cliff. Below was the long, sharp line where the mountain range had been torn by ancient catastrophe, creating a valley with almost vertical walls. Somewhere along its floor was the unmarked boundary between the two countries.

Thatch could see the spidery shape of the bridge, its filigree of struts and cables blurred by the morning mist. "Bring the glasses, please, Gujral," he called over his shoulder.

Gujral got the binoculars from the jeep, removed them from the case, and handed them to Thatch. Then he shaded his eyes from the sun and tried to make out the bridge.

Thatch swore.

"Not yet?" Gujral asked.

"Not yet," Thatch said.

He handed Gujral the glasses. His face was distant, his eyes focused on some faraway object. Gujral moved the glasses along the bridge. He knew what to expect when he came to the middle. He felt a powerful sense that the two soaring arcs should come together and be fused. But he felt it only in the body. He knew with his head what to expect. His head was correct.

The gap was slight. No more than twenty feet. But it was twenty feet of empty blue air broken only by the soaring of a pair of vultures, hovering and enormous in the middle distance, making slow, black circles in the sky.

"It is not right," Gujral said.

Amos Bookbinder looked around the room, part of the headquarters of the Republican National Committee in Washington, with its orderly rows of typewriters and stenographers, files, Addressograph machines, its flow of *In* and *Out*. He walked into Bertrand A. Kelly's office.

"Look, Oscar, we didn't send you to L.A. to find out if they've *got* any money," Kelly was yelling into the telephone. He waved a chewed cigar at Bookbinder. "We know that already. We sent you there to *raise* money. To be precise, about seven hundred and fifty thousand. . . . They say what?"

The room was, as always, chaos. One wall was covered with signed pictures of celebrities and politicians. The ones in the left-hand corner were starting to yellow, those in the lower right were crisp and new, but all of them were in identical cheap frames. There were stacks of letters on the floor, a box of telegrams on Kelly's desk; books were canted on shelves and in heaps in the corners.

"Oscar, if you're so damned dumb I have to tell you step by step, then we'll send someone else out there," Kelly was saying. He paused, let the mechanized voice squawk for a few seconds, then cut in, his tone corrosive. "Don't wail, just do it."

Bookbinder, bored, looked at Kelly—the mushy cigar, the gold chain across his belly, his coat off, his feet on the table, his eyes half closed. He had a brutal job.

How many knew there was a Phi Beta Kappa key at the end of that gold chain? Bookbinder remembered meeting Kelly before World War II when Kelly had just graduated from Princeton and wanted advice about where to go to law school. He had been a thin, sallow, very unconfident boy.

Some people discover an image of what they would like to be, Bookbinder thought, and then work, fight, eat, drink, smoke, and talk themselves into that image. Maybe a man sees the job, the role, the position and works his way into it, clipping away at what does not fit, changing this mannerism, picking up a new one, gradually losing his original self and becoming a creature of the image perceived.

Bookbinder saw it clearly. Acheson cultivating the moustache and brisk manner; Goldwater becoming bluff and open and so honestly conservative; Stevenson puckish and witty as a Presidential candidate and then passionately earnest as U.N. ambassador. No one could have been born with a voice like Dirksen's.

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Kelly had been a skinny, retiring boy from a wealthy Episcopalian family in Vermont. He remained a gray memory to most of his college classmates, the one in the class picture they could never remember. He had been commissioned an ensign in the Navy during World War II, and during that time the transformation had taken place. He came back hard-drinking, cigar-smoking, thirty pounds heavier and utterly dedicated to politics. Now in his early forties, he was the most powerful single member of the Republican National Committee. He continued to take on weight, to talk tough, to give the impression of being city bred. He deliberately created the disorder around him, drank great quantities and was never seen drunk. He had developed a reputation for remembering names; knew the precinct, ward and county leaders of almost every state in the Union; could rattle off the names of congressmen and senators for the last twenty years. Kelly had power, but he used it quietly.

Kelly ended the telephone conversation, swung his feet to the floor and came around the desk. "Well, Book. Been months. Weeks, anyway. You're just in time for lunch."

"No, Bert, I don't have time," Bookbinder said. "I just dropped by to ask you a question."

"You can ask it while you're eating," Kelly said. He spoke to his secretary on the telephone.

"Who are you going to back at the convention?" Bookbinder asked.

"Me? I don't back anyone," Kelly said with exaggerated innocence. "I'm just a wheelhorse. I'm the obedient servant of the party. Forget you asked me an improper question."

"I mean it, Bert," Bookbinder said.

There was a sharpness in Bookbinder's voice that caused Kelly to shoot him a hard look as he sat down in his chair.

The telephone rang and Kelly shrugged; he picked it up and began to talk. It was a senator with a grievance, but an easy one to handle. Kelly studied Bookbinder as he talked.

Bookbinder must be almost seventy, Kelly thought. Book was an insider's legend. He had come out of Kansas, wearing a suit which he said had been made from a horse blanket, burning with a sense of "social justice" and possessed of eighty-five dollars which he had earned shoeing horses.

Bookbinder in law school was raw, defiantly poor, unpolished and ambitious. He had an intelligence that was formidable, he worked prodigiously, and he had a fierce integrity which made even the most cynical of his professors pause for a moment. By the end of his second year at Harvard no one, except the very stupid, took Bookbinder as a joke.

Bookbinder, Kelly remembered, had once run for office in New York and lost. He loved politics, but he had been born in the wrong state at the wrong time. And so, the rumor went, he decided that to be influential he must become rich. He became both. He was a Republican, but the party regarded him as unnaturally flawed by either innocence or compulsive honesty. For his part, he distrusted the party hierarchy but was fascinated, almost obsessed, by the apparatus of power. Over the years the party had used Bookbinder only in very special ways.

He had been appointed by four Presidents to serve on those powerful but anonymous commissions where high policy is worked out. Bookbinder never claimed credit. It was enough to be involved in the mysterious process of governing.

Kelly, barely listening to the senator's familiar complaint, inspected the old man and saw that he was still in good shape. And he still had that precious reputation for blunt honesty. And Kelly still disliked him.

"Of course, Senator, you have every right to ask," Kelly said abruptly. "It is your duty. But it could look like hell in Drew Pearson's column."

Gently, Kelly put the telephone down. He faced Bookbinder with real pleasure. Bookbinder was a worthy opponent.

The door opened and a waiter from a nearby delicatessen staggered in with a huge tin tray.

"Oh, good Lord, I forgot about the Kelly lunch," Bookbinder groaned.

The lunches were famous, both for the people who ate them and for the huge quantities of food. Everything was double-thick, heavily spiced, almost deliberately crude. Halfheartedly, Bookbinder took a slice of cheese and put it on half a piece of pumpernickel bread.

"Just suppose that I did have a candidate," Kelly said, a forkful of potato salad in front of his lips. "I don't need to try and fool you, Book. The real job of the National Committee is to beat Kennedy in 1964. Anyone on the committee who says he is neutral during a presidential convention is a liar or a damned fool. Of course, the committee also has to give every reasonable candidate a fair shake. Not the best shake, but a fair shake."

"But there is one who gets a little better shake than the others," Bookbinder said. He looked away as Kelly's teeth came down into a thick sandwich.

"Right," Kelly said, his face broadening into a grin. His voice was muffled. "The one I support. He gets things better—but not so much that it shows."

"Who is that man going to be when you get to San Francisco next year?" Bookbinder asked.

"Why do you want to know?" Kelly asked.

Bookbinder was prepared. He just waited.

"Book, you're a regular, but just barely," Kelly said. "It happens to be stupid not to support the party all the time. You have to work with it, build a *machine*. That horrible word you and all your independent friends sniff at is the thing that keeps America going. When you've got the party as hard and trim and mean as you can get it, you send it in to fight, and somehow out of all the dust and low blows and hurrahs something like political virtue emerges. But it doesn't emerge in persons. It emerges through the party."

"All right. I'm a loner in politics," Bookbinder said. "But I also happen to back my choice with money and some energy."

"That you do. We got over a hundred thousand from you and your friends in 'Fifty-six," Kelly said. "We could use it again. But I still want to know why you're interested."

"I haven't got a candidate," Bookbinder said. "But I've got an idea."

"You've got an idea," Kelly said. "An idea. And what might that be?"

"I'm not going to tell you," Bookbinder said.

Kelly's eyes did not flicker; his jaws chomped on the food; he sucked on the beer bottle. But excitement ripped through him: The old man wants it himself. Now, after all those years of being the honest, inconspicuous, humble man, Book rides out like a knight. Kelly felt the low-pitched ecstasy that came so infrequently. He could stop this man dead in his tracks.

Without looking up, Bookbinder could feel a change. This hit close to where Kelly lived. Kelly could endure anything but the denial of information. He tolerated endless dinners in search of a single clue, made fifty telephone calls and felt rewarded if one of them gave a solid piece of news. Kelly was valuable because he had information: in his head and in the rumored journals in a safe in his house in Georgetown.

Bookbinder looked up at Kelly, and at once he knew he had made a mistake. Kelly's eyes were lit with a hard curiosity, blank and unconcealed.

"I didn't put it well," Bookbinder said, carefully keeping anything like apology out of his voice. Now he had to be very precise. "I've got a young partner. Bright fellow. Name of Madison Curver." He went slowly. "Mad believes that the incumbent can't be beaten. Any incumbent. When we elect a President, we elect him for eight years. If he wants to run the second time."

"And you don't like it?" Kelly asked.

"I don't like the President becoming a commodity we buy for eight years," Bookbinder said. "Our whole system depends on its being a real horse race every time."

"You can't beat somebody with nobody," Kelly said. "Your friend Curver got any suggestions for what horse will run strong against Kennedy?" He had a feeling he had misjudged Bookbinder. "No. He doesn't think anyone can beat Kennedy," Bookbinder said. "But he has a few ideas about what kind of man will give the President a tough race. First, he has to be a hero. A real, believable hero. In some other field than politics." He looked squarely at Kelly. "Or law."

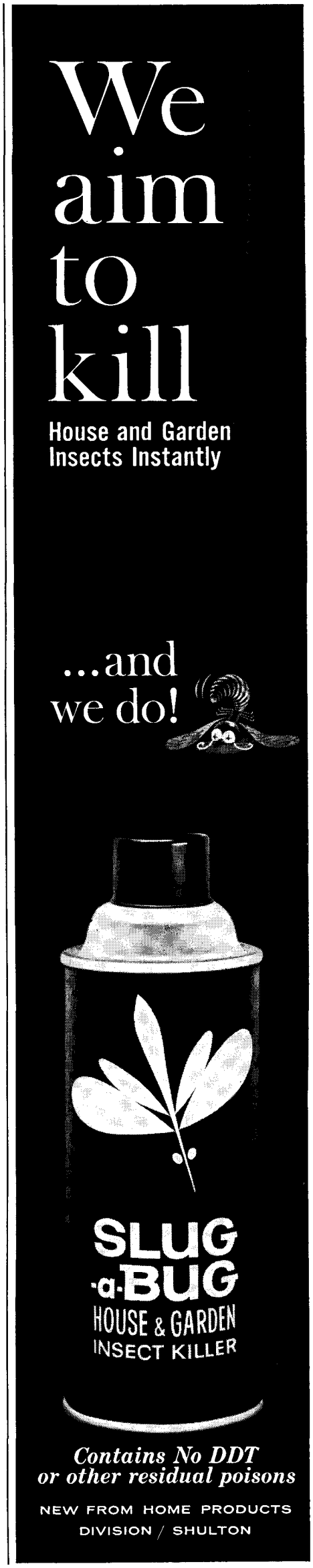
Kelly's certitude had vanished. Book didn't want to run. He had something else going for him. And Bookbinder, his friends and his money could be helpful in the next eighteen months.

Kelly decided not to tell the complete truth. "I'll level with you," he said. "This just isn't our year. So I don't really care which good man gets our nomination. Kennedy will beat whoever we put up. He and his family have their faces on the cover of every slick magazine on the stands, they are on TV every week, and the Democrats have built up a pretty good machine around the country."

So far, Kelly thought, that's the truth. Our man doesn't have a chance. Kelly was lying only around the edges. He did have a candidate—for 1968. And he wanted Book's discovery—if he had made one—nominated because he would lose to Kennedy. Then in 1968 Kelly could run a winner.

"What you need, Book, is a new messiah," Kelly said, feeling his way carefully. "A hero with no enemies. Our boys seem to be killing one another off. The Millionaire quick-draws on the Flyboy, the Flyboy skulks around the pass and shoots from ambush, the Rambler acts like a maiden, the Loser goes for the pastures where middle-aged lawyers grow fat."

Book enjoyed Kelly's nicknames. Kelly used them when he wanted to say something frank or cruel about a man in his own party. The Millionaire was Rockefeller (sometimes Kelly varied the routine by calling him the Banker, which wasn't quite accurate); Goldwater was the Flyboy (also Tom Mix); Nixon, the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Loser (coined after that disastrous press conference following his 1962 California defeat); and Romney was, of course, the Rambler.

"There aren't many messiah types around," Bookbinder said. He watched the merged faces of the old heroes on the wall blend in the refraction of the sun against many pieces of glass. "They just don't pop up every day."

"Book, I agree. But why don't you look? Because if you find one I'll support him to the hilt."

The two men turned slightly and looked at each other. They both felt refreshed.

The jeep moved at a careful high speed. Gujral had a sense for potholes and slippery mud.

"The Pakistanis have been unreasonable," Gujral said abruptly. "They agreed the two halves of the bridge should be exactly the same length. Both countries signed a paper. Now they say the boundary is the middle of the river at the bottom of the gorge. The middle of the river is actually ten feet east of the exact middle of the bridge."

"So?" Thatch asked.

"So now they say that India is invading ten feet of Pakistani air space," Gujral said. "This truly is the talk of children. Yes?"

Thatch did not respond. He seemed not to hear. He stared ahead.

The jeep swung around a huge gulmohar tree. They could see the bridge. It was an artifice, but it soared with an inherent beauty. The lines were clean and swinging. It was harmonic, spare as bones and, in some way, the most beautiful man-made thing Thatch had ever seen. As the head of Thatch, Inc., he had built warehouses, roads, quays, factories, causeways, tunnels, houses. Nothing had gripped him as this bridge had. For months he had waited and watched, and something inside him had unfolded with pleasure as the spans and cables and buttresses fell into place. Now it was stopped. It hung there, unfinished.

People milled around the head of the bridge. Some of them Thatch recognized. There was a group of Nationalist students carrying banners which said in Urdu, Hindi and English that the bridge was an indecency to India. There were Communists, somewhat older, who attacked the United States for building a bridge while thousands starved. Both groups had picketed the bridge since the day construction had begun. The Nationalists picketed because they opposed a bridge link with Pakistan. The Communists picketed because the bridge was being built by an American contractor.

Two new Land-Rovers and the men around them were unfamiliar to him. Thatch guessed they were reporters from local newspapers. Then, as the jeep came to a stop, he saw the glint from half a dozen camera lenses. He tensed.

He swung out of the jeep and walked toward the bridge. Cowell, his foreman—short, burly, quick and dependable—broke from the group of Americans. The reporters came after him, but the photographers stayed back, anxious to shoot Thatch with the bridge as a background.

"Hi, boss," Cowell said, talking fast. "We're in a hell of a spot. A light plane flew over this morning from the Pak side. It circled the bridge, apparently taking pictures. Someone began to fire at it from the Indian side and it went down in the middle of a village and apparently killed seven people. Or that's what the Indians say. We offered to give them transportation or first aid, but they had someone up from the capital already and they wouldn't let us near the spot. Both governments are ordering troops up to the bridge. The Communists are raising hell because it was a plane supplied by the U.S. to the Pak government. The Indians are claiming their air space was violated. That's as far as I can make it out, and some of that is rumor."

A lean, handsome reporter came toward them. "It looks as if your bridge will be used as a scene of battle before it is ever used for transportation," he said. "Both governments have ordered their troops to move to the 'outmost limits of their legal boundaries.' Which means the troops will be looking at one another across the twenty feet of empty space at the middle of your bridge."

Thatch looked at the clever eyes in the dark, sweating face, watched a drop of sweat roll down and disappear into the soft fold of the collar. He turned and looked at Cowell.

"Is that true?" he asked.

"That's what the radio said," Cowell replied. "They expect the troops to go to their 'legal boundary.' That would take them onto the bridge. Apparently the U.N. is worried about it and has asked both governments for a conference."

"There is going to be no fighting on that bridge," Thatch said stolidly. He had no idea what he would do, but his decision had been made.

Thatch turned and walked out onto the bridge. He was followed by the Americans, then the Indian workers, and finally by the reporters and photographers. At the other end of the bridge he could see figures moving toward the center, probably the same sort of people as on this side—reporters, workers, some Americans. When he arrived at the gap he would do what was necessary.

He looked up at the cables, casting an appraising eye on the steelwork, looking for imperfections. There were none. It was beautiful work.

They got to the gap. The end of the bridge was unprotected and the edge made razor-sharp by the enormous emptiness beneath it. Thatch walked to the gap, and stood with his feet only inches away from the edge. He did not glance down. Across the gap a group of Paks had gathered. He saw the faces of workmen he knew, several Americans who worked for Thatch, Inc., men in city clothes and others with cameras.

Both groups shuffled to a halt. The gap, with its morbid and persistent fascination, silenced everyone. They looked up at the big sweep of the cables and the arched span of the bridge and then back at the gap. The two groups stared at each other, the cameramen making a few adjustments but not shooting pictures.

"*Bhai*," Thatch said across the gap. The word anywhere in Asia meant almost the same thing: brother. It hung in the air. Some of the Paks began to move their hands, bringing their palms together. The silence deepened.

"Cowell, man the crane," Thatch said.

He pointed at a small movable crane ten yards back from the gap. Its cable circled a twenty-foot length of steel, the keystone girder that would close the gap. For four months the girder had been on the site. For three weeks it had been all that was needed to close the gap.

Cowell started the crane engine. It fired, hesitated, started erratically. Quickly Cowell made adjustments, his head cocked to one side, listening. The engine smoothed out.

Thatch walked over to the girder, stepped onto its smooth surface, wrapped his arm around the cable, and with his left hand gave a thumbs-up signal. Cowell stared at him. Thatch still held his thumb up. Cowell nodded. The winch tightened and the girder lifted. Thatch was fifteen feet above the bridge. The crane moved forward. Thatch's finger dropped when the girder was precisely over the middle of the gap.

Now the photographers began taking pictures frantically. Some merely shot Thatch from the edge of the gap, but one imaginative Pakistani, a small, wiry man, ran back down the bridge, scrambled up a girder, ignored the empty space beneath him and climbed. He kept climbing until he had everything in perspective—the gap, the two groups, the crane, Thatch on the girder, and the thread of the river. The river was the ultimate touch that was to make the photograph famous. The river was so distant and minute that Thatch seemed to be suspended in space, dangling casually over an abyss. Like any great news photograph, it was partly accident. The sun was at an angle which caught the water in the gorge and turned it a deep red. It gave the picture a solemnity, a kind of raw symbolism that no one could miss.

"Friends, I want to tell you a story," Thatch said. He was no orator—God! he had reason to know he was no orator—but suddenly he knew what he was going to say. He knew the words that could close the intolerable gap. His voice carried easily to both groups. "Many years ago a group of patriots protested the British salt tax and made a march toward the sea. They did not call themselves Pakistanis or Indians; they did not quarrel about Urdu or Hindu or Bengali or Parsi. They were like all of you. They were your fathers and mothers. They were marching to the sea to take their own salt from the ocean. And that was against the law of the British. They marched not because they were hungry for salt, but to show their defiance of an unjust law."

Thatch stopped. He looked from one group to the other. They were silent, looking up at him.

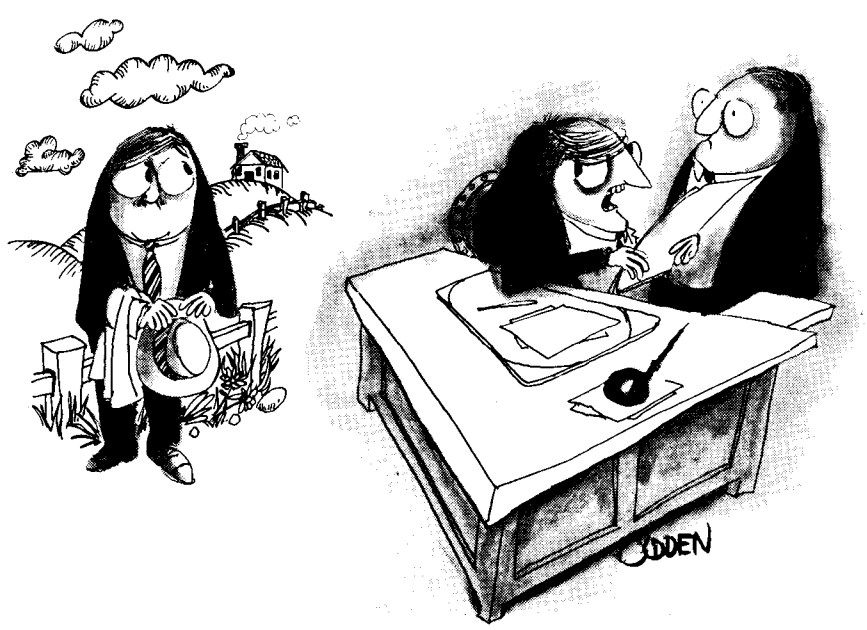
"The British sent a message saying that the next morning they would barricade the road the salt marchers were taking," Thatch went on, his voice more certain. "A double line of British soldiers was drawn up across the road. The first line of soldiers held bamboo lathees, the second line had rifles. The marchers stopped a few hundred yards from the barricade, and, without instructions, each man's family gathered around him. They bathed him and dressed him in clean clothes. They said good-bye to him. Then the men walked forward to the edge of the barricade and sat down, spacing themselves so that the British with the lathees would have room to swing them. The British officer in charge of the soldiers ordered the marchers to disband and to clear the public thoroughfare. Those men, your fathers, did not speak and they did not move. Their wives and children crouched a hundred yards behind them and waited."

A sigh, a single haunted sigh, went up from the Pakistani side of the bridge. It came from an old man Thatch recognized as a skilled painter. Perhaps, Thatch thought, he had been on the march as a young man. Unself-conscious and delicate, the painter's sigh was a sound of hard recollection and of suffering. Thatch knew it resounded in the heads of his audience.

"The British soldiers stepped out with their lathees and began to beat the marchers. The marchers put their hands over their heads, but did nothing more to protect themselves. When they fell down unconscious, the lathees bit into their faces and chests and stomachs. The British soldiers whipped until their arms were sore and then they switched hands and whipped again, for their officers walked behind them. There were moans, for the marchers were only human. But no one ran. No one shouted. They listened to their families mourn for them—for all of them. Brahmans sat in the shadows of Untouchables and waited their turn. The flies came first. Swarms of flies. Black, frantic for blood. . . ."

A voice, perhaps that of the old Pakistani painter, uttered a single word: "*Enough*." Thatch turned, and the girder swung like a pendulum. His eyes looked for the speaker.

"Not enough," Thatch said calmly. "Not yet. Not until the vultures came and perched on the trees and waited. Ants swarmed over the fallen bodies. And the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't like his background."

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British sweated through their uniforms, but continued to swing the lathees.

"Enough? Not yet. For there is an ending. And how did it end? A daring vulture made a pass at the road and plucked up a human eyeball. The vulture was seen by a young soldier, who vomited. Then the British were seized by an epidemic of vomiting. Finally the soldiers staggered away from the heaving mass of men and insects. They refused to lift the lathees again. And so it ended. Not a marcher had fled. Your fathers—all castes, all tongues, all colors, all religions, from all regions—not one had fled."

He paused. The story of what he had seen himself as a terrified boy was over. But he had to go on, to forge the final link.

"After that day something happened to the British. The end of their reign was known to every marcher there. The marchers had won. And why? Because all men, under the skin, are made the same, and when skin and muscle are ripped, the same blood flows. They learned that day—that day under the sun and the vultures—what a cause means."

Thatch paused. He sought the eyes of the old Pakistani painter. Their eyes locked for a moment. The old man sighed and said, "It was like that. I was there." He held up his arms, showing a dull patchwork of lathee scars. "I was young and therefore in the last rank of marchers. I was scarred only on the arms."

There was a long moment of waiting. Thatch listened to the silence carefully. The moment had come.

"This gap between the two halves of this bridge is a sign of the meanness and the evil and suspicion in men," Thatch said. "It was this gap between human beings which the salt marchers closed. It was their unity, the absence of any gap, that made them prevail." He paused. Then he asked the question slowly: "What should we do?"

"*Close the gap.*"

It came as a whisper, first from one mouth, then from several. It was repeated, and this time many voices, even those of the photographers, repeated th three words.

Thatch maneuvered the girder with his feet so that the ends swung toward either end of the bridge. He looked at Cowell and turned his thumb down. The girder lowered slowly. A few inches above bridge level it was seized by a half-dozen hands on each side. Bodies leaned over the gap, oblivious of the height. Slowly, with infinite care, Cowell eased the girder down. There was a click on one side. A moment passed and Thatch felt sweat run down between his shoulder blades. Then there was the second click, and a low cheer rose from the workers. Rivets were slipped in. The girder fit. There were several sharp explosions, and it was locked into place.

For a moment Thatch stood alone on the girder. He was very tired. Maybe, he thought, looking down, I really am afraid. He lifted his head and, without looking at his feet, walked to the Pakistan side of the bridge.

"The bridge is finished," a young Pakistani shouted. "We must send the soldiers home. There is no need for them here. And if they do not go we will sit down on our bridge and bare our backs, as the salt marchers did."

Thatch sensed feverish activity on bot. sides. Other girders rose on the crane and were riveted into place. He leaned against a railing, his body weary beyond anything he had ever known.

Eve Wilder was the wife of a U.S. Information Service officer in New Delhi. She was also a part-time reporter for the Associated Press, and when she heard about the trouble at the new bridge she took off on the train. She traveled third class and listened. By the time she reached the village railhead nearest the bridge, she realized from the scattered conversations that something close to a revolution or mutiny had occurred at the bridge.

She struck off down the road, swinging a knobby cane. She stopped at a few villages to buy soda pop and to gossip. At each village the bridge incident became clearer. When Eve got to the bridge, the American workers drifted toward her; a white woman was a rarity there. She was no beauty, but they joked with her anyway. Finally she walked over to Thatch's tent and introduced herself. He was curt and brief in his answers.

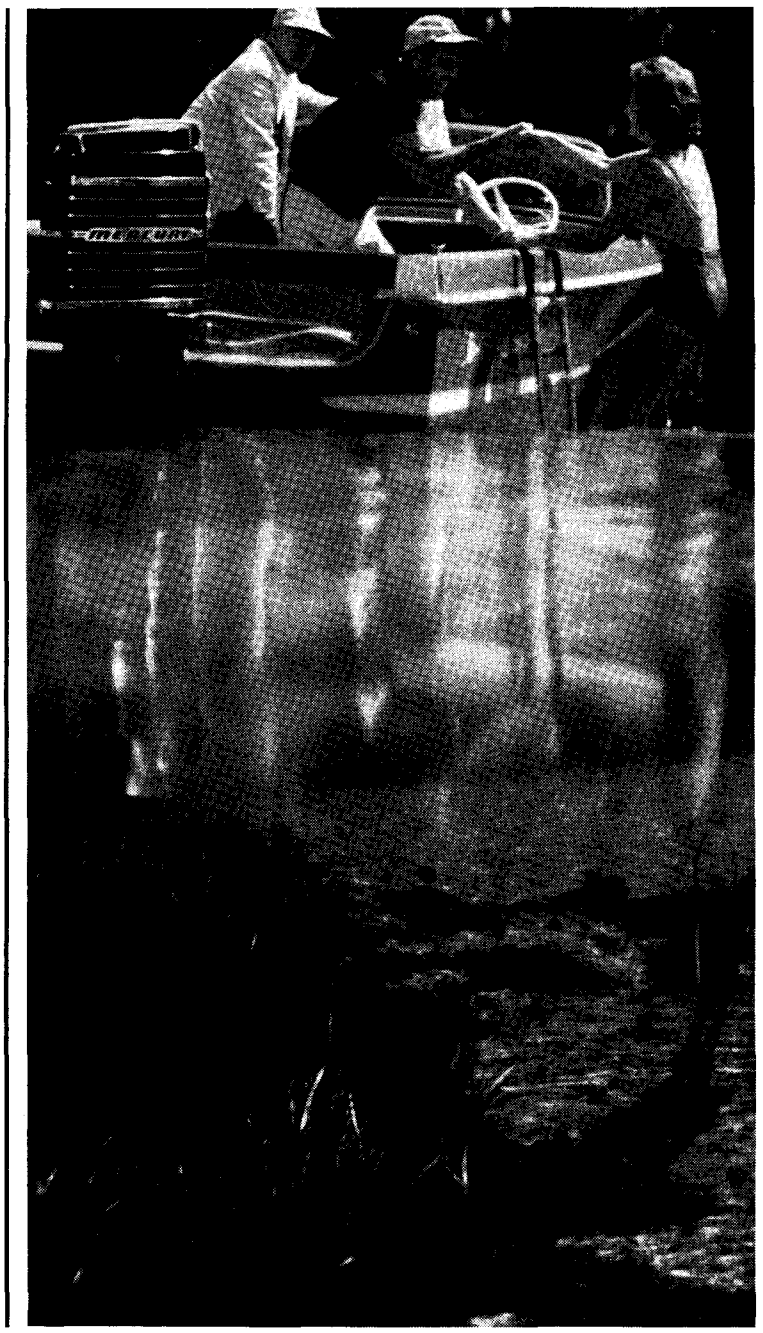
"What did the workers do when the troops came?"

"The troops didn't get to the bridge," he said. He got up and left the tent.

"Why not?" Eve said, following him.

Thatch did not answer. They were walking toward the middle of the bridge, toward the gap so recently closed. The concrete topping was fresh and white. At one edge, some words in Hindi and Pakistani had been written in the concrete before it had hardened. Eve Wilder stopped and knelt down.

"They are names," she said, looking up at Thatch. "The names of the workers?"



"Two good ways to beat the worries"

Wausau Story

by CARL KIEKHAEFER,

President, The Kiekhaefer Corporation, manufacturer of Mercury Outboards, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

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164 Offices Coast to Coast / "Good people to do business with"

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"You speak the language," Thatch said, and for the first time he smiled.

"Not well, but enough to get along," she said.

He walked back and forth beside the fresh concrete. Occasionally he looked over the railing, down at the river and then up at the great sweep of the bridge.

"I heard about the salt-march speech you made," she said. "That was an ingenious idea."

"Ingenious?" Thatch said. He looked surprised. "I saw that massacre. I was in India with my father, a missionary, and he wanted to join the salt marchers. My mother talked him out of it, but we went down to see it. The marchers would not have allowed a foreigner in the march anyway, but my father always felt guilty. We dressed wounds for the marchers. No, it was not ingenious of me to talk about the salt march. It just came to mind."

When they returned to the construction camp, they found that three other reporters had arrived in a jeep. The reporters converged on Thatch. Thatch's face hardened. Eve Wilder walked over and in slangy Hindi persuaded the jeep driver to take her for a ride. The ride was to the nearest telegraph office and was nonstop.

Ed O'Reilly, head of the New Delhi A.P. bureau, had managed news bureaus in a half-dozen world capitals, and he wasn't easily excited. He had already checked with the Indian government and knew, off the record, that they had called off "military operations" around the bridge. But until he received Eve Wilder's wire he had not known the reason. He knew that the Indian government information officers were angry. The generals in charge of the air force and army were demanding that Thatch be thrown out of the country. It had been a long time since a foreigner—or, for that matter, an Indian—had defied the government on so big an issue.

Tom Gulligan, in the New York office of the A.P., put the pieces together. For two weeks there had been signs of rising tension between India and Pakistan, emergency meetings at the U.N., talk of a "fact-finding mission." It looked like an old pattern.

But now, Gulligan thought, some innocent engineer named John Thatch, whom no one had ever heard of, had blundered into an international incident and come out smelling like a rose. No, it was more than that, Gulligan thought; the man had, in a way, shaped history. This man Thatch had done something and said something that generated a kind of solidarity, rekindled some old memory. Gulligan's Karachi man had picked up rumors of action centering around the slogan "Remember the salt march."

Gulligan authorized Karachi to pay up to three hundred dollars for the picture that had appeared in the *Pakistan Times*. He set a rewrite man to putting together a story under the headline AMERICAN ENGINEER MAY HAVE PREVENTED WAR. He wired New Delhi to get as much of Thatch's speech, word for word, as possible.

The A.P. release went out and was picked up by about half the subscribing newspapers. The next day, the picture arrived from Karachi with a note saying that it had cost only fifty dollars. Gulligan sat looking at the picture, at the tall, powerful American dangling on a girder high above a riverbed far below. In the middle distance were the faces of the two groups of workers, and the grainy detail was fine enough to see that they had a look of absorption or, you could imagine, something deeper—the look of men hungering to believe.

It was a masterful picture. The physical danger to Thatch made it arresting. But the faces of the workers and the thread of river and the knowledge that the man on the girder was defying two sovereign nations while troops were hurrying toward the bridge gave it added dimensions. Gulligan sensed that the picture was going to become famous. He was right.

The tape recording of Thatch's speech which the New Delhi A.P. man had borrowed from an Indian TV man and played over into his own tape recorder was blurred and rough in spots. Gulligan listened to it in his noisy office, not fully understanding what was said. But at the moment when he heard a voice cry "Enough," the hair on his neck rose. He was used to fast analysis, to resisting emotion, to a distaste for the sentimental. At the end of the speech, as the tape flapped on the spool, Gulligan was moved.

"Bowman, come over here," he yelled at his assistant. "Send out a notice that we are having a follow-up on the Thatch story and that we consider it one of the big ones of the year. Will supply photos as well as text of speech Thatch gave. Get some more biography on Thatch. His company must have an office in the States. Hit the drama at the bridge. And head the story this time THE MAN WHO SHAPED HISTORY."

When Bowman was back at his desk, Gulligan picked up the telephone and dialed the director of news at CBS.

"Frank, this is Tom Gulligan at A.P.," he said. He had no sense of making an ordinary business deal; somehow he felt as if he were on a reckless mission. "We've got some more stuff on that Thatch guy on the bridge and one wonderful photograph. I just have a feeling, Frank, that it's going to be one of the big stories. I'd like you to see the picture and listen to a tape. I think this is stuff you can make a special out of."

Frank came by two hours later, looked and listened. Without leaving Gulligan's office, he called New Delhi and talked to four different people. He then called his own office and sent a young producer off on the next Pan Am flight to Delhi.

The A.P. dominated the story for more than four days, partly by luck and partly by Eve Wilder's hard work.

On the fourth day they sent out a story that raised the question of John Thatch's safety. Rumors were widespread in Karachi and New Delhi that both governments intended to arrest Thatch on the grounds that he had "engaged in domestic politics, encouraged insurrection among the people, used his position to support anarchy." The story—a reliable one, as it turned out—was what exploded the whole episode. Dozens of papers ran editorials saying that if John Thatch were punished for his courageous act, the United States Congress should cut off all foreign aid to both countries.

One of the news magazines scrapped the cover it had planned and ran an artist's conception of Thatch on the girder over the bridge. The cover story was studded with facts about Thatch's background, reporting that he was a self-made millionaire who had heavy construction contracts all over the world, that he had gone to college for three years but had no degree, that he had enlisted in the Navy during the war and had wound up as a warrant officer.

In a boxed editorial the magazine demanded that the President of the United States take steps to assure Thatch's physical safety: "It would be the supreme irony if this young man, who has become a symbol of individuality and courage and who has the support of the masses of South Asia, should be punished by petulant governments outraged that their sovereignty has been challenged."

Telegrams poured into the White House, demanding action to guarantee Thatch's safety, and the President, at his next news conference, used several minutes to describe the situation. Then he said that while the United States Government had intervened forcefully, Thatch's safety had really been assured by the energies of "countless thousands of the nameless masses of India and Pakistan rallying to the support of an American friend. It is an inspiring episode. America can be proud of John Thatch.

"I pledge to you that wherever an American acts in a manner which is in the best American tradition and in the American interest he will have the full support of this office," he said, and then added, looking squarely into the camera, "and, I sincerely believe, the support of the entire American people."

That, officially, closed the matter of John Thatch and the episode of the bridge.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's right, sir! The East Wing—could be the Lincoln suite—I thought you'd like to know."

John Thatch watched the outlines of San Francisco Bay come into focus, with the pure symmetry of the Golden Gate Bridge, which he loved. Ten minutes later he was walking up the airport ramp. He knew where Terry would be. She always hid behind an abutment at the top of the ramp, only her forehead and one eye visible. He pretended to ignore her, looking away.

Terry stepped out from the abutment and said, "*Mabuhay*," emphasizing the middle syllable so the "boo" was loud. In the few steps it took Thatch to reach her, he sensed how incongruous this little game was. Terry was a tall girl, but she retained the smallness of bone, the kind of Malay fragility which was undefinable but seemed like something just behind the skin. In other ways she did not look like a Malay, and, in fact, Thatch did not know how much Filipino blood she had. It was probably a small amount, for Filipinos often thought her French or Spanish, even though she spoke Tagalog perfectly.

Her eyes were huge and brown. She dressed very simply and had a kind of aloofness which was really shyness. It unnerved people who didn't know her.

He kissed her full on the mouth and, as always, felt surprise at the softness of the mouth, which looked so small. But this morning there was tension in her. He felt it under his hands and saw it in the tightness of her smile.

"Thatch, the famous man," she whispered. "Thatch and his bridge."

Later, when they were in the car and making the short drive home, Terry sat with her arm along his leg, her fingers lightly touching the back of his knee.

"How was it, John?" she asked quietly.

"Not as bad as the papers made it out," John said. "I don't think I was ever in danger of being arrested."

"I didn't, either," Terry said quietly. She had lived through a war and years in a concentration camp. She did not panic easily. "But did you really make that speech? The one at the bridge?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "It was me, all right." Terry's fingers tightened.

"People said you sounded like a combination of Billy Graham and F.D.R. It didn't sound like you, but in a strange way it *was* you." She hesitated. "But when you got to the salt march it was like a part of you talking that I thought belonged only to me."

"And it scared you," John said, no question in his voice.

She sighed.

The house was a mile back in the hills from El Camino Real. It was set on five acres of land that included a corral, a barn, and beyond that a small guesthouse. The buildings were made of adobe bricks. The house was not large and was

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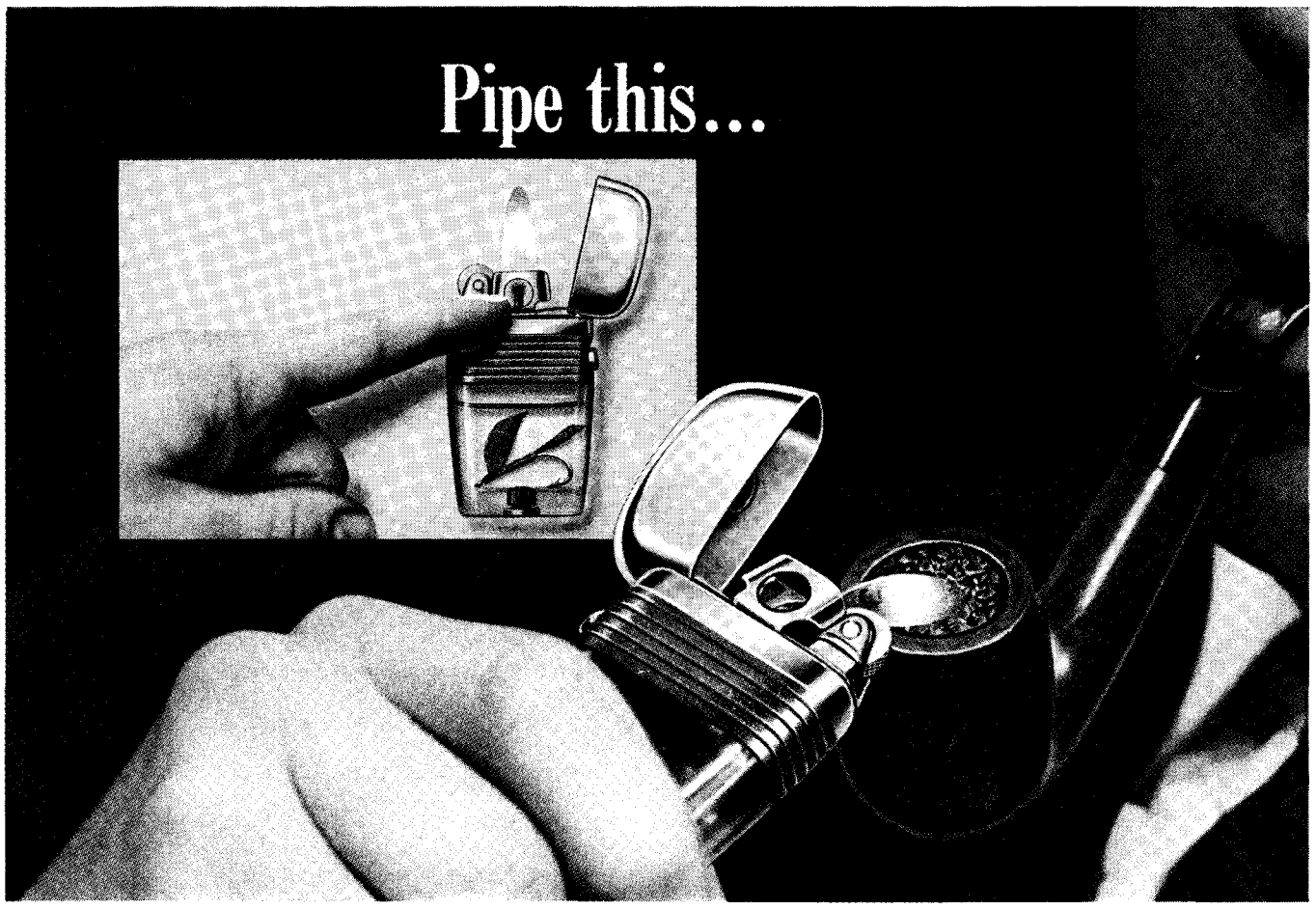

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dominated by a living room clearly not done by a professional decorator—it contained too much. The room had a kind of pleasant disorder about it.

Today on a table in the center of the room there were several stacks of letters, each over a foot high.

"Letters," Terry said. Her voice was uncertain. "I guess you call them fan mail. After the first news story they started coming in, maybe twenty or thirty a day. Then after the TV thing they started coming by the hundreds."

"Hundreds?" John asked.

"It's kind of crazy," Terry said. "The letters just came addressed to John Thatch, San Mateo. Three times the post office drove a special truck out here and dumped the mail in the front room."

"They'll stop," Thatch said. He walked cautiously around the stacks of mail.

"I'm not sure, John," Terry said. "The last news story was four days ago and today over two hundred letters arrived. I stuck them in the guesthouse. These people—they want you for something, John. I don't understand. Today's letters—those I read—a lot of them said that you shouldn't give up your fight just because the newspapers stopped writing about you. They were from all over, but they sounded the same, as if you were the leader of a crusade."

Thatch felt something that he could not identify for a moment. And when he did, he was instantly angry with himself: The stacks of letters gave him pleasure.

"Well, I'm not leading any crusade," he said, and his voice was flat and harsh. "Why do you have them in stacks?"

"Well, I started to sort of classify them," Terry said. "Letters from kids, those from schoolteachers, requests to make speeches, demands that you run for office. There were also some crank letters"—her voice shook a little—"written by people with bad handwriting and made up of swear words. Do you want to read one?"

"No," Thatch said. "Maybe later, but not now. I'd like a sandwich and some beer."

John walked around the stacks of mail. There couldn't be hundreds, Thatch thought. Hundreds of people scribbling notes to him? Why would they?

On top of one pile was a sheet of bond paper with a name and address embossed at the top.

Dear Mr. Thatch:

I have never before written to a stranger. That is for the cheap adulators of movie stars or the frenzied and pathetic who pursue distinguished people.

I write you, however, for what I hope are much better motives. Sir, you are the first American of our times who has stood up and told foreigners that America will not forever put up with every kind of idiotic provocation.

As you are fully aware, the American Government, led by President Kennedy and his Harvard eggheads, the newspapers and the mass media have decided to black you out. You are paying the price of outspokenness. I write only to let you know that I and a group of my friends are deeply affected by your courage. Respectfully,

ALLEN TROWBRIDGE III

"Interesting?" Terry said.

Thatch jerked around. He felt an unidentifiable irritation. "Do you think this is a crackpot?" he asked.

Terry glanced at the letter. "I don't know. Maybe half a crackpot," she said. "All that stuff about Kennedy and the press plotting a 'blackout.' You don't believe any of that, do you?"

"Hell, no," Thatch said.

Terry smiled, but tightly. He went to her, and then she began to tremble. She wept against his chest, her slim body shaking and her words almost incoherent. He listened, not understanding. "Don't let them take you away." The not quite white-skinned wife he'd found in a foreign prison—she needed him more than they needed him.

He mumbled his assurances and patted her back, all the while wondering who "they" were and when he would meet them.

The door to Bookbinder's office in New York opened, and the two men looked up as Madison Curver came in. He was tall, almost too thin, and he walked with a slight stoop. His narrow face was as intellectual as Levi had expected, but it also had a quality of curiosity which showed when he looked around the room.

"You must be Mr. Levi," Curver said. He walked over and shook hands. "Book has told me about you. Classmates at Harvard." Curver knew that the two were also friends, widowers, self-made rich, politicians to the bone and anonymous.

Levi had never seen such self-assurance in so young a man. It was poise, an easy way of walking, an absolute absence of shyness. As Curver bent over him, Levi could see that he dressed well; he was wearing a handmade tweed suit which was not new but was beautifully put together. He was old-Midwestern rich, Levi knew, but the young man never talked about it. Book had taken Curver into the firm three years ago, straight from Columbia Law School.

Curver looked easily at Levi. He took out a pack of three-by-five cards and began to write on one of them with a pencil.

"Don't start that doodling, Mad," Bookbinder said. "It makes me nervous."

"It's not doodling, Book," Curver said. "It's my form of shorthand. You get used to it in a few minutes."

"It's what?" Levi asked. He felt a slight irritation. Curver interested him and at the same time was somehow offensive.

"It's a kind of shorthand I worked out," Curver said. He leaned forward and showed Levi a card. It was covered with unfamiliar signs with a few letters showing and the one word "Levi." "Some people freeze when a tape recorder goes on," Curver said. "But they think I'm just a compulsive doodler."

"What does the card say?" Levi asked. He could not resist asking the question.

"It just gives today's date, the names of those present—your name is short so I put it down once and after this I'll just use the letter 'L'—and a proposed agenda."

"You've got an agenda?" Book asked.

"Why not? It never hurts," Curver said. "Only three items on it. First, can the incumbent President be beaten? Second, Doctor Cotter's work. Third, discussion of Simulations Enterprises."

"Let's skip the first one," Bookbinder said, "and go right to Cotter. Does Cotter know what he is talking about?"

"No."

"Then why the hell did you give me his report to read?"

"Because Cotter is the best of the pollsters, that's why," Curver said. "He has no imagination, he hates guesses, lacks intuition. That's what you want in a pollster. Also, his results are usually better than those of the politicians. And the Simulations people are way ahead of Cotter."

Bookbinder and Levi both swung their heads. Curver laughed.

"Any time some kid Ph.D. has more political know-how than Jim Farley or Joe Kennedy or Dirksen I'll pay your bar bill at the club for a month," Bookbinder growled.

"OK, Book, you want some evidence?" Curver asked. "Nineteen-sixty is a good year to compare. The pollsters were getting a lot of problems ironed out. Out in California Teddy Kennedy was running the campaign for J.F.K. in the eleven western states. Every week he got reports from the pros. From the pot-bellied boys with the big cigars who hung around the pool halls and the courthouses and talked to precinct captains and said they had their fingers on the pulse of the people. They predicted victory in their areas. They kept talking of 'good party morale,' 'peaking the campaign,' 'tough precinct organizations.' A smart guy named Lou Harris was running a confidential poll for Kennedy. His reports went to Teddy too. Harris indicated that Kennedy might lose *all* the western states, including California."

"Kennedy won only New Mexico and Nevada," Levi said dryly. "For a total of seven electoral votes."

"That's right. Seven electoral votes," Curver repeated. "The point is that the pros honestly believed the Democrats were going to win big. And Lou Harris and Teddy Kennedy knew the Democrats would lose small. The simple fact is that the polls are better than the pros if you're trying to guess who's going to win an election."

"Just a minute," Bookbinder said. "What about all the polls indicating that Dewey was going to lick Truman in 1948?"

"The pollsters made a mistake," Curver admitted calmly. "They were new at the game. Polls were only eighteen or twenty years old and there wasn't enough money behind them yet. They stopped pollin during the last month, when a lot o people switched over. They made mistakes, like phrasing their questions incorrectly. Also, they ignored the fact that the incumbent President has a grip on people. They hate to turn him out."

"Why do we need Cotter?" Bookbinder asked.

"For just one purpose," Curver said. "To tell us what the voters are thinking about. He's already suggested something, Book, that has you in a spin. His results indicate no one can beat Kennedy next year."

"Can Cotter tell us *why* the power of the incumbent President is so great?" Levi asked softly.

"He doesn't have a clue, and if he did he wouldn't dare breathe it," Curver said. "This man believes he is as precise as a physicist, and physicists don't go around predicting how experiments will work out. But there is a way to find out why voters vote the way they do."

"I don't want to hear it again," Bookbinder said. "But go ahead; let Levi know what is happening to politics."

"You get the services of an outfit called Simulations Enterprises—or one called Simulmatics Corporation, which originated the concept and which Kennedy used in the 1960 campaign—and then you combine that with the reports from some shrewd psychiatrists and you have just about as much as we are going to know about the *why* of anything going on inside one hundred and ninety million different heads."

"Go on," Levi said.

Curver hesitated. It was so fugitive, so hard to catch, so difficult to say easily—and so incredibly important.

"It's not easy, but I'll try," Curver said. "Take a group identified as Southern,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Martin, a smart Scout is darn careful about when he's cheerful!"

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wealthy, urban, professional, third-generation." Curver paused. "How would they vote?"

"That's easy," Book said. "They'll vote for the Republicans or a states'-rights party just because of the Democratic position on civil rights, or Bobby Kennedy, or high income tax."

Curver smiled. He drew on the cigar, watched it shrivel a quarter of an inch.

"I should have added one more adjective," Curver said. "It was 'Negro.'"

There was silence in the room. When Bookbinder spoke, it was in a soft, wondering voice. "Southern, wealthy, urban, professional, third-generation Negroes," he said. "Mad, are there enough such people to influence a presidential campaign? I doubt it."

"And you would be wrong, Book," Curver said. "Those wealthy Negro professionals in Southern cities are pretty important. First, because they vote. Second, because they get out the Negro vote wherever the Negro can vote. They influence others."

"How do you know how these people are going to vote?" Levi asked.

"You go out and ask a few of them and you take their behavior on past issues and you run this through a computing machine and you come up with an analysis of where they stand on various issues," Curver said. Levi started to interrupt, and Curver lifted his hand. "That is what the Simulations group does. But we can take their information and give it to the psychologists and psychiatrists who have really studied Negroes in the group and finally you tease out *why* they think the way they do."

"How many groups do these people have?" Bookbinder asked.

"When Simulmatics Corporation invented the idea, they had 480 groups. Simulations Enterprises has about the same number. These companies didn't just invent these groups, Book. They went through every poll worth looking at and after a lot of work came up with groups which seem to react and vote the same way. And now they know a lot about each of those groups—so much, in fact, that they can simulate how the group will act before the group has even heard of an issue."

"That's what I object to," Bookbinder snapped. "Even if the groups exist, it's wrong that people don't know they belong to such a group and—shut up a minute, Mad—if you know that much about a group, you're going to start to manipulate it."

"Book, I don't think Curver is suggesting that," Levi said. He had a softly persuasive voice. "These people have just developed a new tool. Now, maybe they can use the tool in an immoral way, but we have to wait and see."

"This could become a nightmare, Levi," Bookbinder said. "That's why I wanted you to hear it. Let a madman or just some very ambitious power-seeker start to use stuff like this, and the whole game is changed. He would be getting at people in a way they are not even aware of."

"That's possible," Curver said. "But let's take a look at politics before the computer came along with its big stack of tapes. It was pretty damned irresponsible then. Pretty much of a nightmare. Look, a big part of politics has always been an underground of wild rumor, fantasies, filthy jokes, stories about corruption and dipping into the public trough."

"Those old politicos were playing on prejudice and irrationality," Book said, "but they did it haphazardly, just making wild stabs and hoping they'd hit the public nerve. Part of our protection in politics is the fact that no one really knows how it works. If one man can refine it to a science, he or the next guy won't be able to resist temptation. And if he were the wrong man, that would be the end."

"But if everyone knows what is going on, then they all have the same advantage," Curver said.

Bookbinder ignored the comment. After a short pause he went on: "Politics is knowing what you believe and going out and trying to persuade the people to go along with you. But this damned pollster approach means taking the pulse of the people and if they get a fever you stand up and say, 'Fever is great.'"

"Book, listen to me a minute," Mad said. Bookbinder's voice faded. "Listen, because I think it means something. How did we get into this? Because I told you that not in our lifetime would an incumbent President be licked for a second term if he wanted to run. Right? You said I was crazy. But Hoover was the last incumbent to lose and it won't happen again. If the incumbent acts, he gains support—even if he makes a whopping mistake."

"What about someone who comes in with a reputation as big as the President's?" Bookbinder asked. "Someone like this Thatch fellow in India?"

"Book, it's possible," Curver said. "But do you know what this challenger would have to be? For example, he'd have to be 'sincere.' Meaning that people believe he is above avarice, ambition and pride. It's possible to find someone like that, but usually he is the incumbent President."

Curver looked at the two men. They were not weak; they had principles. But now they seemed to sag.

Levi recovered first. When he spoke, his voice had its usual soft and precise quality. "Book, let's don't fool ourselves," he said. "The young man has just described a technique, a tool, an instrument. We're here because we believe some things are more important than techniques. One such thing is that the President should not just automatically be re-elected. So we are going to back the best man running against him, and if there aren't any good ones, we'll find one." He smiled. "Or we'll try like hell."

Emily, encoder third class, looked at the three men who came into the institute with Doctor Cotter. The big man was familiar—not famous-familiar, but familiar. The Jew was not. The younger man looked at Emily, and she was pleased until she saw that he was watching her fingers. The flush of pleasure died. He was waiting to see how good she was at encoding. He had been around.

With Curver's eyes on her, Emily worked fast. She jammed a card in the encoder and put in sex, age, political registration, region, estimated S.E.S. occupation, race (not asked of the subject but guessed by the interviewer), marital status, religion.

"What does S.E.S. mean?" a voice asked. Emily looked up. It was the big, husky man.

"It's social-economic status," Emily said. From the corner of her eye she saw Doctor Cotter coming toward them. It was a rule for employees not to speak to clients.

"Social-economic status?" Bookbinder said. "Come on, young lady, don't leave me there. What does it mean?"

"It means the estimated position of the subject in the total population in terms of his social position and income," Doctor Cotter said firmly.

Emily hated Doctor Cotter. He was square and knew it. He used it. He deliberately dressed in boxlike suits with vests, and heavy brown shoes and starched collars, and held onto his Minnesota manners. In a city where everyone dressed Ivy League, Doctor Cotter was a walking antique. And it made him more believable.

"How do you know someone's S.E.S?" Bookbinder asked. "Do you slip up alongside and say, 'Come on, buddy, tell me your S.E.S.'? Sounds like a dirty word."

Emily started to laugh and stopped. She needed the job.

"It's not as ambiguous as it sounds," Doctor Cotter said. "First of all, the interviewer is told precisely what neighborhoods to go into. So that takes care of the economic thing. You don't find a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man living in a working-class neighborhood."

"What if you find a Negro in one of the houses?" Bookbinder asked. Emily felt excitement grow in her. She liked the old boy. "What does that do to his social-status ratings? I mean if you find him in a high-income neighborhood?"

"We mark him low on social status," Doctor Cotter said. "Several studies have indicated ——"

"I don't care what those studies indicated," Bookbinder said. "Why do you automatically put a rich Negro in a low social status?"

"Because that is where his neighbors and peers put him," Doctor Cotter said. "Through an elaborate scaling technique, we have discovered how people rank one another. Any person of color—Negro, Filipino, Chinese, anything—falls in the lowest social status."

"As judged by his neighbors?" Bookbinder asked.

"Of course. What other standard could we use?"

"What about using your own judgment about his social status? Say he was the Negro doctor who helped develop the technique of giving blood-plasma transfusions?" Bookbinder said. "Wouldn't you give him a high social status?"

"Mr. Bookbinder, that would be a subjective evaluation on our part," Doctor Cotter said, and his voice grew calm and pedantic. "Very unscientific."

Emily watched the big man's fists dig deep into his pockets.

"Book, knock it off," Curver said quietly. "We're not here to argue about the thing. We're here to find out how Doctor Cotter runs his poll."

"I'll continue with the explanation of our technique," Doctor Cotter said. "Science is a method of generalizing from small samples to larger units."

Emily suddenly loathed Doctor Cotter.

"Doctor Cotter, I've got a question," Emily said. A mood compounded of anger and boredom and humiliation made her go on. She also sensed there was something unusual in the questionnaires she was encoding.

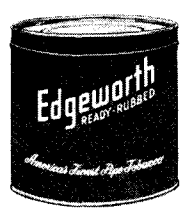
"Yes, Emily," Doctor Cotter said. He was not irritated. He was never irritated.

"I've done about a hundred of these questionnaires, and on at least five there have been written-in responses to the presidential-preference item," Emily said.

"The procedure is just to make a separate note of the written-in names," Doctor Cotter said. "They never amount

Which hand do you want, Daddy?

The hand with the full smoking pleasure of...



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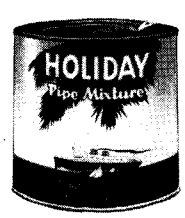

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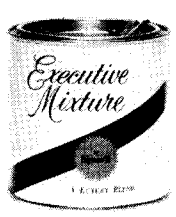

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to anything significant in a statistical sense." He turned back to the visitors.

"But, Doctor Cotter, these five names are the same person," she said.

Doctor Cotter's attention came back to her with a jerk. Emily felt a stab of pleasure and knew it was malice. It was the first time she had seen him jerk like that.

"All five were the same name?" he asked.

"What does all this mean?" Levi asked.

"It's all very simple," Doctor Cotter said. He went over to a shelf and picked up some blank questionnaires and a card.

"Every so often we have a name-identification question. We throw in all sorts of people—movie stars, businessmen, sports figures, politicians, maybe even a Nobel Prize winner," Doctor Cotter said. "The subject is asked to identify the person."

He handed Levi the card. Bookbinder looked over Levi's shoulder. The names were in large, bold type.

1. John Steinbeck
2. Jonas Salk
3. Kate Smith
4. Elizabeth Taylor
5. Charles de Gaulle
6. The President
7. James Hoffa
8. George Romney

"The subject is asked, number by number, if he has heard of the person," Doctor Cotter said. As he spoke he glanced at Emily's cards. She knew he could never imagine a person cheating. He was frightened of the eccentric cards.

"You ought to start them out on the President and Elizabeth Taylor," Bookbinder said. "They can't miss there."

"That's not exactly so," Doctor Cotter said. He had, quite deliberately, no sense of humor. "If we insisted on a strict identification of the President, fewer than fifty percent of the people could speak his given name."

"You mean that there is anyone abroad in this land who doesn't know the name of the President?" Bookbinder asked. "You must have included kids, illiterates and hermits."

"No, we did not include juveniles or nonliterate persons," Doctor Cotter said. His voice had a heavy authority. "But literate Americans, over twenty-one years of age, of all races, all degrees of social-economic status, all religions, and all regions include one person out of ten who cannot identify the President's name."

"What happened when you asked the item the way you have it here, 'The President?'" Bookbinder asked.

"The figures are in my office, but the President dropped from ninety percent when his name was on the card to forty-eight percent when only his title was mentioned," Doctor Cotter said.

"I don't believe it," Bookbinder said. "If people were that dumb we wouldn't be a republic. We wouldn't have anything like popular participation in politics."

Levi cut in as softly as a razor through suet. "Book, give a lecture on your own time," he said. "I take it that Doctor Cotter has a very low opinion of the level of citizen information on politics."

Doctor Cotter looked genuinely puzzled. "I have no opinion on such matters, Mr. Levi," he said. "The task of the institute is to reduce attitudes and opinions held by millions of different people to a quantifiable level. Opinion has nothing to do with it."

"But surely politics is a matter of opinion," Levi said. "That's what it is all about. Who is right and who is wrong."

"I suppose so," Doctor Cotter said slowly. "Politics is concerned with right and wrong, but that is not what we are concerned with here at the institute. We are measuring attitudes about politics, breakfast food, nylon tires, contraception, cholesterol—really almost anything. But the right or wrong of any one thing is something else. That's out of our field."

"What about those five people who gave the same name on the presidential-preference question?" Bookbinder asked.

"It just doesn't happen that way," Doctor Cotter said. "Probably a person has made an impact on some group in one area and they all volunteer this name. Emily, what area are the five write-ins from?"

"Ohio, Southern California, Massachusetts, Washington, D.C., and Kansas," Emily said.

"Did you recheck it?" Doctor Cotter said. His face was pure astonishment.

"Yes, sir," Emily said.

She fanned out the five questionnaires. Bookbinder, Levi and Curver moved over and looked at them. In the blank labeled OTHER, the first questionnaire said, "That Thatch guy who finished the bridge in India." The next one said, "That cat who told those Indians to go to hell. Built a bridge, I think. He's good."

"The interviewers put down as accurately as possible the exact words the subjects say," Doctor Cotter said. His finger hovered over the remaining three forms.

"John Thatch. That's who. He stands up to all those damned bureaucrats. Those Hindus or whatever they are," the third one read. "That man would make a good President."

The last two were much the same, except they were somewhat more illiterate.

"How many subjects, Doctor Cotter, do you think would have preferred this Thatch person if his name had been on the list they were handed?" Bookbinder asked.

"I don't have an opinion," Doctor Cotter said. Curver noticed sweat against the white skin on Doctor Cotter's neck. "We've never had a reaction like this. It's very irregular."

"Do you know this Thatch person?" Bookbinder said.

"No. I never heard his name before today," Doctor Cotter said. His face brightened. "Maybe he isn't a real person at all. Sometimes when a popular novel or big movie comes along people will get confused and take the name of a fictional character as their preferred choice for President or governor or whatever. We had some people who preferred James Bond as the most qualified man to head the FBI when Mr. Hoover retires. And another time ——"

"Thatch is a real person," Bookbinder said.

"How would you describe your professional qualifications?" Bookbinder said.

He walked to the window so he could take his eyes away from the tall woman Mad had brought into the room. He was unaccustomed to women in his office, and she made him uneasy.

"I am thirty-three. Ph.D. in mathematics, advanced research in statistics, psychology and sociology."

The cloth and the tailoring of the suit gave her the appearance of elegance, but her face was severe. Curver knew what Bookbinder saw: a plain woman, with eyes wide apart, no makeup, a profile that was almost perfect but seldom exposed. Doctor Devlin faced people squarely and kept them at a distance. That was the way she wanted it.

Bookbinder waited for her to go on.

She did not.

She is tough, Bookbinder thought, and the guts to be silent comes from experience.

"Anything more?" she asked. Her voice was cool and very slow.

"You did not add what your profession was, Doctor Devlin," Bookbinder said. He swung around, but saw immediately that the tall young woman remained completely calm.

"I'm sorry," Doctor Devlin said evenly. "I thought the qualifications described the profession. I'm a behavioral scientist."

"What does a behavioral scientist do?" he asked.

"I study the behavior of human beings," she said, and smiled.

Mad laughed, and his lean frame seemed to fold against the bookshelf.

"Did Mad tell you what we are interested in?" Bookbinder asked.

"Yes. The possibility of an incumbent President's being defeated for a second term."

"Let me narrow it a bit," Bookbinder said. "Not *an* incumbent President, but President Kennedy ——"

"—because the incumbent President occupies a virtually unassailable position," Doctor Devlin finished for him. "He has every advantage."

"Did you get this opinion from reading polls, Doctor Devlin?" Bookbinder asked. "Like Mad here?"

The woman leaned back in her chair and smiled at Bookbinder. "Mr. Bookbinder, I gather almost none of my opinions from polling. Polling is not a science. Science is concerned with etiology: What is the true cause of an event? Now, all the pollster does is take a portrait of the American people which can be labeled 'Republican' or 'Democrat.' But why? The pollsters don't have a clue."

"So Mr. Curver tells me," Bookbinder said. "But do you have a clue?"

She smiled, a pleasant smile, not cocky, and nodded her head. "Yes. I have had training in a number of fields. Each produces some facts. I take the most reliable facts from all of these fields and apply them to a given problem. If there are no relevant data, I tell my clients so. I also tell them how to interpret my reports. If they wish to take flights of imagination, or make fanciful projections, I never restrain them. I simply dissociate myself from romanticism."

"Doctor Devlin, Mad may have told you that I think very little of this kind of approach," Bookbinder said. "But that's not the point. We need someone to keep my old-fashioned notions from becoming encrusted."

"One question, Mr. Bookbinder. What do you want—other than to prove an idea?"

"That's all. Is that so strange?"

"In this day and age, yes, sir. Most people aren't interested in ideas, only in verifying their prejudices."

"Simulations Enterprises," Bookbinder said, looking out the cab window at Lexington Avenue, "is a dreadful name."

The cab came to a stop before a window which held a huge array of technical equipment. Doctor Devlin led the two men inside. In Bookbinder's office she had suggested this trip to inspect a computer at work, jokingly calling it "the second stage of your indoctrination." He was uncertain what the first stage had been.

"This is the I.B.M. 7094 computer," Doctor Devlin said. "Isn't it beautiful?" She waved her hand toward six gray boxes, each about the size of an upright coffin. Four identical boxes were on the right, and in front of them a console of levers and lights blinked occasionally. Below the lights was a series of buttons. At the top of the coffin-shaped boxes was a large window, and behind it were two large rolls of tape. The tapes jerked spasmodically. At the console, horizontal columns of small lights glowed, went off, came on again. The brilliant buttons, each neatly labeled, popped up.

A young man in shirt sleeves, his face studious, self-conscious, inserted an I.B.M. card in a slot to the right of the console. Instantly, all six of the machines

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What do you mean you're taking up a collection for good old Hal Cooper—I'm good old Hal Cooper."

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at the left began to whir. Bookbinder realized he had been staring at them for several minutes. He felt a kind of pleasant dizziness. There was something carnival-like about the machines, as if they belonged on a pier at Coney Island and would, at some point, ring a bell or drop jelly beans down a slot into your hand. Quite unconsciously he looked around for the end of the machine, the funnel from which something must flow.

"Nothing drops out," Doctor Devlin said, and smiled.

"What does that card do that the man just stuck in?" Bookbinder asked.

"That card gives an order to the tapes on the left, the ones behind the console," Doctor Devlin said.

"What does all this do?" Curver asked. It was clear that Bookbinder was not going to ask for an explanation.

"It solves a problem. Say we want to know how people in Midwestern cities feel about getting the U.S. out of the U.N. and the U.N. out of the U.S. Isn't that a position Goldwater has taken?" Doctor Devlin asked.

"Something close to it, but not exactly," Bookbinder growled. He shifted his feet, and glanced at the whirling plastic tape-holders. "How would the machines give you an answer?"

"First, we'd look at the census tables," Doctor Devlin said, "and get the raw social and economic facts of, say, a typical group of one thousand people in a Midwestern town. We'd need the age, sex, education, income and neighborhood of our theoretical thousand people. Then we'd put that information on these cards, which have to be key-punched by a machine that looks like a typewriter. Say we know that there are fifteen Catholics in our sample. We put the information about them on a card—how many are children, average ages of others, occupations and so forth.

"That constitutes an order to the bank of machines on the left. Now we load those machines with tapes. Each of the tapes has thirty thousand of what we call 'words,' but each word is really a tiny magnetized spot, and each spot is a piece of information."

"It's *what?*" Bookbinder said. He could not keep either the disbelief or the interest from his voice.

"A bit of information, like 'how many Protestants in the Midwest read the Chicago *Tribune*.' Another bit might be 'what fraction of Catholics in Midwestern towns belong to country clubs.' Now on each of the tapes there are thirty-two thousand 'words,' each containing thirty-six 'bits,' so you multiply that and get somewhere around one million, one hundred thousand bits of information on a single tape."

"It would be too much information to use," Bookbinder said.

"No, that's one of the virtues of the 7094."

Bookbinder watched her face grow more animated.

"Those six machines are all busy scanning bits of information on the tapes at a speed of one million bits every four minutes. Most of them it rejects, because it has been 'ordered' by the card to select only things relevant to Catholics among our fictitious thousand. Whenever anything about Catholics in Midwestern towns is scanned, it is promptly transferred to one of the tapes on this bank of four machines to the right. There the relevant bits are grouped into categories. For example, we will know which newspapers these Catholics read and whether they are pro or con the U.N., who they talk to about such things as the U.N., their orientation vis-à-vis Red China and the U.N. and how much they tend to accept or reject arguments."

She had stopped for several seconds before Bookbinder realized he was leaning forward as if she were still talking. His mind had raced ahead: After the Midwestern Catholics were explored, then another block of one thousand—say, Protestant, professional, Democratic—would be punched into a card and new millions of bits would go flowing through the machine and be scanned at a fantastic rate, and the useful items would go spinning off into the accumulator tapes.

"Where does the information come out?" Bookbinder asked.

Behind the machines there was still another machine, which looked like a huge Teletype. It wrote furiously, as if the dammed-up information from the tapes were generating a pressure. After watching for a few minutes, Bookbinder, Curver and Doctor Devlin left the large, busy room.

"Let's walk," Bookbinder said. "It's a nice day."

"Doctor Devlin, tell Mr. Bookbinder how Simulations Enterprises relates to Doctor Cotter's operation," Curver said after a few blocks.

"Doctor Cotter runs a straightforward and quite orthodox poll," she said. "He goes out and asks people to give answers to questions. He tries to eliminate as much error as possible. The questions are written clearly and so as to avoid bias. But all he can do is ask one-dimensional questions and only a few at a time. The Simulations thing, just because it can consider thousands of elements influencing the subject—even things he may not know himself—gets much better results."

"And one further thing, Book," Mad said. "Simulations Enterprises can predict what people will do in a situation which they have *never heard of before*. That was the whole point of the example of the U.N. in the Midwest. No one has gone out there and asked them to vote on whether we should get out of the U.N., but Dev outlined a procedure by which you can predict how they will react if they ever do have to vote on it."

Again Bookbinder had the sharp sense of unreality. Unreal people were being asked invented questions, and a result came out on green, white-lined paper; and when you got around to the real people six months later with the real questions, they would act the way the computer had said they would.

"Book, Doctor Devlin uses Cotter's stuff and Simulations' stuff, but she also uses the information from the psychoanalysts and the psychiatrists," Mad said.

"The psychiatrists' material is more disorganized and, compared to Simulations Enterprises, chaotic, but it does give some insights into individual motivation which Simulations can't provide," Doctor Devlin said.

Bookbinder didn't want to hear any more. He had made up his mind. "I'd like you to work with us, Doctor Devlin," he said, "on this Thatch matter." They were at the entrance to his office building. "Work out the financial details with Mad." He disappeared into the building without shaking hands, without saying goodbye, almost as if he were in flight.

In Washington, Bert Kelly felt a thin layer of sweat build up between the flesh

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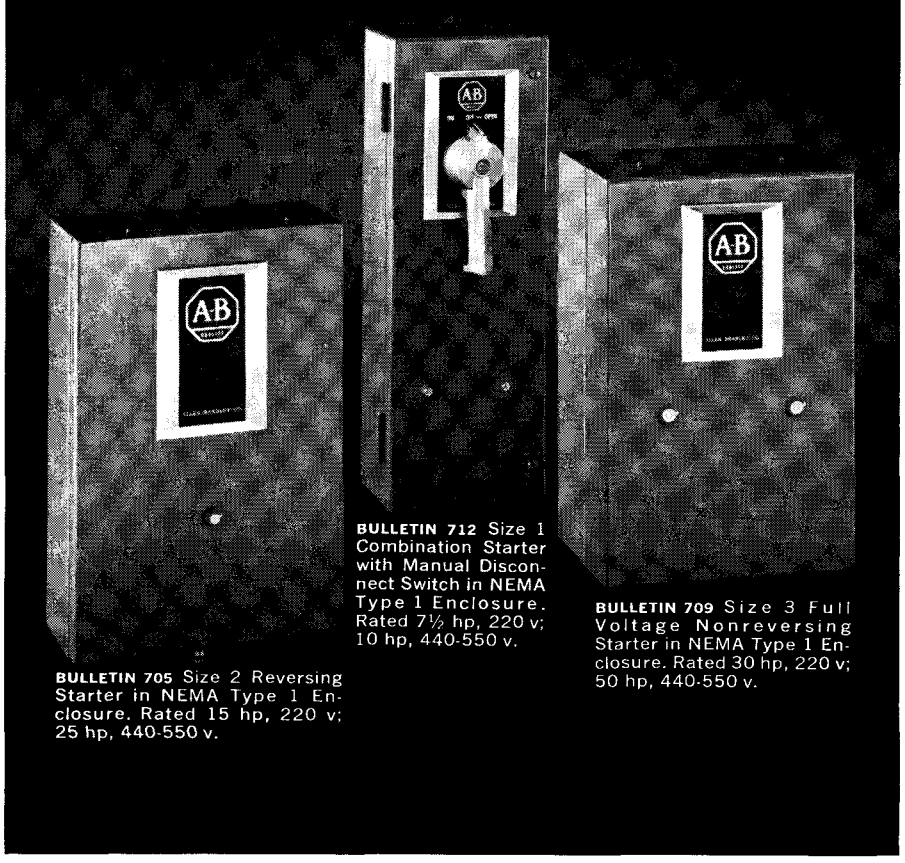

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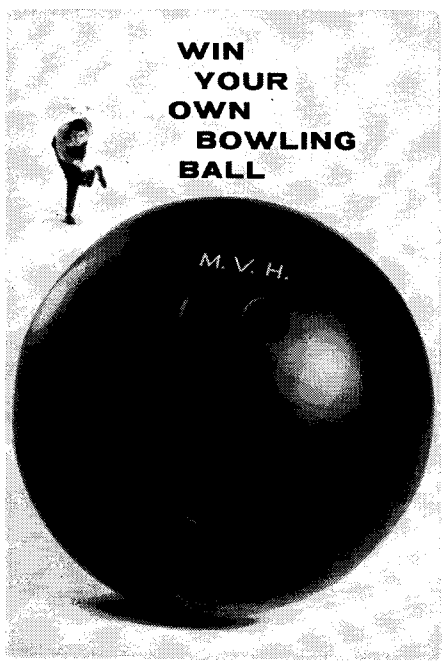

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of his ear and the telephone. He delighted in the telephone, a few ounces of black plastic, that connected the Republican National Committee offices with the rest of the world.

"Does Book have anybody?" Kelly said. It was too brusque, a discourtesy which could cost the National Committee $50,000, but this was the third call he had received from Levi in two weeks.

"What do you think about this fellow Thatch?" Levi asked. "Do you think it's possible to make him into a presidential candidate?"

"We did it with Willkie. The Democrats did it with Stevenson. But it's tough. Instant candidates don't come easy."

"You mean he would need money and important backers?" Levi said.

Kelly hated things put so flatly.

"That's what I mean."

In San Mateo, Thatch and Terry sat in the front room, not looking at the stacks of mail. They were having drinks before dinner.

"The letters have dropped off a bit. Most of the people who write to you want you to speak," Terry said. "Chambers of commerce, universities, Rotary clubs, American Legion posts."

"I'm not going to speak anywhere," Thatch said.

Terry saw him glance at the stacks of letters. He was pleased, she knew. His pleasure made her a little afraid. She walked over and poured gin into her glass. She ignored Thatch's silence and recalled another time of much greater fear, when they had first met.

She remembered John's coming into the Santo Tomás prison camp in 1945, looking like a Greek god because he was not undernourished. She remembered his asking about his parents and not blinking when he was told they had died of malnutrition.

And she remembered John taking her out of the camp into the still-smoking city and giving her a K-ration chocolate bar.

"Someone said that no woman is as beautiful as when she is in mortal fear, terrible danger, or very, very sick," John had said. "Nietzsche or Schopenhauer or someone. Anyway, you look beautiful. Skinny but beautiful."

In three years she had not had a compliment about her looks. Everyone was too hungry, too desperate, too preoccupied with survival. And this big, awkward man had found the only compliment that was believable.

She knew she had to protect herself against involvement. He was safe, he walked with a calm assurance, he was durable. She looked at him and knew he would always be there. But it might be an illusion. Something bothered her eyes, but it was somehow inside her head; she hated all of her family for dying so quickly. Her mother had gone with malaria in Zamboanga seven years ago, and Flora, her big, kind sister, had followed. Her father, a slim, nervous man, had snapped back at the Japanese when they came into Zamboanga, and that night her friends had told her he was dead.

This man would not be like that.

She told him her flaw very quickly, before he should find out from someone else. Life in the camp had gone well for a while. Then they had realized they were going to starve to death. The Japanese guards knew, the prisoners knew, the Filipinos knew.

"I was the first one who—gave in to the Japanese," she said as they walked down the smoking street.

"Gave in?" Thatch said, as if it were a joke.

"Gave in. To one of the Japanese guards," she went on. She glanced at the familiar but ruined buildings. "The Japs had food and chocolate and beer. We had only one thing to barter with. We women, I mean. But I was the first one."

"Was it . . . did they force you?" Thatch asked. "What I mean is, did they hurt you?"

She did not even hesitate.

"No. They didn't force me," she said. "Other people in the camp had things to trade. They were Americans and had prestige, or they were rich Filipinos with family connections outside the camp. But a *mestiza* from Mindanao? I was alone. So I gave in to a guard, the gentlest one. No, he never hurt me."

She looked sideways at the American. He looked straight ahead.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked. "Run screaming through the streets?"

She started to say something, she could not remember what. He went on. "You wanted to tell someone? Isn't that right? And I happen not to care very much why you did it," Thatch said. "I am just pleased that you survived."

She wavered slightly, and his hand came under her elbow. He had a bag of food with him. He passed the bits to her slowly, insisting she chew everything thoroughly.

"You worry," she said—out of gratitude, relief, the cessation of pressure. "You worry very hard about a few things."

"I do," he said. "I worry about rage. It comes on me like an attack." He waited as he unwrapped a candy bar. "I think I might be crazy."

Then he told her, because it seemed the natural thing to do.

It had happened at Stanford. He had never before associated with a group made up entirely of whites his own age. Always it had been mixtures of Indians, half-castes, Chinese, Filipinos, Africans—varying only when his father's mission was changed.

At Stanford everyone was white, and they said things he did not quite understand. "Niggers have a funny smell," they said; Thatch thought they were joking and then realized they were not. "A good personality, that's what you got to have to get ahead," they said. "A loyal fraternity brother is the best friend you'll have in this world, Thatch," they said. He had never connected friendship with personality or fraternity or color.

In his sophomore year his fraternity nominated him for class vice-president. Thatch memorized a speech. He got to the auditorium, looked down at the five hundred faces, and was struck by a sudden paralyzing fear. Somehow the class, mostly unknown to him, looked ominous. He glanced at the other candidates. His opponent had a tough, assured smile on his face. The girls running for class secretary were chatting and laughing with one another.

It's in the bag, he told himself. That's what they said at the fraternity. But he could not remember a word of the speech. A part of his brain had been seared, the words burned away. Phrases tumbled senselessly through his mind, odd phrases. . . . "A well-memorized speech will always return at the time it is needed," from a book by Dale Carnegie or someone. "Student self-government builds early character and preparation for later activity in politics," said a voice in a political-science class.

He heard his name spoken. He got up and walked woodenly to the podium. Now he waited for it to happen—for the synapses to relink, for the magic to work, for his tongue to talk.

Far away, as distant as a surf, he heard a strange sound. It was the sound of laughter. His eyes focused. The five hundred faces were contorted with an expression which must have been laughter—rows of white teeth, red faces, crew cut heads, lipsticked mouths.

His body bent backward, his shoes tilting on their heels. He was falling backward. He came sharply to a dead balance. Then, carefully, like a man backing away from a bull he does not want to provoke into charging, he moved across the stage. The howl deepened and he heard feet stamping in unison.

He ran five miles. Panting like a dog, legs tired, heels moist in his shoes, lungs heaving, aware of passing the old Stanford barn, a violent stitch in his side; then the golf course, and he could smell the wet night grass. He slowed his pace and swung his arms high. Sweat, welcome and hot, ran down his back.

The car followed him for several minutes. He was not aware of it, for he heard and felt only himself and his jarring contact with the earth. A voice spoke, and he glanced sideways. Thatch shook his head and trotted along.

The car suddenly pulled over in front of him. Thatch trotted up to it, put his hands against it and kept his feet pounding. Two policemen got out of the car and spoke, but he could not hear them. One of them opened the rear door. Thatch could see a wire screen, and the soun of a radio blared suddenly in his ears.

"Get in," a voice said, and the elbow in his ribs told him he had been spoken to.

"No. Not tonight, thanks," he said, and kept jogging. The inside of the car, full of sound, was enough to make him dance backward.

Two bodies nudged him simultaneously, pushing him toward the car. He chopped at them, speaking all the time, begging them to let him jog along the road. He felt a row of teeth crumple under his fist, the snap of someone else's bones, his fists thudding into soft, blue uniforms. He knew he was screaming with rage now, but he could not stop. Then something hard caught him on the side of the head, and he knew it was final even before the blackness came.

The next morning he was in an institution and his body hurt. He talked to an endless series of faces. The last one, a tired man who identified himself as a psychiatrist, was helpful. He told Thatch he could not go back to Stanford but that he was not really sick. Rest, the psychiatrist said. And exercise.

"So I spent a year in a mental hospital," Thatch had told an emaciated Filipino girl that day in 1945. "They never gave me a diagnosis. I don't believe they were positive themselves what it was. But they assured me I had a 'potential.'"

"Oscar? Fella, it's good talking to you," Kelly said. "I've got a little job for you." For jobs like this he wished he had a quill pen, heavy parchment paper, a shaker of sand and a black messenger. "Run up to San Francisco and check on a guy called John Thatch. T-H-A-T-C-H. That's right. Lives someplace on the peninsula."

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The voice broke in.

"You used to be a gumshoe," Kelly said patiently. "You know the kind of thing I want. Women, drinking, college record, source of income, any convictions, general reputation, what kind of wife, how many kids. Send a single and only copy of the report to me at my home. Don't keep any carbons."

He hung up. He was disgusted for a moment. Someday he would operate in a manner appropriate to the Republic. Then his language would be—he sought for the word—would be *gracious*.

Five days later Oscar's report on Thatch arrived, along with a package, special delivery, airmail and registered for Kelly. Kelly read the report before he opened the package. He had his secretary duplicate one paragraph and sent it along to Bookbinder.

The paragraph said: "Thatch's competition such as Bechtel Corp. and Utah Construction rate him as one of the toughest negotiators in the business. His own organization is said to be efficiently run. Mostly an overseas business. Thatch seems to operate a lot by telephone from his home. Likes to drop into headquarters at night and run over files, reports, etc. Well liked by his executives, who say he gives them complete instructions and then turns them loose and judges only by results. They seem not to resent his absences. Thatch spends approximately half of his time traveling to inspect overseas projects. Difficult to get accurate figures on gross business as firm is not public, but would estimate $20 million per year for last four years and growing steadily."

Kelly opened the package. Several hundred pages of cheap old paper gave off a musty, tropical odor. The pages were written in longhand, and at the top of each page were the date and the words "S.T. Camp." It was a diary, obviously kept by a woman.

Oscar had inserted markers in five different pages. Kelly opened the diary to the first marker. A spot of nausea started in his stomach and spread rapidly.

He closed the diary, rewrapped it and put it in the big, old-fashioned safe in his office. He sat down and wrote a telegram to Oscar:

IF ANY OTHER COPIES DIARY BUY THEM, CHECK WITH ME IF PRICE GETS TOO HIGH. MENTION TO NO ONE. REPEAT NO ONE. MOVE FAST. KELLY.

Three hours later he had a reply:

YOUR COPY ONLY ONE. PROCURED UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH MADE DUPLICATION IMPOSSIBLE. WRITER LONG DEAD. OSCAR.

He held the wire in his hand and looked at his safe. He hoped that he would never have to take that diary out and look at it again. Bert Kelly was a decent man. The information would remain his alone.

"Thatch, it's Tom Carroll," the voice on the telephone said. Carroll was combination general manager, public relations and troubleshooter. He was tough and independent and consulted Thatch only a few times a month. Every time he made a mistake he sent Thatch a short, unapologetic memo on the matter. There were not many such memos. "I'll make it quick. Two things. A guy named Bookbinder from New York is trying to get you."

"The name's familiar," Thatch said. "What does he do?"

"He's a lawyer with a big practice, a lot of it in South America. Rich, dabbles in politics, had a number of appointments on commissions and special investigations."

"What does he want from me?"

"He won't say and he's not the kind of guy you play footsie with. Call him." Carroll gave Thatch the New York number.

"Second item?" Thatch asked.

"It's the Zamboanga cement-factory contract. We've got the skeleton of the building completed and it's ready to take the machinery. But we're having a hell of a time on the pier. Crane keeps breaking down, supplies don't arrive, and yesterday an underwater explosion threw the pile driver off the pier."

"You mean someone is sabotaging the job?"

"That's what I mean. If we don't get that pier finished, we're going to start paying out a penalty of a couple thousand dollars a week."

"OK, Tom. Terry and I will go out. Have the office get us space on a flight leaving tomorrow."

Five minutes later Thatch was talking to Mr. Bookbinder in New York.

"Mr. Thatch, I won't take much of your time," Bookbinder said. "I have been for years very much interested in politics—all kinds. This year I happen to think that the Republican Party needs some fresh ideas."

"Are you sure you have the right man? I've never been active in politics. Maybe you're looking for another John Thatch."

"I've got the right one," Bookbinder said. "One reason I'm talking to you is because you haven't been in politics. But your remarkable performance on that India-Pakistan bridge gave you a powerful and potentially persuasive public image. You ——"

"Mr. Bookbinder," Thatch cut in, "I think you misunderstand the situation. That bridge thing was a flash in the pan. It produced a lot of letters and publicity, but it was just a freak."

"Not quite a freak," Bookbinder said. "Somehow that episode touched a nerve in millions of Americans."

Thatch was irritated. But Carroll had said this Bookbinder character was responsible, so he listened.

"My colleagues tell me that the public reaction to you is quite unprecedented in polling history. For a person who is not a political figure to generate such a reaction is rare."

"Interesting," Thatch said. He wanted to end the conversation.

"No, you don't find it interesting. Not yet," Bookbinder said. "But if you should happen to be coming to New York, we'd like to pick your brain for ideas. We need some this year."

Thatch worked over the Zamboanga specifications and glanced through the letters. He called Tom Carroll.

"Tom, I'm going to try to handle the Zamboanga situation by seeing the Philippine ambassador in Washington," he said. "It might just be a local political upset or some crackpot."

"It didn't sound that way in Ferguson's cable," Carroll said. Ferguson was the foreman on the Zamboanga project.

"Ferguson has always stayed away from politics. The ambassador could make a call to see if someone is looking for a little squeeze. . . ." He was for some reason not completely happy with his reasoning, but it was a long trip to the Philippines. "Get tickets for us, will you, Tom? To Washington, but route us through New York."

"We'll make this short, Terry," Thatch said as they went into Bookbinder's office building.

The lawyer's secretary took them into a large, elegant office. A big, gray man, confident and at ease, got to his feet. This was Bookbinder. He introduced them to Doctor Devlin, to a woman in a severely tailored suit, to an older man named Levi, and to a young man named Curver.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Thatch," Bookbinder said.

"I was on my way to Washington anyway," Thatch said quickly.

"We're seeing a lot of people, Mr. Thatch, trying to gather some ideas that might go into the Republican foreign-policy platform at the convention," Bookbinder said. "Mr. Levi and I have served on the foreign-policy committee before, and we probably will again next year. We hoped that with your experience overseas you might give us some fresh leads."

"I'm no expert, but I've spent a lot of time overseas," Thatch said. "Don't expect much, Mr. Bookbinder."

"We're pretty casual around here. Would you mind if we called you by your first name or your nickname or whatever your friends call you?" Bookbinder asked.

"Not at all. Everyone calls me Thatch."

"Thatch, what's going to happen in Vietnam?" Bookbinder asked.

Now it had started, Curver thought. He settled down, watching Thatch.

"We're going to lose Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand and probably Malaya," Thatch said.

"Why?" Levi asked.

"Because the only kind of warfare that will work out there is guerrilla warfare. We're not geared for it," Thatch said.

"What about the Special Forces Kennedy has been pushing?"

"You have to understand Asia. First, the Special Forces are trained only in military combat. That's not what counts in Asia. What you need is propaganda and political agents out in front of the troops. We don't have them. The Vietnamese don't. So every village in Vietnam and most of Southeast Asia is dominated by the Communists. The Special Forces may win a lot of battles, but they'll lose the war."

"What would you do about it?" Levi asked.

"I would send out Vietnamese who understood politics and get one of them into each village, and if we had to drop incendiary bombs he would talk to the people and explain why," Thatch said. "And I'd teach Americans a bit of the language, enough so they could say 'thank you' and 'I wish to pay for this rice you are giving me.' And I'd tell them to stop kicking the ribs of every skinny kid who is hiding in the reeds because he doesn't want to get killed."

Thatch leaned back against the cold fireplace, looked out the window for a moment, and then closed his eyes.

He's got it, Curver thought. He's got the magic. He's sure. He's confident. He's got presence. Curver tried to suppress his own sense of excitement.

"Would you say that publicly?" Bookbinder asked.

Thatch weaved, like a boxer taking a punch on the shoulder. He hummed. He looked at Bookbinder and grinned. "No," he said.

"Why not?" Bookbinder asked.

"Because I'm not in politics." Thatch paused, and then went on: "Here's another thing nobody's listening to. I'd put a television set with a hand-operated generator in each village and make sure it got one station: Saigon. Then the central government would have a chance of getting to its own people. During the day you could use it for teaching. I would give

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You mean, that's it? That's your free home demonstration?"

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the Vietnamese a sense of being *somebody*, a nation."

He paused. Curver had the impression of anger which was under strong control. He looked at Doctor Devlin. She was staring at Thatch. Thatch stretched and then quickly socked one fist into the palm of the other hand. It made a sharp, popping noise.

"What do you think about the integration problem?" Levi asked in a voice so soft it barely carried across the room.

Thatch turned slowly and looked at Levi. "I don't know much about it," he said. He was puzzled. "You mean the Negro thing?"

"Yes."

"I guess I think part of America is crazy. I've lived overseas for so long that it doesn't touch me. Oh, maybe once in a while. I had a Filipino pile driver who got paid less than the American journeyman pile drivers on the job, so I told Manila to pay him the American scale. Some man behind a desk said I couldn't pay colored men the same rate as white."

He looked at Terry. She smiled, but he could see she was nervous. Thatch plunged on.

"I—uh—fingered his necktie, I guess, and I swore and told him a few things about color and then dropped him on the desk and left," Thatch said. He grinned, shaking his head. "I took the workers out on strike and in three days we got permission to pay the Filipino what we paid the Americans."

"We have not been invited to an embassy party since," Terry said.

Thatch seemed relaxed, as if he had cleared some obstacle. He spoke easily.

"Would you give a Negro a job if he were as qualified as a white man?" Bookbinder asked.

Thatch slapped his hand against his thigh impatiently. Then he laughed. "Book, I've lived, eaten, fought and worked with men who were every color from shark-belly white to a black so deep it was purple," Thatch said. "I've looked for only one thing: competence. And I've found it in men of every color, just like I've found crooks come in every color."

"Don't you think we ought to be giving some special attention to the Negro here in the United States?" Levi asked.

"Special attention? I don't know just what that means," Thatch said. "If it means special attention just because he's a Negro, I'd be opposed. The moment a man feels he is being treated as a member of a group instead of being treated as himself is the moment something goes out of him. That's why I hate discrimination."

Curver watched the look of guarded admiration grow on Levi's face.

"We should be going, John," Terry said. "These people have work to do."

Thatch blinked. He looked around the room as if he were seeing it for the first time. A flush started on his neck. "I've talked a lot," he said. "I'm sorry I took so much time. I wandered all over the place. But I told you I'm no professional. I was just spouting off."

Curver watched closely, not sure what he was seeing. Thatch was, in the passage of a few seconds, awkward and shambling, his speech commonplace, the force gone from his voice.

Bookbinder and Levi walked out to the elevator with Thatch and Terry.

"This was very helpful to us," Bookbinder said. "I don't give out compliments easily, but this is one of the most exciting sessions we have had."

"I wonder if you would consider giving a talk to a group of people interested in politics, but not experts or professionals," Levi said. "I would like to see how they react to your ideas."

"Call me in Washington about it," Thatch said. "We'll be at the Mayflower. I've never given a public speech."

"While you're in Washington, you might look up Bert Kelly at National Committee headquarters," Bookbinder said. "He's a pro who's also a statesman, and he'd be interested in your ideas."

As Bookbinder and Levi walked back to the office, Bookbinder said, "Do you really think he believes he has never given a public speech? What was that thing on the bridge?"

"He's a complex man," Levi said, "but I like him. So do you."

Curver took Doctor Devlin into his office, shut the door, and told his secretary to hold calls.

"Let's get it down systematically, Mad," Doctor Devlin said. She sat down, crossed her knees, and brought out a notebook. "Initial impressions are the best in an unstructured situation."

"Don't be heavy-handed, my dear doctor," Curver said. And I'm not excited, he told himself. "First, can he be persuaded to run?"

"Absolutely. Thatch made one of the most contradictory gestures I've ever seen. At exactly the time he was saying he was *not* in politics, his posture indicated that he was experiencing an extreme excitement with overtones of definite interest. He is fascinated by his ability to dominate people by words, and he hasn't done much of it. I watched his wife, and she was as surprised as anyone else in the room. But he won't run for President in the normal way of primaries and politicking. He will have to believe he has been 'called.'"

"All right," Curver said slowly, thinking aloud. "Book has to get Thatch to make a speech. And it must be a big success. If we have to 'persuade' him to run, a good rousing reaction to a speech might help some. Just the right audience, though. A group he respects and one which will probably like his kind of approach."

"And also a group which the potential delegates to the Republican Convention will respect," Doctor Devlin added. "Not a Four-H Club convention."

Curver looked at her and grinned. "You really are becoming very political," he said. "What we'll do is run off a simulation of the convention delegates first, and then the computer can give us the profession they most admire. And if they all love different professions we pack our bags and go home."

"They'll be in agreement," Doctor Devlin said quietly. She was up and packing her briefcase.

The report came back a few days later. Curver read it carefully. He felt the excitement rise. He put through a call to Doctor Devlin.

"Dev, I got the report from Simulations Enterprises. It's going to be easier than we thought. The Republican delegates are most worried about income taxes, the possibility that medicine might be socialized, knuckling under to the Communists, keeping peace, a domestic Communist conspiracy. The professional group they most respect is doctors. Their idea of a winner is someone who can match Kennedy's flair—young, energetic, with a pretty wife and popular appeal."

"That makes it simple," Doctor Devlin said. "Let's get Thatch to speak to a convention of doctors. Bookbinder should be able to arrange it."

Thatch looked around Kelly's chaotic office—the massive lunch tray, the bottles of cold beer beaded with sweat. It made it easier not to look at the huge man behind the desk.

"You talked to Bookbinder, eh?" Kelly said from behind his enormous sandwich.

"Yes, I saw him in New York."

"He's a good man. Honest. Once someone said at a convention, 'Book, you're too damned honest,' and the man may have been right. Have a sandwich?" He disengaged a hand and waved toward the tray.

"Ate late, thanks."

"You interested in politics?"

"No. Except in a very general way," Thatch said.

Kelly's head lifted; the teeth worked away at the sandwich. There was no surprise in his eyes. He merely stared at Thatch.

"I'm an engineer, a construction man."

"Hoover was an engineer," Kelly said. He picked up a bottle of beer. "Engineers and generals are often fascinated by politics. They want to rush in and set things straight."

"Well, here's one engineer who doesn't want to get into politics," Thatch said. Irritation stirred in him. "And you, Mr. Kelly—what's your role?"

"First, I'm a servant of the National Committee. In that capacity I'm neutral. Secondly, nobody believes that, and they are right. The whole damned committee is looking for someone who can win."

"Have you got a winner yet?"

The green bottle tilted up, caught the yellow sunlight, glittered in the man's hand. The eyes above the bottle were puckered with pleasure. With a sudden insight, Thatch knew what could buy Kelly's knowledge and ability: success.

"It's very unlikely that anyone can beat the President," Kelly said.

"Why?"

"I won't bother you with details. But the incumbent has a lot going for him. Others can tell you what it is." Kelly stopped and looked immensely bored.

"Thanks for your time," Thatch said. He stood up, walked over toward the door, picked up his briefcase and, just as he reached for his hat, paused.

"If you come back I'll want some information," Kelly was saying. "First, a very complete biography of yourself and your wife, including anything which might embarrass you or the party if it were printed in the papers. Second, the amount of money you can afford to spend *before*—I repeat—*before* the Republican Convention. Third, how much money your *friends* will spend for you before the convention. The day of the poor but worthy candidate went out about the time radio was invented."

Thatch wanted to insult the man. "Would that money buy you?"

Kelly laughed. It was a small laugh. It sounded authentic.

"Thatch, I already have money, a lot of it. All inherited. I might work for a man, but it would be for free. I'm the cheapest thing in politics and, with all undue modesty, one of the rarest."

"So Bookbinder said."

"Thatch"—Kelly drew out the pause—"they've got you. You're running already."

Thatch's big head snapped back and he laughed hard and, Kelly saw, honestly. He was really amused. "Since I'm running already, do I have a chance?"

"For the nomination? A chance, yes."

"And the election?"

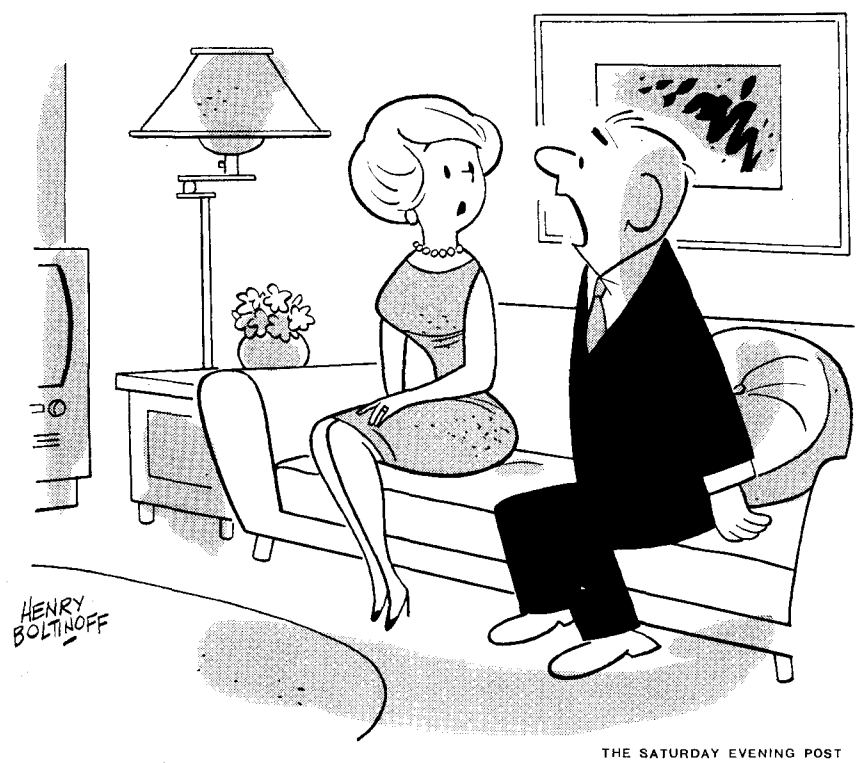
"I don't think you've got any chance at all."

"Thank you," Thatch said, and left.

Thatch had left, but in Kelly's mind he stood there still in the door—large, young (forty-eight?), handsome if you liked irregular features, tough, smart, self-made, independent, rich (amend that: medium-rich). He was the subject of a magazine cover story and a television news special—yesterday's hero and tomorrow's nonentity. Thatch? John Thatch? The name is familiar but I can't seem to place him.

His qualifications for sacrificial lamb were superb.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hope you believe in short engagements. I'd like the ring back I gave you last night!"

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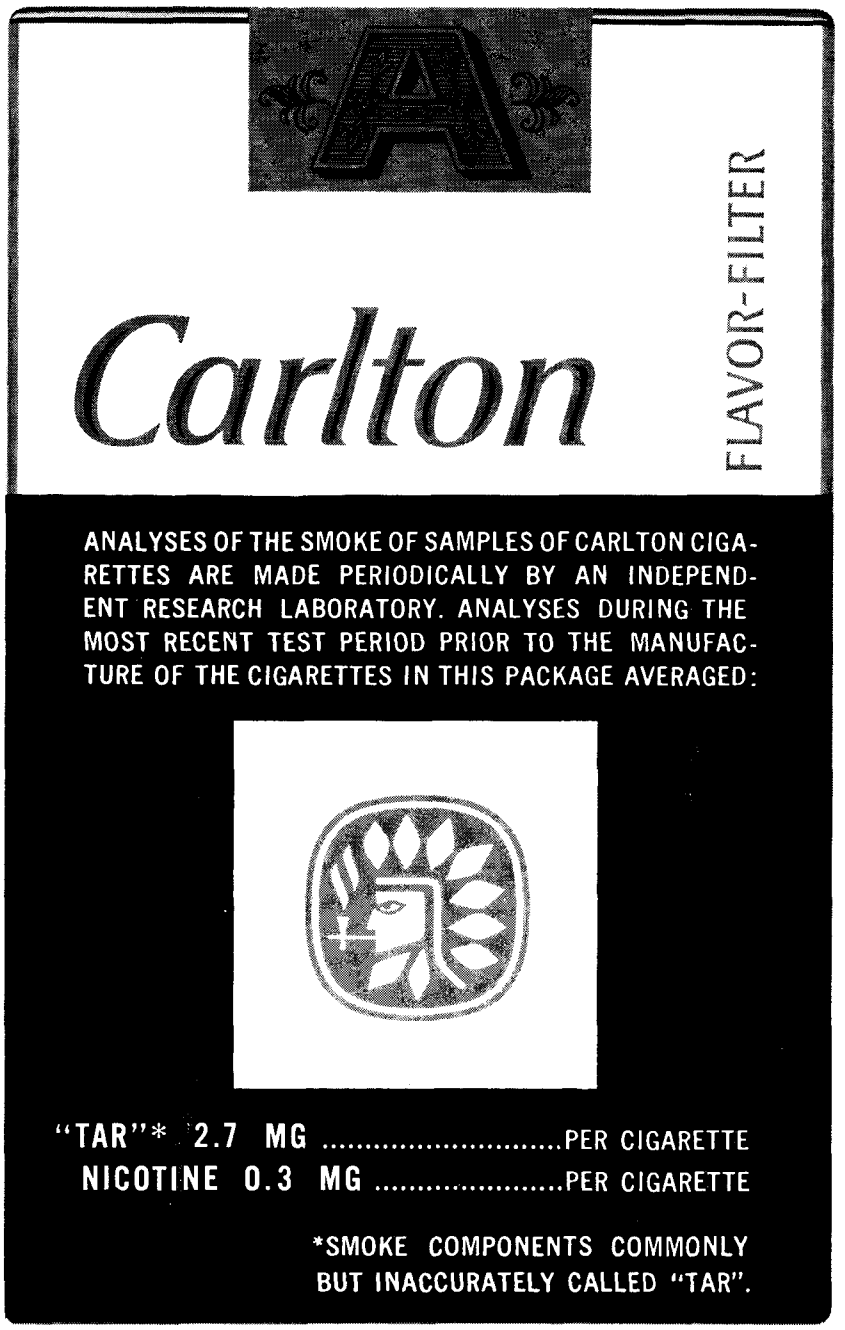
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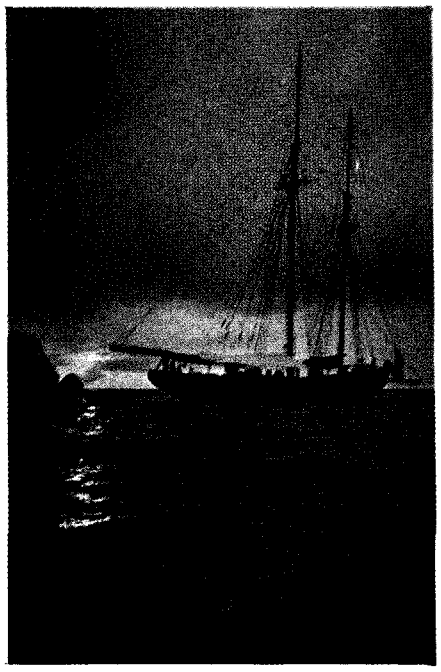


The Bluenose *at anchor off Cocos Island.*

ANYONE FOR BURIED TREASURE?

For generations Cocos Island had teased treasure hunters, but this crew thought the secret was theirs.

By JACK IAMS

Photographs by Lawrence J. Schiller

In the bright tropic morning, the sky reflected the Pacific's gentle blue. But over the peaks of the lonely island looming up ahead of us, a ring of dark clouds hovered like a baleful halo.

Cocos Island is frequently thus clouded—a phenomenon suggestive of the veil that shrouds her turbulent history. But just as her cliffs took shape through the mist that morning, enough light shines through the history of Cocos to lend substance to the widespread belief that pirate treasure lies buried there.

In the last 100 years, the lure of Cocos's fabled gold has brought scores of expeditions to the island, some headed by such venturesome individuals as Sir Malcolm Campbell, Count Felix von Luckner and Errol Flynn, others backed by shareholding syndicates and even by the British Navy. But in almost every case, the tiny island—five miles long, less than three miles wide, uninhabited and sitting alone in the Pacific some 300 miles southwest of Costa Rica—has defeated her invaders with her hostile combination of sharks, jungle, sheer cliffs, ants and flies.

Yet nowhere does hope spring so eternal as in the treasure hunter's breast. Each expedition is sure that it will be the lucky one. Certainly this was true of ours, which set out from Halifax early this year in the good ship *Bluenose II*, a 143-foot, two-masted schooner patterned after her famed racing namesake.

Our leader was all confidence. "We know the treasure is there," he would say, "and we know where it is buried. It's just a question of getting at it."

Even without these stirring words, his physical presence alone would have inspired trust. Ian MacBean (pronounced MacBane) was a tall, rangy Scotsman of 48 with clean-cut features and iron-gray hair. He had been a flier for much of his life and served with distinction as a Royal Air Force pilot throughout World War II. If he sometimes talked like a visionary, he was also a practical man. At the moment he was on leave from his job as maintenance supervisor of a Toronto pickle factory.

Cocos Island was his specialty. He had read everything ever written about it, and over the years had collected all the documents he could find relating to its treasures. He had winnowed wheat from chaff, and he was sure that the clues now in his possession were bona fide keys to golden hoards.

All that was needed now, MacBean assured us, was manpower and equipment, and our expedition was bringing both to Cocos. The equipment included the most modern electromagnetic metal detectors and power drills. There was also an abundant supply of insect repellent.

Among our number was a team of three skin divers, whose interest in treasure was incidental to underwater exploration. Since all of MacBean's clues referred to caches buried on land, the divers were really supernumeraries. They privately thought, however, that they had just as good a chance of finding gold in one of the several wrecks known to lie in the treacherous waters around Cocos as the main party did on land.

But even the skeptics among us were caught up in the sense of excitement that swept the *Bluenose* on that hot February day when Cocos and her cloudy halo first appeared on the horizon. To see her in her mystic isolation just as she must have looked to weary mariners 400 years ago was to believe, if only for the moment, in all the accumulated fables.

At that very moment, our more practical treasure hunters were already on shore, sweatily cutting their way with machetes to the first of their target sites. In order to get in a few extra days of preliminary work, MacBean and his companions had flown to Costa Rica ahead of the *Bluenose*, and had hired a boat to take them to Cocos. Time was precious because the terms of the *Bluenose* charter would permit her to stay at Cocos for only ten days.

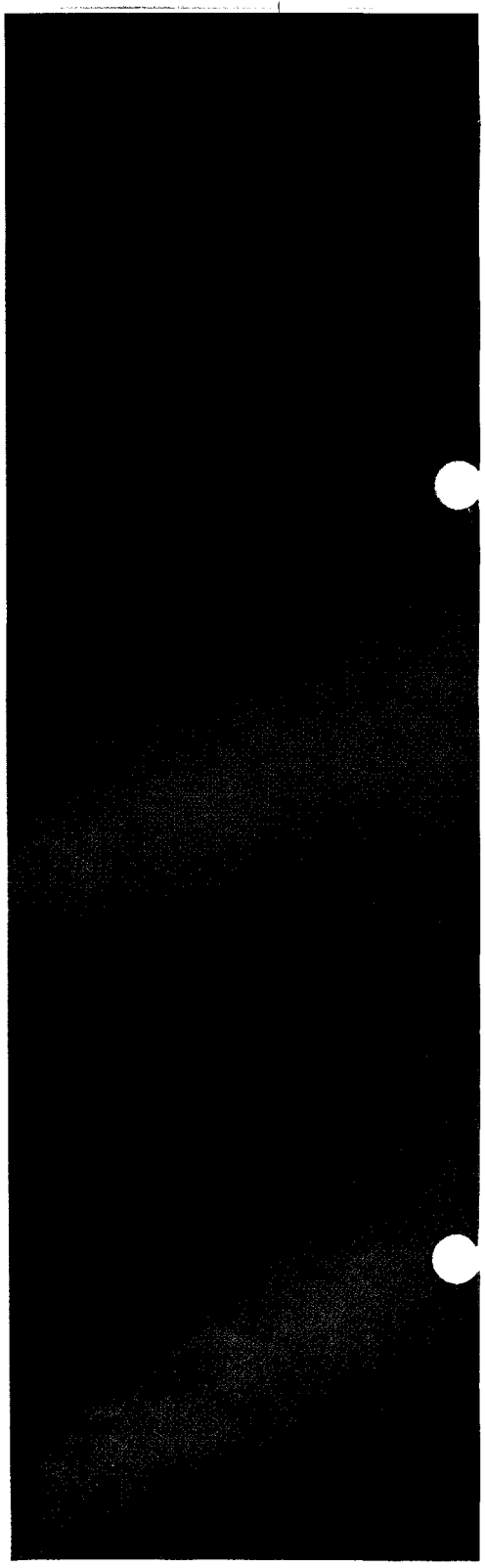
The Costa Rican government gets half of any treasure that permit holders may unearth. To make sure that nobody tries any stunts, the government requires that all expeditions be accompaned by a unit of Costa Rican soldiery.

The unit of 10 men assigned to the *Bluenose* had joined us at the Costa Rican port of Puntarenas for the 36-hour voyage to Cocos. It made things crowded, but they were cheerful enough company—until they learned that MacBean and his group were already on the island. Immediately they suspected a plot.

It was midafternoon when we finally anchored in the bay called Chatham, about 200 yards offshore. Presently, in the already fading light, we saw an odd little flotilla bobbling toward us from the distant strip of beach. In a palpably leaky rowboat, towing a ramshackle raft, were our four treasure hunters, clad only in shorts and with pirate-style bandannas round their heads.

As the new arrivals clambered aboard the *Bluenose*, there was a sudden bustle of activity among the soldiery, and the next thing we knew, they were lined up on deck with Tommy guns plainly ready to shoot it out for their country's 50 percent.

Not until later did we learn what their real fear had been. It seemed that word had passed among them that they were to be taken ashore and marooned while the *Bluenose* sailed off laden with undivided spoils. It took a lot of time and talk to soothe them.



While the main treasure party hunted

Chatham is one of two bays in which ships of any size can safely anchor off Cocos. It is half-moon in shape, half a mile across at its widest point, with two rock-studded strips of beach that disappear entirely at high tide.

It was here in Chatham Bay that most of the comings and goings of pirates are supposed to have taken place, and at least three separate hoards are believed by the faithful to have been buried on its shores. But far and away the biggest single trove that beckoned to us from Chatham's dark battlements—as we sat over nightcaps on the *Bluenose*'s deck—was the so-called "ecclesiastical treasure of Lima," whose value has been estimated at anywhere from $10 to $60 million. And it was this hoard for which our expedition held the most promising clues.

The Lima treasure is at least on record as having existed. In 1821 it was stripped from the churches and the mint of that fabulously wealthy capital of Spanish

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shore, the skin divers scoured the sunken wreck of an old square-rigger—until a fearsome moray eel, in residence there, put an end to their prying.

Peru, to forestall seizure by the approaching liberation forces of José de San Martín, a lieutenant of Simón Bolívar.

What happened afterward to this accumulation of riches—said to have included a life-size, solid-gold statue of the Virgin—is a matter of conjecture, circumstantial evidence, and some highly dubious sets of clues.

One set of clues wound up, by a roundabout way, in the hands of British Admiral Lord Curzon-Howe, whose son turned them over to Sir Malcolm Campbell in 1925. A copy of these clues, famous in treasure-hunting circles as the "Curzon-Howe Papers," was now in the possession of our own leader, MacBean. The nub of the instructions was this:

"Follow the coastline of the bay till you find a creek where at high-water mark you go up the bed of a stream that flows inland. Step out 70 paces West by South and against the skyline you will see the gap in the hills. From any other point, the gap is not visible. Turn North and you will see a rock with a smooth face rising sheer like a cliff. At the height of a man's shoulder above the ground you will see a hole large enough to insert a thumb. Thrust in an iron bar and twist. This will reveal a cavity which opens onto the treasure."

It all sounded reasonably simple, and those of us left aboard the *Bluenose* that first night could hardly wait until morning to get started. ("Us" included the writer, a photographer, and a Canadian television crew.)

The red sun was barely above the island's eastern peaks when we rowed ashore in the ship's two dories, bouncing like corks in the pounding surf. We had to jump into waist-deep water in order to drag the dories over sharp rocks onto the narrow beach, but if our clothes were dampened, our spirits were not. Not yet.

The MacBean party was encamped by a creek which all were sure was the one mentioned in the clues. It didn't actually "flow inland"—it came tumbling down from above—but at high tide the sea poured into its lower pools, which seemed to justify the phrase.

Our hunters had already "stepped out" the requisite 70 paces, and, once we had our breath back, we proceeded to follow them up the steeply rising bed. It was hard going—incredibly hard, one would have thought, for pirates laden with chests of gold. We splashed through waterfalls, fought tangled vines, and clambered over slippery boulders. From the overhanging foliage, stinging red ants fell unerringly on the backs of necks. We climbed for what seemed a long time before MacBean finally announced that we had reached the proper spot.

Sure enough, the "gap in the hills" was visible on the skyline far above us. But where, we asked as we dutifully "turned North," was the "rock with a smooth face?" There was only a nearly vertical hillside of wet, reddish clay.

"The rock used to be somewhere on that hillside," MacBean explained. "But landslides over the years have carried it down to that gully below. Come and have a look."

We slithered down the hill after him and there, half-embedded in the earth, was indeed a large, smooth-faced rock. On its surface could be seen crude markings representing an arrow, or possibly an anchor, plus a diamond-shaped figure.

What about the "hole large enough to insert a thumb"?

"It is apparent," said MacBean, "that the rock was split when it slid down the hill. The hole would have been at that upper left corner."

That seemed reasonable enough. But even if this was indeed the authentic rock—which we all wanted to believe—how much guidance did it offer, in its present position?

Well, said MacBean cheerfully, it certainly indicated that the mouth of the cave was somewhere on the hillside above us. We looked up at the matted expanse, rising for hundreds of feet. The prospect was not encouraging.

However, MacBean and Company went on chipping away at three possible sites, with pickaxes and spades, for the rest of that steamy day.

MacBean's companions were a discouraged lot that evening, but not the ebullient MacBean himself. He now proposed that we should move on to a far more promising site, the one indicated by a second set of clues, so far untried. These clues, known as the "Hammond-Smith

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THE SOLDIERS TURNED BALKY

Treasure, Anyone?

Papers," were interpreted by MacBean as pointing to Wafer Bay, a mile to the west as the crow flies and, among other considerations, easier of access. This line of reasoning struck our skeptics as akin to looking for a dime, not in the room where it was dropped, but in the room where the light was better.

The Hammond-Smith Papers purported to be the diary, charts and instructions bequeathed to his descendants by the hitherto anonymous mate of the *Mary Dear*, the British merchantman entrusted to transport the Lima treasure. He was now identified as one "W.E. Hammond-Smith." MacBean had acquired the papers from the heirs of a Danish treasure hunter who had obtained them in some manner unspecified.

According to these papers, the ship's captain and Mate Hammond-Smith had buried the "officers' portion" of the Lima treasure, without the knowledge of the crew, in Wafer Bay instead of Chatham. How two men, or at most three, could have performed this feat—Wafer's shores being only slightly less rugged than Chatham's—under the noses of a dozen or more of Mary Dear's suspicious seamen would seem an awkward question, but your true treasure hunter is not bothered by such details.

Wafer Bay, for which we set sail next morning, had a broad white beach fringed with graceful palms and seagrapes, some of whose leaves were turning an autumnal red. This was what a treasure island *should* look like.

We thought less kindly of it, though, after plowing for what seemed hours through a hot, dense, mangrove swamp, cutting our way with machetes, sinking knee-deep from time to time in muck, to follow out Hammond-Smith's directions. The indefatigable MacBean led the way, pausing occasionally to emphasize some point with a wave of his machete, a habit which anyone behind him soon learned to bear in mind.

It was midafternoon when MacBean finally gestured with his machete toward another matted hillside and announced that this was the spot. The fact that a large laurel tree was growing just where a cave mouth should have been did not disturb him. Such trees grew very quickly here, he explained, especially in the kind of soil that undoubtedly had filled in the entrance to the cave.

Whether it had grown quickly or not, the tree was a long time accepting its demise. Obviously it had to be uprooted if we were to dig at the spot, but it was too late to do anything about it that day. Next day it rained. The day after, we made the arduous climb with block and tackle—only to discover we hadn't enough rope. Next day it rained again.

By this time the laurel tree had become a kind of symbol, like Captain Ahab's white whale. We no longer thought of treasure—only the tree.

We finally got the block and tackle into position, with all hands pulling on the line, and the tree, slowly, tenaciously, came out of the wet, red earth like a giant tooth being extracted. It was a moment of triumph. We actually shouted our exultation. But except for the hole where the tree had been, nothing had changed. We felt a little like firemen who had smashed a plate-glass window, only to find there was no fire behind it.

The following morning, the two motor-powered drills were brought to the scene, but all they did was create further comparisons to dentistry. They kept getting stuck in the gooey soil, and more time was spent pulling them out than in driving them in.

Only a true treasure hunter, a MacBean, could have found this an encouraging sign. The mere fact that we were still drilling into loose soil, instead of hitting bedrock, was proof positive, he declared, that we were probing the filled-in mouth of the cave. Even with only two days left, he was convinced that at any moment the cave mouth would suddenly appear. And so we went on digging.

The only members of the expedition who were enjoying themselves in this gloomy period were our skin divers. They had discovered the wreck of an old square-rigged ship on Wafer's sandy bottom, and were busily retrieving porthole covers and other fixtures, which at least offered something in the way of souvenirs. There was speculation that treasure might be found in her hold—a notion which the MacBean group considered fanciful—but a huge moray eel was found to be in residence there and exploration was dropped.

That night, MacBean made a final appeal to the captain of the *Bluenose* to stay for just three more days. Any minute now, he kept saying, any minute. But the skipper wouldn't give in.

MacBean next proposed that he and his three companions should remain on the island by themselves until some other transportation—ship or plane—could be arranged. They could live on fish and coconuts, he said with confidence. This notion drew a quick and firm rejection from the Costa Rican soldiers, who seemed still to have faith in MacBean's ability to find treasure.

The morning of departure was a singularly bright one. Even the habitual veil of clouds had been cast aside for the occasion, as if Cocos was letting us know that she had simply been playing games with us all along. The harsh cries of the frigate birds overhead were mocking.

But MacBean disdained to lose heart. "There is absolutely no doubt," he said cheerily, "that we were digging into Hammond-Smith's cave. Next time, we'll walk right into it."

One could wonder if, in his heart, MacBean really wanted to find it. The few entrepreneurs who have treated Cocos as a strictly commercial game went away bitter. But the eternal adventurers have gone away enriched in spirit if not in pocket, with their eyes on the future and no regrets. THE END

Chief treasure hunter MacBean (center) bears a hand with the motor-powered drill at the spot where he thought to find the mouth of the cave—below a mudhole on a hillside.

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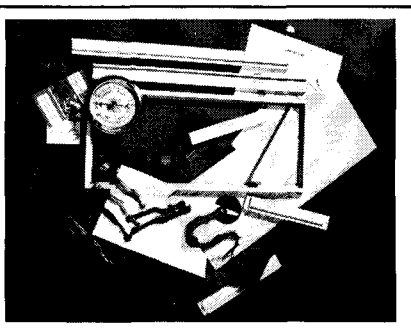

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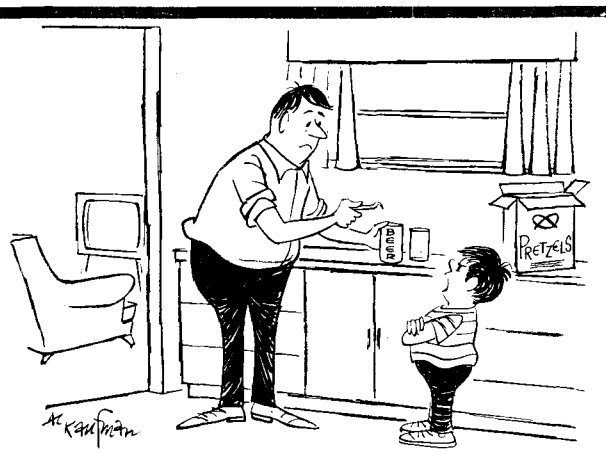
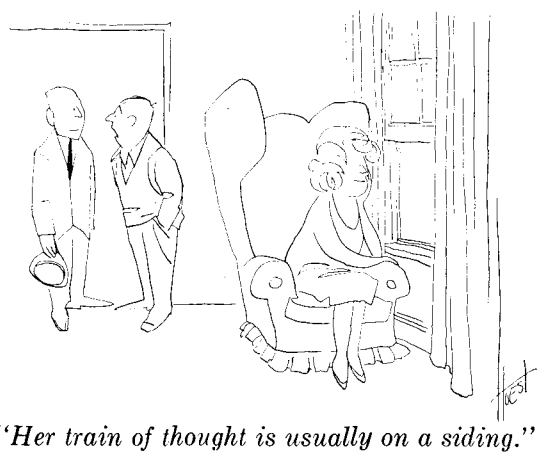
post scripts

"Somehow, Lester, it just doesn't seem like Father's Day!"



"Here, here, none of that. You're fighting Jimmy's father Saturday."



"Her train of thought is usually on a siding."

"You've been drinking—you on the bottom, I mean."

"A perfect example of how not to demonstrate for peace: He's swinging late, choking up on the handle and putting his foot in the bucket."

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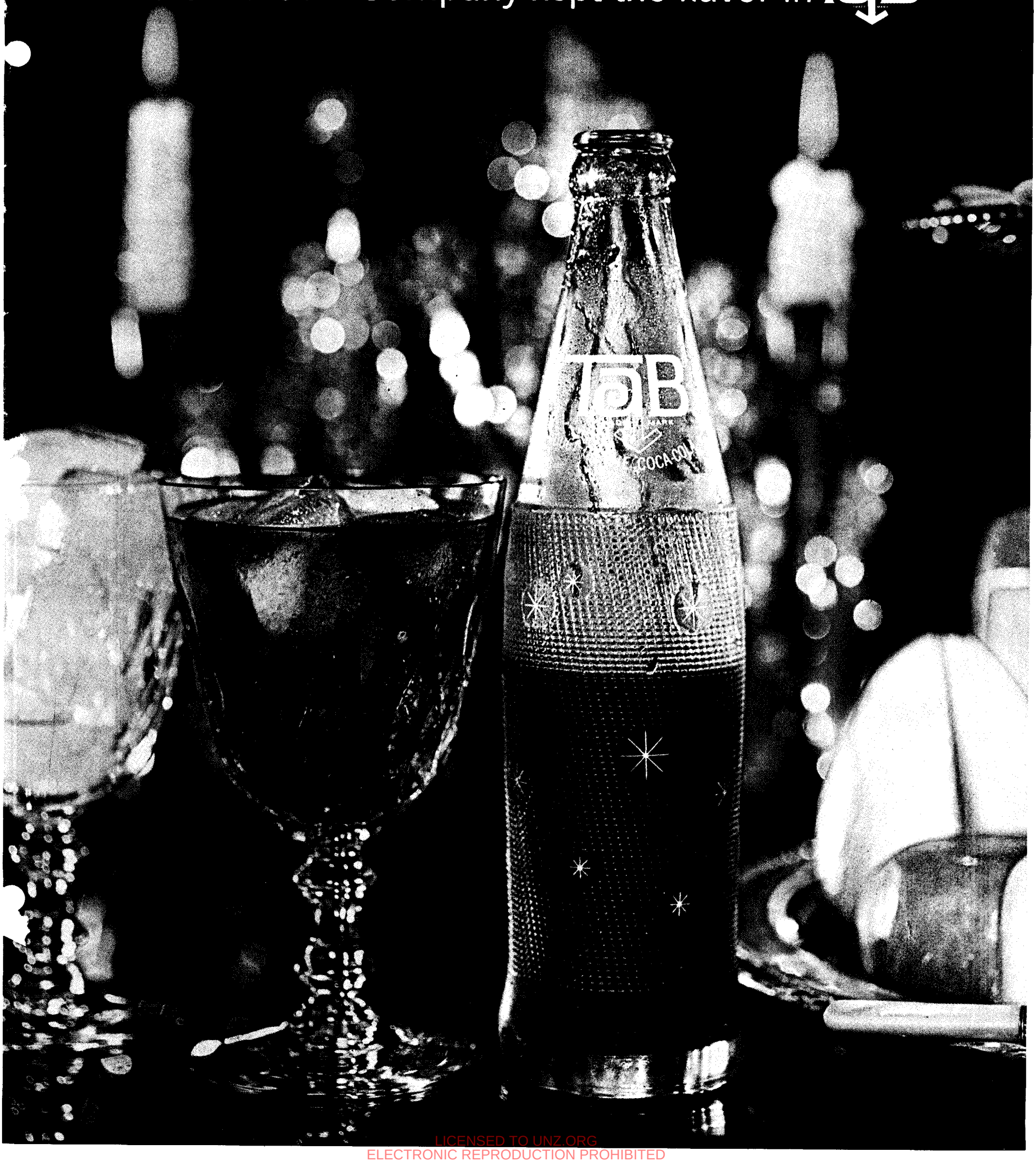

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THE DUSTY, SMEARED, MUSTY, MOLDY, TATTERED LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM

By William Saroyan

Uncle Levon has a big black moustache, great rough hands, a hard strong body, a small dark woman born in Harput who is his wife, sons George, Garnik, Albert, Louie, and daughter Dolly.

Everybody works on his vineyard, which has two cows, three pigs, three dozen laying hens, a rooster, and two mongrel dogs. All around the house are frogs which start croaking at dusk, as well as crickets, dragonflies, quail, kildees, jackrabbits, horny toads, gophers, gopher snakes, chicken hawks, and neighbors, mainly German, Danish, and Slavonian.

What has happened is this: Uncle Levon has come 12 miles in his Ford, from Sanger to Fresno, to buy groceries at the Home Market. In 1919 this is a fine drive for a Saturday morning.

Being an early starter, a riser before daybreak, Uncle Levon has finished his shopping by nine, and is therefore ready to go home, and back to work on the vineyard; but on his way, he stops at the house on San Benito Avenue and has some panbread my mother is making, and six or seven cups of tea.

And then all of a sudden he says, "Let me take Willie to Sanger with me. It's a nice hot Saturday, and a boy in the city is too far away from the good summertime things."

"He has his newspaper corner to keep," my mother says, "but if his brother will keep it for him, and he wants to go, take him."

"Well?" Levon says to me, but I don't know what to say. I like keeping my corner but I also like change, and I think it might be pleasant to ride with him to his vineyard and have a look around.

"Sundays we have a *very* big breakfast," he says, "and after breakfast we make two gallons of ice cream. Let him come and visit us."

"Well?" my mother says. "Do you want Henry to keep your corner, if *he* is willing to?"

"The purple mulberries are ripe on our trees," Levon says, "and his mouth will soon be black with the juice of them. The fig trees have fat black figs to climb for. He will see pomegranates and nectarines, almonds and olives, watermelons and cantaloupes."

I am still trying to decide, so my mother says, "He is a city boy, but a visit to the country might be a nice change for him."

"Yes," I say in Armenian, "I——" And the next thing I know I'm sitting beside Levon in his Ford, and he's driving up M Street to Ventura Avenue, and then east, straight on out to Sanger.

"What do you like?" he asks.

"Well," I think, "what *do* I like? Everything, don't I? But I suppose he means to eat, so I say, 'Figs.'"

"There are figs enough on my trees for a city boy to eat from morning to night."

I have been on the vineyard since 10 in the morning, and I have had nothing but fun all day.

My mouth became black from the juice of hundreds of long soft sweet purple mulberries; and then I climbed high up in a great fig tree and ate ripe figs until I didn't want any more, excepting perhaps this last one, and then this one, and, climbing down slowly, another, and another. And I have picked and eaten nectarines, muscat grapes, red emperors, black ribiers, watermelons, and cantaloupes. I have thrown off my shirt and overalls and jumped into the water of the irrigation ditch, and then I have captured horny toads and watched them adjust to captivity, and then I have set them free. I have had hot grape leaves wrapped around rice and ground lamb, sitting at the big back-porch table with my cousins and their father, while their mother served, and only now and then sat down.

After lunch everybody goes back to work, but I am instructed by Levon only to watch, or to do what I please. Each of the boys has his instructions for the day—what he is to do and when he is to do it. Garnik is my age, so I go along with him to where he is guiding irrigation water from a ditch to plum trees he himself has planted in a place that hadn't been used before, a place that had been a weed-choked pasture which he himself had weeded and made into a small plum orchard. We wade in the water as he works with a shovel, and he tells me his father has promised him half the profits from the sale of the plums. He's a good farmer, and his orchard is handsome. The trees themselves, all 18 of them, are straight, strong, clean, and good to see, but what I keep thinking about is the book I have been reading about Oliver Twist in London.

After a while I go and visit one of Levon's other boys, and little by little I have visited them all, so I go for a walk down the tar road that runs alongside the vineyard. Well, the tar's hot to the bare feet, and it's nice out there, but the impression I get is that none of my cousins knows about

Drawing by Louis S. Glanzman

© 1964 by William Saroyan

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On a hot Saturday a boy in the city is too far away from the good summertime things on the farm, but even a boy having fun can be far from where he keeps his heart.

Oliver Twist, or about anyone in any other book.

Now, it's sundown, and I feel homesick for London, but I *am* where I am. I am not even in the house on San Benito Avenue. I'm in the yard of Levon's house on the vineyard in Sanger, and all of a sudden I feel that I have got to have a book, that I have got to sit down somewhere and read. But it is time now to wash at the pump under the fig tree in the yard, after which I go to the table on the back porch and have supper: tomatoes, cucumbers, bell peppers, and squash stuffed with the same kind of mixture that was inside the grape leaves at lunch.

Two great watermelons are brought to the table and cut, and I eat a large slice, and then another, and then at last dinner is over and we are all invited into the parlor, a very clean room with a fine carpet, a piano, a large framed picture of General Antranik on a horse, and furniture.

I begin to look for a book.

Levon says, "Willie, is there something you want?"

"Yes, a book."

"A book?"

"Yes."

"George," Levon says, "Garnik, Albert, Louie, find a book for Willie."

"Hairik," which means Father in Armenian, George says softly, "we have only the Bible."

"Garnik," Levon says, "wasn't there a book last year somebody gave you?"

"I took it to school and somebody stole it back," Garnik says.

The little girl, Dolly, brings me the Bible, which is certainly better than nothing, but when I open it, it's in Armenian.

"I don't read Armenian."

"Oh, do you want to *read* it?" Dolly says. "I thought you wanted to *see* a book."

Louie, the youngest boy, says, "I think there's a book under the house. I was crawling there a long time ago, and I think I saw a book."

"Go and fetch it, then," Levon says. Louie runs out of the house, and I run after him, but Levon says, "No, let him *bring* it to you. Is there something you wish to read about in a book?"

"No, I just want to read."

Levon's wife, Haiganoush, brings a tray with glasses of pink lemonade on it and I take a glass. It's lemonade made out of plums, though.

"Have another," she says, and I say, "No, thanks, one is enough," but she insists, so I drink a second glass.

After 10 minutes Louie comes back, and he's holding a rather thick book that doesn't have a cover.

"What book is it?"

"I don't know," Louie says and hands the book to me. Well, it not only doesn't have a cover, it starts on page 74 and stops on page 211, so there's no way of knowing what book it is.

It's after nine now, and Haiganoush says, "Your bed is ready, Willie."

Everybody gets up and goes to his bed, and Haiganoush takes me to mine, which is in the same small room where Louie's bed is.

Louie gets in bed and goes to sleep, so I don't even have to ask if I can keep the dim electric light on. I begin to read the book, from the top of page 74, which is a dusty page, smeared, musty, and moldy, but soon I am on page 77. I gather that the book is about P.T. Barnum.

I read until I reach page 101, but I really haven't *liked* any of it, although I have been fascinated by all of it.

And then I don't want to read anymore, but I don't want to go to sleep, either.

What I want to do is go home, but I don't mean to the house on San Benito Avenue.

I get out of bed and shut off the dim electric light, and now *all* of the electric lights in the house are out. The whole house is in darkness. The dogs are asleep in the yard. The frogs are croaking softly from somewhere not far away.

Hell, I have never been with more wonderful people in my whole life, the wife and children of my father's brother Levon, but I wish to God that when he had invited me to visit his home and meet his family I had had sense enough to say without hesitation, "Thank you very much, Uncle Levon, but I have got my corner to keep."

I listen to the night for a long time, and then at last I fall asleep, but after I have slept for only what seems to have been a few minutes the whole house is alive with noise. I sit up and try to think where I am, I remember, and then Louie comes in and says, "Come on, it's almost six, and breakfast's on the table."

I jump into my overalls and shirt, and go out. The mother has put a lot of dishes full of food of all kinds on the table and she's putting more of them there, and she says, "You'll have fresh milk, heavy cream, butter, eggs, cheese, bread, oatmeal, pancakes, jelly, jam, and other things, because that's how it is on a farm."

Well, of course she's absolutely right. I eat everything, but I'm glad I don't live on a farm.

"Stay another night," Levon said. "Stay as long as you like."

"Ah, thank you very much, but I can't, I can't, I've got my corner to keep."

And so that afternoon he took me home.

THE END

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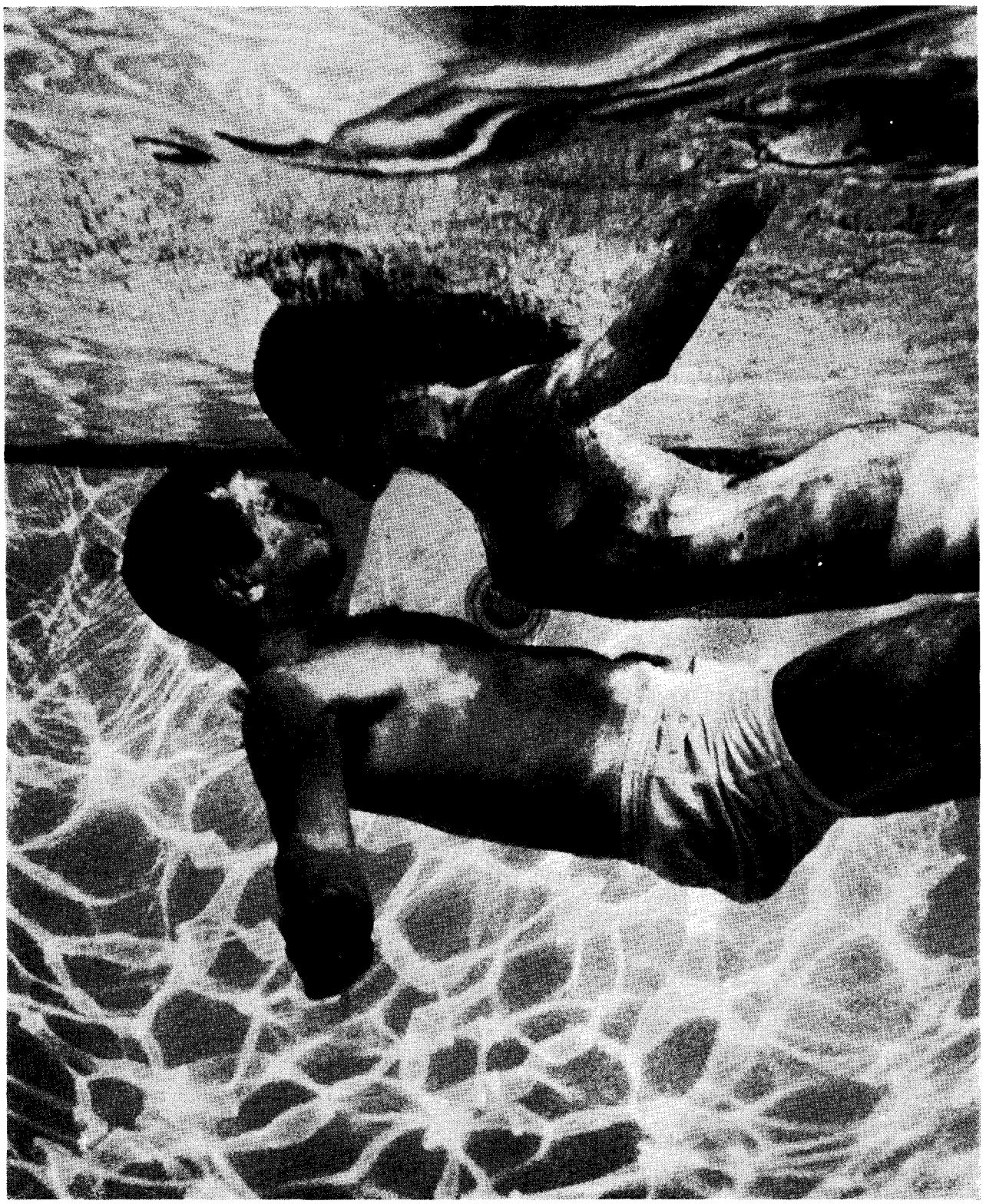
By C. ROBERT JENNINGS

GOLDEN RULE

In new film, "Invitation to a Gunfighter," a big-budget Western, Janice Rule snared plum leading role opposite Yul Brynner.

Hollywood always has been a tough town for Janice Rule, but she now seems to have arrived—in style.



Janice and husband Ben Gazzara take a dip in their pool. Friends call their posh mansion in Westwood, Calif., "Tara West."

One of Joan Crawford's 78 pictures for Warner Brothers was *Goodbye, My Fancy*, a limp version of the 1948 Broadway hit. The cast, recalls Miss Crawford with unveiled patronage, "included a young girl whose personality definitely clashed with mine. I felt she was nonprofessional in her attitude, that she regarded movie work as something less than slumming, and one day I told her so. 'Miss, you'd better enjoy making films while you can,' I said. 'I doubt that you'll be with us long.'"

The year was 1950, the miss was 19-year-old Janice Rule, and Joan Crawford was right. Less than two years later Janice drifted out of movies, having enjoyed nothing about them. And for a decade Hollywood remembered her only as a fetching ingenue who had incurred the wrath of the Queen Bee of Burbank, a couple of Warner brothers and what passes for the movieland press.

Today, after three marriages, motherhood, three years of psychoanalysis and a long line of stage and TV parts, Janice Rule is back in Hollywood. And not only back, but back in style. She has returned as a leading lady—Yul Brynner's, in fact, in a stylish Stanley Kramer Western called *Invitation to a Gunfighter*.

Along with her third husband, Ben Gazzara, star of TV's *Arrest and Trial* series, Janice is comfortably established in a rented colonial mansion on a quietly fashionable street in Westwood. To its impressive collection of paintings by Utrillo, Picasso and Rouault, the Gazzaras have added quantities of books and records, two servants and two Thunderbirds. There is a pool, and a playhouse as well. Friends refer to the Gazzaras' lodgings as "Tara West."

Despite these comforts, Janice has no illusions about life in Hollywood. "The theater is so simple compared to this damn industry," she says. "It's a very tough town for friends—either you're working or they are. Not much life is going on. Agents are all terrible. And I loathe showbizzy talk—it drives me nuts. But I am aware of the snares of success and all that jazz, and I am watching out for it. I take dancing. I have a fairly solid family life. We go to plays and the ballet. And I don't run with a crowd—I try not to become ingrown. Movies can be very mean, a devastating form of work."

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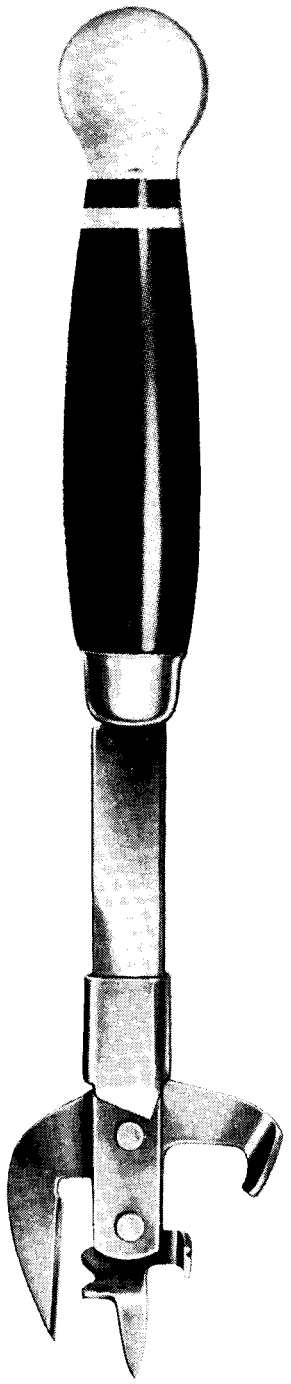

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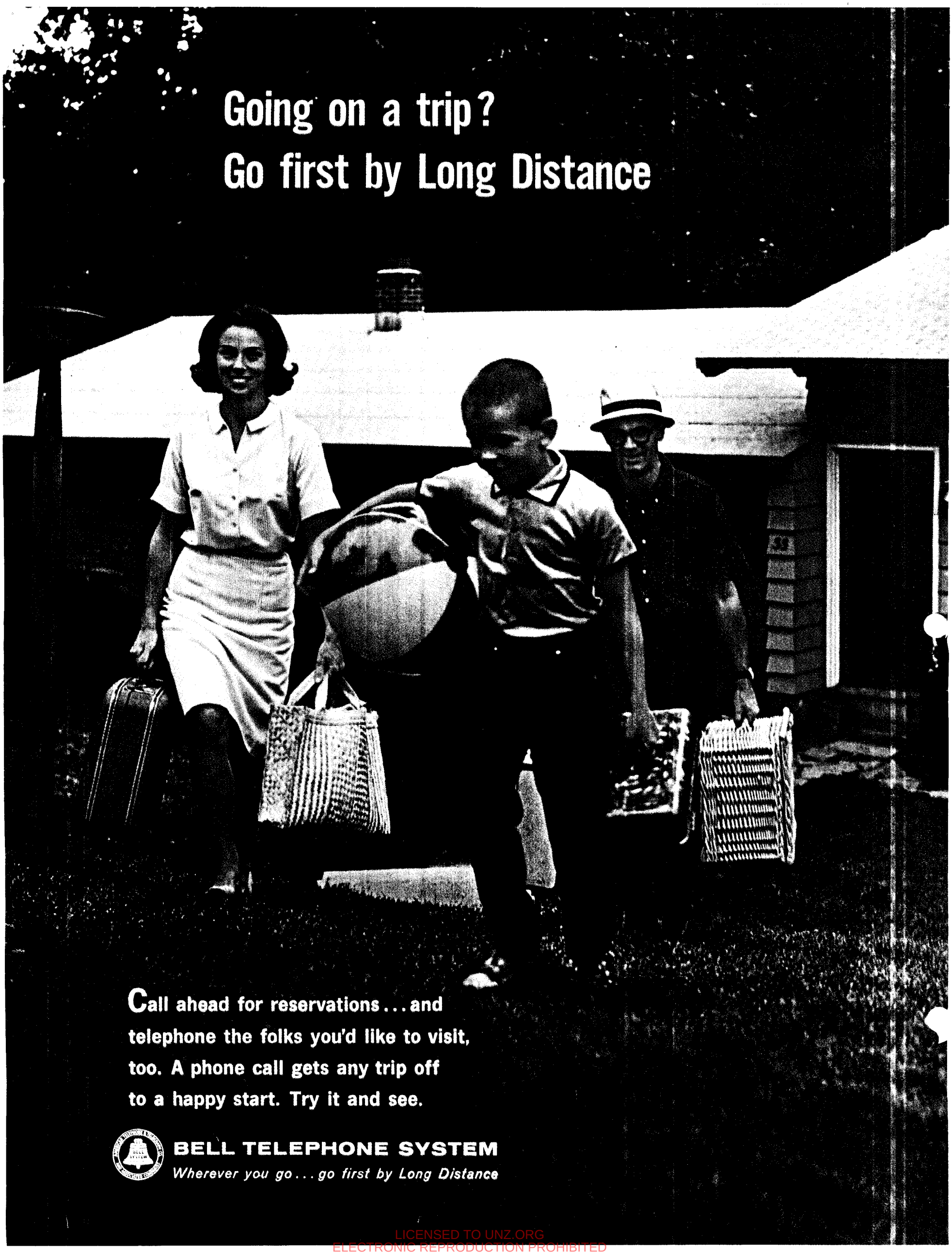
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Janice Rule

Unlike most of the people who make films, Janice views her professional self with dispassion. "I'm not interested in being a sex symbol, even if I could be—the price is too high," she says. "Or what they call the publicity star. What I am, I guess, is a young character actress. But things do seem to be opening up for me now. And I do want all that's coming to me, and more. My trouble here," she says, "was that I was always childishly idealistic, very serious and thus very miserable. I thought if you were good enough, people would photograph you in terms of your work. I still hope it will happen."

If it is beginning to, it has taken 17 turbulent years of professional preparation. Janice was born on the seedier side of Cincinnati, the fourth of six children of an itinerant dealer in industrial diamonds. From her earliest years she showed a great interest in dance, and she remembers her mother sneaking money from the grocery budget to pay for her dance lessons. By the time she was 15, Janice was dividing her time between studies in high school and dancing in a gaudy Chicago nightclub then operated by an underworld syndicate. "The gangsters were marvelous to me," she recalls. "I couldn't have been better protected in a convent. Whenever I finished a performance, I was hustled into an old gambling hall where some big bruiser bought me green ice cream and stood over me while I did my homework. About three in the morning a couple of plug-uglies would escort me home."

Eventually Janice headed for New York and George Balanchine's School of American Ballet. To keep herself in dancing shoes, she became a show girl at the Copacabana. "The other girls at the Copa thought I was out of my mind because I wasn't hunting a rich man," Janice says. "I mean, what else do you do it for, they wanted to know? I did it to earn money and get a better job. But one girl yelled at me furiously, 'You little nut, who do you think you are with your Ritz crackers and peanut butter?'"

It was at this point in her career that Janice landed a chorus job in the Broadway musical *Miss Liberty*, an assignment which subsequently led to a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers in Hollywood. "I went to Hollywood because I was offered five hundred a week," says Janice with rueful candor. "I was dead broke, and was in love with a man who was married. It was as simple as that."

But Hollywood proved not so simple. "Crawford didn't like me at all," Janice says today of her experience in *Goodbye, My Fancy*. "And though I was really terrified, I acted the cocky little kid. I was very frank and outspoken and told the Warners they'd have to work their heads off with me, because I had never acted before. I guess I even told them what I thought of their movies. I was depressed as all hell about not dancing, and I felt this was the kiss of death. The ballet world, which is all I'd ever known or cared about, is so disciplined that movies seemed vulgar, frivolous and degrading."

When *Fancy* director Vincent Sherman commanded her to cry, Janice recoiled with horror. "I had never cried in front of anyone in my life. I'd been brought up with the idea you don't cry in public—that it was like going naked."

Finally Janice reached her breaking point—and burst into tears. "That's it!" the director crowed. "That's what I want!" "And that," says Janice, with a hollow laugh, "is how I became an actress."

The brothers Warner became a bit more disenchanted with Janice when, on her second film, *Starlift*, she announced that she "hated the part." Forced to play in it, she found solace in a sequence that called for her to dance—until she saw her costume. "It was an old Virginia Mayo job—harem skirt, halter top, lamé—you know, overdone *nouveau chic*. I screamed. All the bigwigs rushed to the set. Here I was, this young thing, very dignified and virginal, screaming, 'This is garbage.' It shocked them out of their minds."

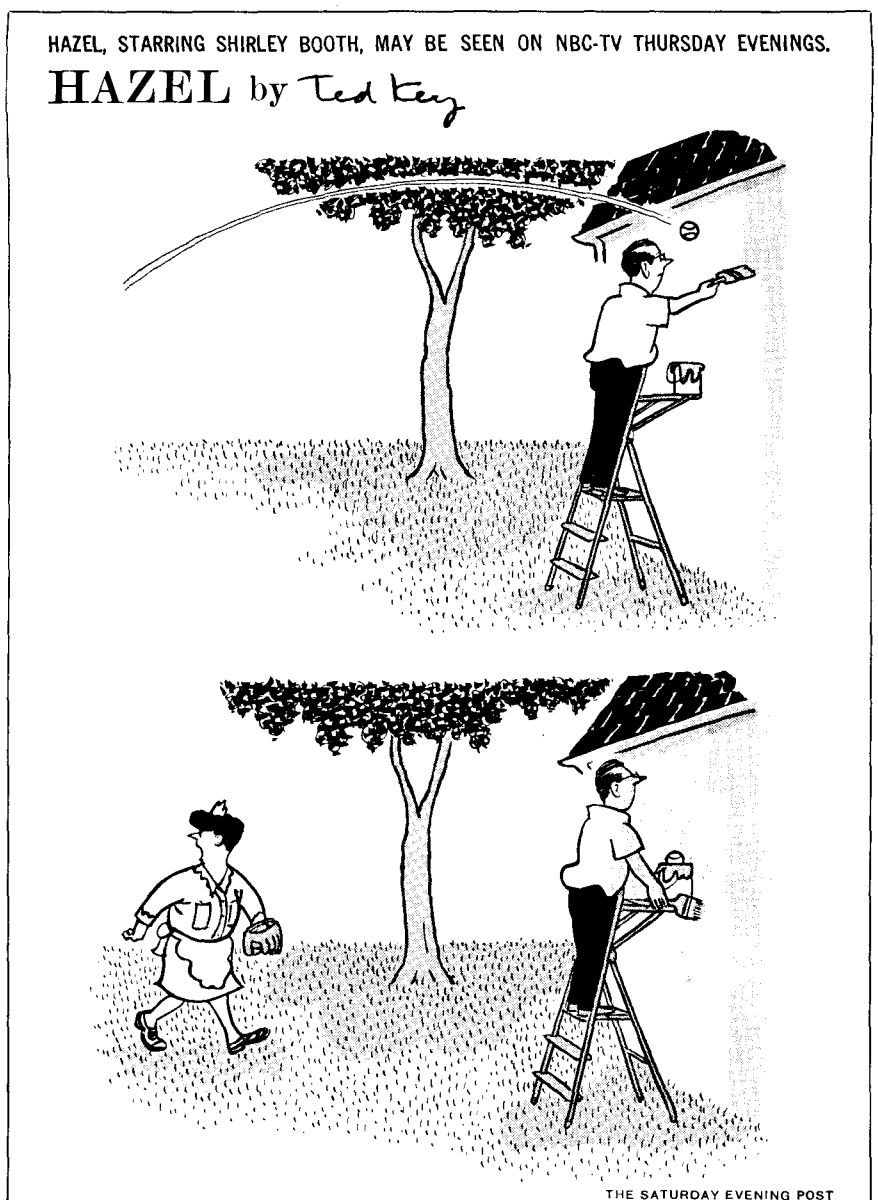
Janice got a new dress, but by now the battle was joined. She refused to let the make-up men come near her. She was the bane of publicity. A magazine story was scrapped because "they wanted to follow me around all day and photograph me getting in and out of my clothes."

"It was as if she had had the usual New York briefing about the terrors of Hollywood," recalls an ex-Warners press agent, Richard Carter. "She was so positive being negative." Finally Jack Warner sent down his ultimatum: "I don't want another Bette Davis on my hands. Get rid of this girl." With mutual relief, the contract was burned.

In 1951 Janice moved to M-G-M and was cast opposite Peter Lawford in *Rogue's March*. "It was a terrible film," she says with the unalloyed contempt she reserves for most of her movies. "They wanted to use up some old stock footage on a war in India, so they had a screenplay written around it."

Subsequently she made "another lousy one" called *Holiday for Sinners*, and Janice felt that "nobody at Metro knew what they were doing." She turned down an Errol Flynn picture and decided that Hollywood was "a tough town and deadly boring."

One director remembers, "She complained so much about being tortured here, I decided she was paranoid." A Metro executive says, "In my forty years in the business she was the most difficult woman I ever had to handle. Never tough or mean. Just pigheaded."



"Foul ball."

In 1952 Janice limped into New York, where an agent sent her to see Richard Rodgers, who was casting the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, *Me and Juliet*. Rodgers did not hire Janice, but he prevailed on M-G-M to tear up her contract, and then sent her to director Josh Logan, who hired her for William Inge's play, *Picnic*. Her costar was Kim Stanley, "the first person," says Janice, "to make me feel that acting is an art and a dignified one."

Janice earned applause for her work in *Picnic*, but when it folded in 1954, she found herself at loose ends. A Maine vacation failed because "it was too quiet—deadly." Her first marriage to playwright (*The Rainmaker*) N. Richard Nash lasted roughly one month, "and I haven't laid eyes on him since." A brief engagement—"for like about two weeks"—to actor Farley Granger was bitterly severed at a wild Manhattan party. She then married a sensitive, articulate young author named Robert Thom ("I have a thing about writers," she says), who tried to resurrect her flagging career by writing a juicy part for her in the movie *The Subterraneans*.

The Subterraneans did nothing for Janice's career, and her second marriage failed, along with another Broadway play, *The Night Circus*. Her costar was Ben Gazzara, and her life turned even more somber. "I went into analysis," she says, "because I fell in love with Benny while married to Thom—that was my second marriage, and remember I am Irish American Puritan Catholic, which is terribly rough on a person, terribly guilt-producing—and I wanted to find out how I got myself into such a mess. People don't understand their own neurotic choices and all that jazz. I'd never have had the courage to marry Benny if it weren't for analysis."

In analysis Janice learned that at the center of her nameless anxieties lay "an immense anger," pointed at many targets: herself, her background, her thwarted ambitions, her hobbled career. "My anger now," she says, "comes out of the repression of my emotions for many, many years. It can be touched off by some small thing." But the anger is abating, she feels, simply because "I no longer feel it's a terrible thing to be angry. I can express anger with Benny, as anger—that's been a struggle."

Yet Janice is still a girl with many secrets, "a creature," says one member of her tight coterie, "in pain." Strangers still find insuperable walls between her and themselves, and old friends and even old husbands insist she remains difficult to reach. "Janice is a very weird girl," says one friend. "Even with her great sensitivity she doesn't attract deep friendship. It is not all her fault. Many women, and some men, cannot seem to forgive her for being both beautiful and gifted."

Her confused emotions still drive her on occasion to rudeness. Asked to help with the dishes at a dinner party recently, Janice snapped, "Go chuck it."

"This sort of thing," says the hostess with superfluous understatement, "sort of shocks the people around her."

But if Janice Rule is still confused, she takes a sort of self-placating satisfaction in knowing that "our fear," as she puts it, "is a part of our sanity." While her grip on the realities of show business is firmer and her guard perceptibly lower, her private ambitions have changed not a whit since the day, 14 years ago, she unblushingly wrote in her first studio biographical questionnaire, the handwriting crude and unformed: "I want to act, sing and dance, and when too old, to write books. I only want the moon."

On shipboard last summer Joan Crawford was watching a movie, absolutely rapt over the performance of an actress who danced brilliantly, who had a flair for drama, for comedy. "Who is this girl?" she asked. "She's fantastic!" The girl was Janice Rule, and Miss Crawford was moved to an uncommonly low bow. "I've since seen her on TV, and I can only add superlatives. To Miss Rule, my apologies. I think she's going to be with us a long, long time." THE END

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Smiling beside a police officer at a government function last year, Peters (right) did not look like the murderer of 12,000 Jews.

Wherever Chancellor Erhard went, Ewald Peters was sure to go. How did a Nazi executioner become Germany's secret-service chief?

SUICIDE OF AN EX-NAZI

By EDWARD BEHR

IN the last few weeks of his life Ewald Peters was a figure whom many people might have envied. A tall, handsome, smiling man of 49, he had reached the top level of his profession as department chief of the West German secret service, and so he accompanied Chancellor Ludwig Erhard on ceremonious visits to the leaders of the Western world. In Texas Peters was a guest at President Lyndon Johnson's ranch, attended a Presidential barbecue, and listened to a chorus of German-Americans singing *Deep in the Heart of Texas* in German—*Tief in das Herz von Texas*. And when he left, they presented him with a ten-gallon hat.

In London, Peters had accompanied Chancellor Erhard to a Lord Mayor's banquet, and in Paris he had shaken the hand of President Charles de Gaulle. Then came Rome, where Peters, a Catholic, stood by the chancellor during a Vatican audience with Pope Paul VI. Peters noted down all the details so that he could report them to his elder sister, a nun in a German convent. There were other meetings that also impressed Peters. Chancellor Erhard conferred with Pietro Nenni, the Socialist vice premier whose daughter died in a concentration camp. Erhard publicly expressed his sympathy for Nenni's sufferings, and the Italian press commented favorably on the tactful candor of the new German leaders. Peters understood the importance of such gestures, for he was part of this new Germany. One colleague described him as "shy, compassionate, modest," the antithesis of the strutting Gestapo official. To his wife, Wanda, Peters wrote that the trip to Rome was the most enjoyable he ever made in the line of duty.

On January 30, the day Peters returned from Rome to Bonn, Wanda Peters recalls that he was, "so happy, so gay. Then, while he still had his coat on, two men came. They said they were from the police, and I thought they were subordinates reporting to my husband on some business or other. I was making coffee. A few moments later my husband came into the kitchen. He was white. In one minute he had changed very much. . . . He was crying. God, how he was crying."

The police took Ewald Peters away to prison. The charge was mass murder. Two days later, on February 2, Peters methodically tore up the sheets on the bed in his cell, knotted them together, and tied one end around the iron bed. Then he made a crude noose for himself. Back in his first-floor Bonn apartment, in a block reserved for government officials, there were scrapbooks full of appreciative letters from foreign governments and ambassadors; there were medals and decorations, including the French Legion of Honor; there was a silver-framed photograph of President Kennedy, whom Peters had helped to guard during the President's visit to Germany last summer, inscribed: "To Ewald Peters, with very best wishes, John Kennedy." In the West German prison cell, Ewald Peters slipped the noose around his neck. By the time guards reached him, Peters was dead.

The news of his death came as a shock to those who knew him. "As far as I am concerned," said Dr. Ernst Brückner, the overall head of Bonn's Security Group, "the question of his guilt is by no means established. Peters was an unusual type to be in the police. He loved music, was a skilled etcher, the last person you

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could ever imagine to be a war criminal."

Wanda Peters, an attractive, intelligent, diminutive blonde who teaches music at a Bonn public school, is also convinced that a "monstrous judicial error" was perpetrated. "My husband's conscience was absolutely clear," she told me. "We had discussed the war quite freely. When cases of war criminals came up, my husband would say, 'I really am lucky not to have been mixed up in that sort of thing. I was only in the criminal police. I wouldn't have liked to have been in their shoes.'"

But the German prosecutors responsible for tracking down war criminals refuse to believe that Peters's death came as the result of any judicial error. "It was tragic that he should kill himself," said Dr. Heinrich Hesse, chief prosecutor for the State of North-Rhine Westphalia, where Peters would have been tried. "But if he had come to trial, justice would have been done. Believe me, our evidence was solid."

And the evidence against Ewald Peters indicated that the chief of Chancellor Erhard's security guard was indeed a war criminal, that in German-occupied Russia between October, 1941, and March, 1942, he had taken part in rounding up and killing 12,000 Ukrainian Jews.

The case of Ewald Peters is not an isolated one, nor can it be isolated from the recurring question of whether the Germans have really purged themselves of the collective guilt that has stained a whole people. As the war drew to a close in 1945, and Allied troops recoiled at the grimacing skeleton creatures who tried to smile in gratitude at being released from Dachau and Buchenwald and Belsen—Belsen such a horror that British forces bulldozed the fetid barracks to avert cholera—there first arose the question: Who did these things? Though Hitler, Himmler and Goering all escaped punishment by suicide, 21 top Nazis were condemned by the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg. But 21 men could not have operated all the machine guns, the torture chambers, and the gas ovens—yet neither could all 80 million Germans have been guilty of mass murder. For those in between the 80 million and the 21, the destruction and chaos of 1945 brought an opportunity for a reprieve. Not only towns and factories had gone up in flames, but so had archives and records. Some Germans could change their names and become completely new people—as did Richard Baer, the last commandant of Auschwitz, who spent more than 10 postwar years as an obscure woodcutter named Neumann. Still others could forget the details of the past and maintain that they had only followed their chosen careers as doctors, lawyers, bankers, diplomats, generals and policemen.

As time passed, and memories faded and prosperity returned, Germany came to need its doctors, lawyers, bankers, diplomats, generals and policemen. With the start of the cold war, says Prosecutor Henrich Hesse, "it seems an incontrovertible fact that the Allies lost interest in prosecuting war criminals." It is taken almost for granted that nobody asks questions about the Krupps, the Flicks and the Opels—the leaders of Germany's huge industrial combines, which were substantially operated with concentration-camp slave labor during the war. As for the belated prosecution of war criminals, the German police magazine *Kriminalstatistik* recently complained that there was "public reaction against dragging up Nazi crimes . . . causing deep emotional distress among the police involved. . . ."

In such a tolerant climate of amnesia, it was only natural that a number of ex-Nazis should find room at the top. Despite former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's impeccable record of hostility to Nazism, his Minister of Refugees, Theodor Oberlaender, had to resign in 1960 after being accused of serving in a "Nightingale" police battalion in eastern Europe. Despite Chancellor Erhard's equally impeccable record, his own Refugee Minister, Hans Krüger, turned out to have been a Nazi judge in German-occupied Poland. At first, Krüger insisted he had been merely a "nominal" member of the Nazi Party—but the East German Communists, who have somewhat fuller wartime records than the West Germans, produced documents showing that Krüger had joined every Nazi association open to him, and had even abjured his Protestant faith to curry favor with the Nazis. It was symptomatic of Krüger's attitude, and not his alone, that he described himself primarily as a victim. In his letter of resignation, he wrote that "even today I am still unaware of any conduct which can be seen as a contravention of law and human right."

Many of these "victims" justifiably claim to be victims of East German Communist propaganda, for the Communists have tirelessly insisted that West Germany is run by ex-Nazis. The East Germans themselves, of course, have had no difficulty in finding useful work for ex-Nazis who are willing to profess their support for Communism. But the East German charges have an embarrassing way of turning out to be true. And the theory that the West can rely on ex-Nazis as stanch anti-Communists has an embarrassing way of turning out to be false. For years the CIA subsidized the unofficial intelligence apparatus of General Reinhard Gehlen, wartime intelligence chief of the German Army High Command, but last year three of Gehlen's ex-Nazi associates were convicted of passing everything they knew to the Soviets.

"You must remember," says Frankfurt's chief prosecutor, Fritz Bauer, "that 80 percent of the Germans were for Hitler. The reaction of most adult Germans, confronted with war criminals on trial, is: There, but for a certain amount of luck, go I." Bauer is more outspoken than many other Germans, for he is Jewish, one of the 30,000 Jews still alive today of a prewar population of about 500,000. It was Bauer—and younger men similarly interested in remembering justice more than in forgetting the past—who gathered the evidence which led to the present trial of 21 staff members of Auschwitz. But it was not easy. Germany recovered her full sovereignty only in 1955, and the first trials of German war criminals in German courts took place only in 1958. The West German government lacked background information, and had to go to the United States and Britain for photostatic copies of essential documents. Under the Bonn constitution, moreover, criminal prosecutions are the primary responsibility of local state governments, and the federal police have only limited authority. And there was reluctance of the kind expressed by one Auschwitz survivor, now a cook in a restaurant, who refused to give evidence on the grounds that "my customers disapprove of the trial, and I don't want to get involved in any unpleasantness which would lead to a loss of business."

It was only in 1958 that Bauer obtained a full list of Auschwitz guards. A half-charred copy containing their names had fluttered from the chimney of a Gestapo building in Breslau in 1945. It had been picked up by a Gestapo prisoner who held it as a souvenir for 13 years, unaware of its importance. Only last year a cupboard-full of documents was found in a West German police station. It contained the Order of Battle of the wartime *Einsatzkommandos*, the special security troops which arrested and killed by the tens of thousands in German-occupied areas of eastern Europe. Yet as the evidence kept flowing in, one clue led to another, one prosecution to another. Out of the fires and shadows of that period, there began to emerge a man called Peters.

Devoutness and death

Ewald Peters was born Ewald Czempiel in the long-disputed province of Silesia, now part of Poland. His father was a small-grocery-store owner, and the family was devoutly Catholic. He began studying law at Leipzig University, but, according to his superior, Brückner, "he gave up his university studies because his father died suddenly, and he lacked money to continue. As a young man he worked in a bank. He joined the criminal police only because opportunities for promotion were good for someone like himself, with a knowledge of accountancy." He was "well-noted" by his superiors, says Wanda Peters, adding that he was extremely thorough and meticulous, spending endless hours in tracking down minor criminals. "He liked his work and was good at it," says Wanda, "but he was perhaps too humane, too soft. He was always an easy touch and often helped destitute ex-criminals out of his own pocket." Despite his softheartedness, Peters apparently kept in mind what Brückner describes as "opportunities for promotion." Not too long after he joined the police in 1935, he dutifully became a member of the Nazi Party. And in 1940, under a "Germanization" law which enabled German Aryans with foreign-sounding names to adopt new ones, Ewald Czempiel became Ewald Peters.

By this time Germany was at war—1940 was the year of the great breakthrough in the Low Countries, the fall of France, the Battle of Britain, and, for a moment, we lose sight of Ewald Peters, although his police duties took him to Gotenhafen after that Polish seaport was annexed by Germany. Then he reappears with *Einsatzkommando 6* in the Ukraine in 1941. There is a group photograph of officers of the unit, with Peters in SS uniform. Wearing the uniform did not mean that Peters was a full-fledged SS member. His name appears nowhere in the register of SS members discovered after the war. Peters refused to abjure his Catholic faith, says Wanda, and this barred him from the SS. But the *Einsatzkommandos* were created to help carry out Hitler's "Final Solution of the Jewish Problem." Peters himself, confronted by two denazification boards before reentering the police, explained that he had simply been a sort of provost marshal at an army headquarters in Kiev in 1941, to investigate crime in the German units.

At the time, there was no evidence that he had been in the *Einsatzkommandos*. But there was considerable confusion about all members of these commando groups. After June 22, 1941, when Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, the German Army's advance was speedy and relatively bloodless. In Lithuania, in the Ukraine, in certain parts of Russian-occupied Poland, hatred for the Soviets took the form of collaboration with the Germans. Thousands of Lithuanians, Ukrainians and Poles were hastily enrolled in German-officered militia units, some of them in *Einsatzkommandos*, moving in the wake of advancing German army units. Recruitment into the battalion-sized *Einsatzkommandos* was haphazard—one judge at the Nuremberg trials described the recruits as "an intellectual riffraff." A large proportion of officers were ex-policemen. German soldiers who had committed minor offenses were offered the choice of volunteering for "special duties" or facing court-martial.

During the summer of 1941, Himmler ordered the *Einsatzkommandos* to remain on the sidelines as much as possible. They were to lull the eastern Europeans into a sense of security and compile a list of all Jews in their areas, with the help of local Jewish leaders. Jews were told this was necessary because they would shortly be "resettled" in areas specially set aside for them. Then, in October of 1941, the *Einsatzkommandos* struck. Jews were told to assemble with their portable belongings for "resettlement." They were taken to remote spots where mass graves had already been dug, and where the noise of gunfire could not be overheard. One survivor, a merchant named Oskar Berger, recalled the operation this way:

"Just before the 'resettlement,' all the sick, in homes as well as in the hospitals—some four or five hundred persons—together with the inmates of the homes for the aged and the orphans in the orphan homes, were either shot or killed by injection. . . . The bodies were flung into the pits dressed as they were, after we had searched them for jewels, gold and money, which had to be delivered to the SS. When the work had been done, we were assembled in the synagogue and Gestapo Chief Thomas picked some of us for shipment to Treblinka. The trip was a nightmare. We crouched in the cars, crowded together, children crying, women going mad. . . . We were herded out of the carriages as German and Ukrainian SS men mounted to the roofs and began to shoot indiscriminately into the crowd. Men, women and children writhed in their own blood. . . ."

What was Ewald Peters doing during this period? The evidence is incomplete. In those days of vast military movements across vast areas of southwestern Russia, there was indiscriminate killing on a vast scale on both sides—some in military action, some not. The actions of Ewald Peters, who always had a modest inclination to let others take credit for his work, remained shrouded in mystery. He apparently left the Ukraine after 1942, and is known to have held police jobs in Hungary and Romania. In 1945 he was taken prisoner by American troops. He appeared before a board grading ex-Nazis and was given grade D, the least important grade. It was then, in the confusion of defeat, that Peters again met his childhood sweetheart, Wanda, after a separation of

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Presented by Bonn security chief Ernst Brückner, Peters bows to shake hands with visiting President Kennedy.

'MY HUSBAND'S CONSCIENCE WAS ABSOLUTELY CLEAR.'

Appearing more diplomat than policeman, Peters paid his respects to Princess Margaret in Germany last year.

some five years. They married in 1946.

Immediately after his marriage, Peters was arrested by a U.S. Army investigator. This time it apparently was a judicial error. The investigator was looking for a subordinate of the Nazi agent Otto Skorzeny with the name of Peters. Ewald Peters remained in a U.S. Army detention barracks in Regensburg for several months until the other Peters was traced. With some embarrassment, the American authorities in Regensburg offered Peters and his wife jobs teaching in a school for the children of U.S. servicemen. Wanda taught music and physical training; Ewald, Latin. "We got on marvelously well with everyone connected with the school," Wanda recalls. "Parents and other schoolteachers were so nice to us. It was as though there had never been a war."

Peters did not teach Latin long. West Germany was rapidly building up its economic strength, and there was a shortage of accountants. For seven years Peters worked for a Regensburg factory as an accountant while Wanda taught at the U.S. dependents' school. "His employer," said Wanda, "was most reluctant to let him go." He wrote Peters a glowing testimonial.

Reinstated in the police in 1952, Peters was transferred to the secret service squad in 1956, and eventually headed it. He was respected, liked, and trusted—"several cuts above the usual police officer," says Brückner. "A cultivated man, with a knowledge of music and so on."

But unknown to Peters, or to any of his superiors, some prosecutors investigating war crimes were gathering evidence. When the first *Einsatzkommando* trials before German courts occurred in 1958, more and more names came to light. One case was to prove crucial: A former *Einsatzkommando* leader, Robert Mohr, was brought to trial in 1963. Mohr's unit had murdered tens of thousands of Ukrainian Jews, and the prosecutors based their case against Mohr on evidence given by former rank-and-file members of the *Einsatzkommando*, who, as private soldiers carrying out orders from above, were not themselves charged with crimes. Some of the witnesses came from *Einsatzkommando 6*. They gave names of platoon commanders. One of the platoon commanders of *Einsatzkommando 6*, they said, was called Peters. They told how they had, under Peters's command on dozens of occasions, rounded up Jews, dug mass graves and served on firing squads. Official reports from the Peters unit—sent to Berlin and found intact in 1945—had documented 12,000 executions in the Kiev area between October, 1941 and March, 1942. A new file was started: the Peters file.

The former soldiers of *Einsatzkommando 6* gave further details. The platoon commander called Peters, they said, had been born in Polish Silesia; before the war he had been a detective with the criminal police and he had held a police job in Gotenhafen; and he had changed his name to Peters only recently from some foreign-sounding name. Then came an anonymous tip: "The man you want is living in the Bonn area." Peters is a common German name, but the investigators finally came across Ewald Peters of the security police. Three people recognized him from a photograph.

This was sufficient to convince a German magistrate that a warrant should be issued for the arrest of Ewald Peters. And

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on January 30, two men called at the Peters home in Bonn. That was the moment that Wanda Peters recalls with bewilderment. "He said that the men had come to take him away for something that had happened during the war in Russia, but, he said, 'I had nothing to do with these things.' I helped him pack.

"The next day I saw him for 40 minutes. He was very depressed. I comforted him, and he did not cry anymore. He even cracked a joke with the policeman who sat with us. He said: 'I will see this thing through if you will.' He again said he had nothing to do with any atrocities during the war." In a letter written just before his suicide, Peters assured Wanda, "I am not involved. I did not do the things I am accused of. If there are witnesses, they are not telling the truth."

After Peters's death, all his neighbors called on Wanda to express their sympathy. She received hundreds of letters from friends, dozens of telephone calls. Some of the letters were from parents and fellow teachers they had known during their Regensburg days, and all expressed their firm belief in Peters's innocence. Only one telephone call expressed anything but sorrow. A blurred, cracked voice said on the phone, the night after Peters's death: "Has your old man met the Devil yet?"

Ewald Peters, the smiling policeman who received a ten-gallon hat at the LBJ ranch in Texas, died because of the zeal of a relative handful of investigating attorneys. About 100 of them are pursuing the guilt of the past into the respectability of the present, and theirs is not a popular job. At the Auschwitz trial in Frankfurt, at the Limburg trial where four doctors are being prosecuted for murdering some 100,000 feebleminded and psychotic patients, the galleries may contain a certain number of young people who come to learn of the crimes of their elders, who gasp at the daily testimony about shootings and gassings, about manacled prisoners set on fire and naked women machine-gunned as they fled through the snow, and children swung by the heels until their heads bashed against stone walls. Nobody can say what the Germans feel about these events today, but it is probably true that a majority of them wish that such testimony did not have to be heard, that such trials did not have to be held. And after May 8, 1965, most such trials will not be held. Except for specific cases of murder, the 20th anniversary of the German surrender will mark the day when the prosecutors' time runs out. A statute of limitations will absolve all war criminals not already charged. How many Germans, one wonders, are anxiously waiting for 1965—*not only the guilty but the innocent too*?

No trial, however, would have solved the mystery of Ewald Peters. Here was a man who, from all accounts, was an admirable human being, cultivated, refined, kindhearted. Yet for a brief wartime period, according to substantial evidence submitted to German courts, he was prepared to engage in the mass murder of what the German government then termed "subhumans." And when it was all over he showed no signs of remorse, no signs, even, of remembering that any wrong had ever been done. Perhaps if his prosecutors had been less energetic, or if the Mohr trial had been delayed a year or two, Ewald Peters would be alive today, touring the capitals of the Western world, bowing, shaking hands, and smiling. THE END

Leading the way during de Gaulle's triumphal 1962 visit to Germany, Peters displays the charm that won him Legion of Honor.

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EDITORIALS

THE STAKES IN SOUTH VIETNAM

Sooner or later, nearly every time we have heard the subject of South Vietnam discussed, the question has come up: "Why don't we pull out?" The argument goes that we are losing there and we can't win without risking a nuclear war—and it isn't worth that. It is difficult to justify spending billions of dollars and losing hundreds of American lives on the other side of the world in South Vietnam while we are doing nothing about Cuba.

Actually, if the struggle in Southeast Asia were simply a matter of the internal affairs of South Vietnam and Laos, there would be no justification for our policy. But these countries are involved and have involved us in a vaster and more desperate contest. The stakes, especially in South Vietnam, are high, and it is essential that they be understood.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk stated the problem very clearly in an address at Valparaiso University in Indiana not long ago. "If the Communists were to succeed in their assault on South Vietnam," he said, "the consequences to us, and to the free world as a whole, would be very serious. The rest of Southeast Asia would be in jeopardy, and saving it would be more costly, in blood and treasure, than defeating the aggression in South Vietnam. And the loss of Southeast Asia as a whole to the Communists would bring about a major shift in the balance of power. The South Asian subcontinent would be flanked; and Australia would be directly threatened. Such an immense victory to the Communists might well undermine the will of free peoples on other continents to defend themselves."

There is no easy answer to this dilemma. Gen. Charles de Gaulle has suggested the neutralization of all of Indochina. Yet neutralization, as experience in Laos has shown, is but another route to Communist domination. Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska wants us to "negotiate an honorable way out of our involvement in South Vietnam." If we could negotiate an *honorable* way out, this might be the answer, but the question is how on earth do we do it? Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon demands that the United States "stop its illegal, unconstitutional course of action in South Vietnam, resulting in the unjustifiable killing of American boys." Yet as U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson has said, ". . . the United States Government is currently involved in the affairs of the Republic of Vietnam for one reason and one reason only—because the Republic of Vietnam requested the help of the United States and of other governments to defend itself against armed attacks fomented, equipped and directed from outside."

To pull out of South Vietnam or to accept some such glib "solution" as "neutralization" would, as Secretary Rusk has suggested, very likely bring a "major shift in the balance of power." The militant, predatory and bellicose Communist Chinese regime would be greatly strengthened in power and prestige as the vast resources in food and minerals of Southeast Asia came under its domination. The Government of the United States in the past has bought untold trouble for future generations of Americans by its failure to appreciate the true dimension of the Communist menace in Asia. Those who have advocated "easy" solutions for our dilemma in South Vietnam today should ponder the enormous stakes that are involved.

OUR COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES EXTEND A HELPING HAND

Education is a critical area for the Negro. In the long run, the civil-rights bill and the demonstrations may avail him little if he is not equipped by education to make the most of his hard-gained opportunities.

It is for this reason that the elimination of separate and inherently unequal facilities is essential, and that new efforts by some of our great universities and colleges to help Negro colleges are so important.

Last month Brown University announced a new partnership with Tougaloo Southern Christian College, predominantly Negro, near Jackson, Miss. The partnership is aimed at expanding and strengthening Tougaloo's faculty, providing incoming freshmen with special academic instruction, introducing a tutorial system for abler students, helping graduates spend their fifth year at Brown, improving the curriculum, scholarship program and facilities at Tougaloo, and organizing special educational programs for Negro secondary-school teachers. The partnership is supported by two grants: $245,000 from the Fund for the Advancement of Education (established by the Ford Foundation) and pledges of $118,000 from other foundations and individuals.

The effort to help Negro colleges is not restricted to any particular section of the country. In Salisbury, N. C., Catawba College and a predominantly Negro school, Livingstone College, will introduce a program next fall permitting students to take courses at both schools. Texas Christian University, in Fort Worth, will give Jarvis Christian College (a Negro college at Hawkins, Tex.) assistance in administration and teaching, and a substantial new building program is planned.

We congratulate Brown and these other institutions for expanding educational opportunities and for promoting cooperation and understanding among students. We hope that other universities and colleges will emulate them.

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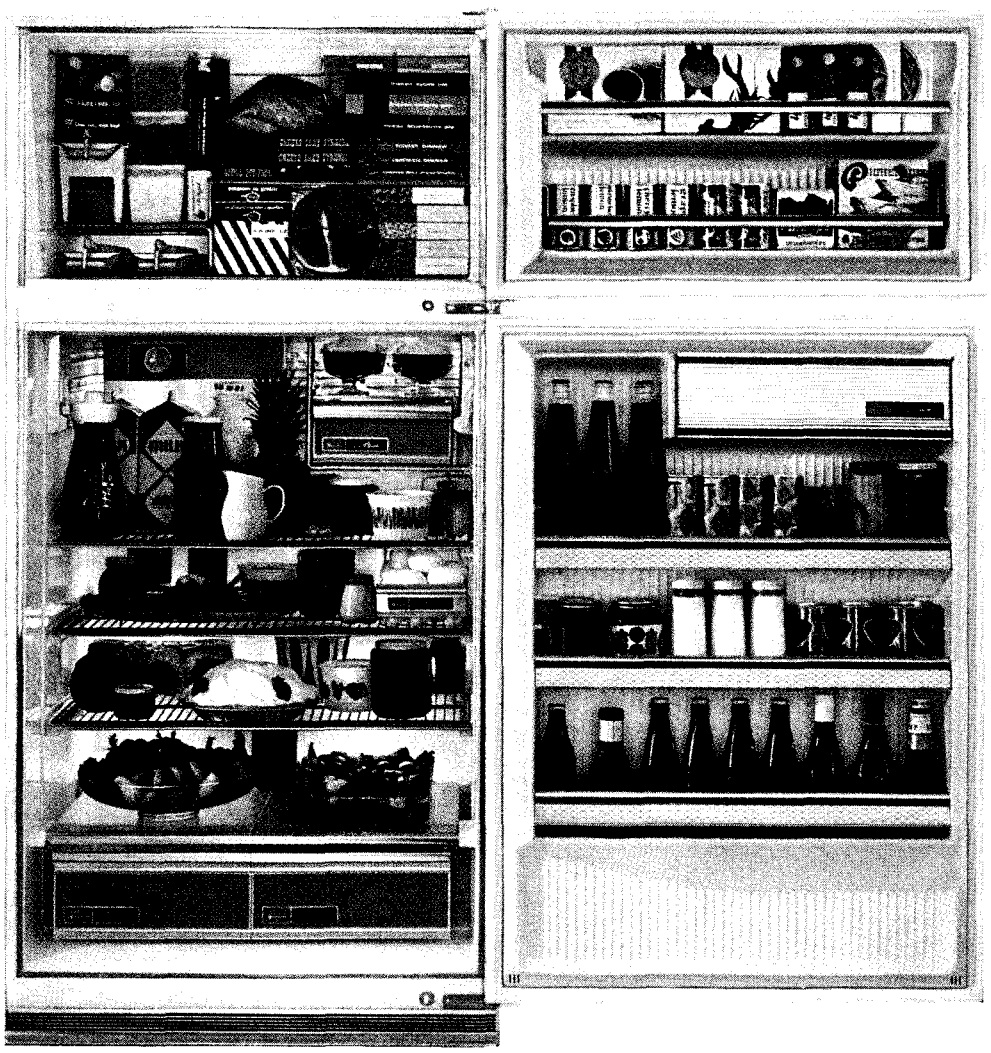

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The rich-flavor cigarette with a modern all-white filter.

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